

CRITICAL ESSAYS

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BY

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CRITICAL ESSAYS.

COLERIDGE.

*The Friend: a Literary, Moral, and Political Weekly Paper
excluding personal and party politics, and the events of the day.
Conducted by S. T. COLERIDGE, of Grasmere, Westmoreland.
Royal 8vo. 1811.*

It was with no small pleasure we saw anything announced of the nature of a proof or pledge that the author of this paper was in good faith employing himself, or about to employ himself, in the intellectual public service. His contributions to that service have, hitherto, borne but a small proportion to the reputation he has long enjoyed of being qualified for it in an extraordinary degree. This reputation is less founded on a small volume of juvenile poems, and some occasional essays in periodical publications, than on the estimate formed and avowed by all the intelligent persons that have ever had the gratification of falling into his society.

After his return, several years since, from a residence of considerable duration in the south-east of Europe, in the highest maturity of a mind, which had, previously to that residence, been enriched with large acquisitions of the most diversified literature and scientific knowledge, and by various views of society both in England and on the Continent; his friends promised themselves, that the action of so much genius, so long a time, on such ample materials, would at length result in some production, or train of productions. that should pay off some portion of the debt due to the literary republic, from one of the most opulent of its citizens. A rather long period, however, had elapsed, and several projects had been reported in the usual vehicles of literary

intelligence, before this paper was undertaken. An idea of the mental habits and acquirements brought to its execution, will be conveyed by an extract from the prospectus, which was written in the form of a letter to a friend :—

“ It is not unknown to you that I have employed almost the whole of my life in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire, useful knowledge, by study, reflection, observation, and by cultivating the society of my superiors in intellect, both at home and in foreign countries. You know too, that, at different periods of my life, I have not only planned, but collected the materials for many works on various and important subjects ; so many indeed, that the number of my unrealized schemes, and the mass of my miscellaneous fragments, have often furnished my friends with a subject of raillery, and sometimes of regret and reproof. Waiving the mention of all private and accidental hindrances, I am inclined to believe that this want of perseverance has been produced in the main by an over-activity of thought, modified by a constitutional indolence, which made it more pleasant to me to continue acquiring, than reduce what I had acquired to a regular form. Add too, that almost daily throwing off my notices or reflections in desultory fragments, I was still tempted onwards by an increasing sense of the imperfections of my knowledge, and by the conviction that, in order fully to comprehend and develop any one subject, it was necessary that I should make myself master of some other, which again as regularly involved a third, and so on, with an ever-widening horizon. Yet one habit, formed during long absences from those with whom I could converse with full sympathy, has been of advantage to me—that of daily writing down in my memorandum or commonplace books, both incidents and observations ; whatever had occurred to me from without, and all the flux and reflux of my mind within itself. The number of these notices, and their tendency, miscellaneous as they were, to one common end (*“ quid sumus, et quid futuri gignimur,”* what we are, and what we are to become : and thus from the end of our being to deduce its proper objects), first encouraged me to undertake the Weekly Essay of which you will consider this letter as the prospectus.”

Being printed on stamped paper, these essays were conveyed by the post, free of expense, to any part of the country. In the mode of publication, therefore, and what may be called the exterior character of the project, “The Friend” was an imitation of those sets of essays which, from the “Tatler” down to the “Rambler,” and several much later

works, had first supplied entertainment and instruction in small successive portions, during several months or years, and then taken their rank among books of permanent popularity. Mr. Coleridge has correctly distinguished, in a brief and general manner, the objects to which these works were mainly directed, and rendered a tribute of animated applause to their writers; at the same time bespeaking the candour of his readers to a series of essays, which should attempt to instruct after a very different method. It was avowed that they would aim much more at the development of general principles; it would be inferred, of course, that they would be of a much more abstract and metaphysical character. Mr. Coleridge fairly warned those whom he invited to become his readers, that, though he should hope not unfrequently to interest the affections, and captivate the imagination, yet a large proportion of the essays were intended to be of a nature, which might require a somewhat resolute exercise of intellect. It was not proposed to terminate the series at an assigned point; it might be expected to proceed as long as the writer's industry and resources should command the public approbation. With one or two considerable interruptions, it reached as far as twenty-eight numbers, and there ended so abruptly that a memoir of Sir Alexander Ball was left unfinished. At several points in the progress of the work, the writer confessed that the public patronage was not such as to make it probable he could carry it forward to any great length; but no explanation was given of the suddenness of its discontinuance.

Perhaps it may be questioned now, after a portion of the intended work has been given, whether the project did not involve some degree of miscalculation. Even the consideration of a rather excessive price was likely to affect the success of a work which, though coming with some of the exterior marks of a newspaper, was yet to derive nearly as little aid from the stimulant facts and questions of the day, as if it had been a commentary on Aristotle or Plato. A still more unfavourable augury might, perhaps, have been drawn from the character of Mr. Coleridge's composition, as taken in connexion with the haste inseparable from a weekly publication. The cast of his diction is so unusual, his trains of thought so habitually forsake the ordinary

tracts, and therefore the whole composition is so liable to appear strange and obscure, that it was evident the most elaborate care, and a repeated revisal, would be indispensable in order to render so original a mode of writing sufficiently perspicuous to be in any degree popular. And it is equally evident that the necessity of finishing a sheet within each week, against a particular day and hour, must be totally incompatible with such patient and matured workmanship. A considerable portion of the short allotment of time might, in spite of every better resolution, be beguiled away in comparative indolence; or it might be consumed by casual and unforeseen avocations; or rendered fruitless by those lapses into languor and melancholy, to which genius, especially of the refined and poetic order, is extremely subject; or even wasted in the ineffectual endeavour to fix exclusively on some one of many equally eligible subjects. It was to be foreseen that the natural consequences would be, sometimes such a degree of haste as to leave no possibility of disposing the subject in the simplest, clearest order, and giving the desirable compression, and lucidness, and general finishing to the composition; sometimes, from despair of doing this, a recourse to shifts and expedients to make up the number, in a slighter way than had been intended, and perhaps promised; and often a painful feeling of working at an ungracious task, especially if, in addition, the public approbation should be found to be less liberally awarded than had been expected. Such compulsory despatch would have been a far less inconvenience in the conducting of a paper intended merely for amusement, or for the lightest kind of instruction, or as a weekly commentary on the contemporary measures and men—a department in which the facility and attractiveness of the topics, and the voracity of the public, exempt the writer from any severity of intellectual toil, or solicitude for literary perfection: but it was almost necessarily fatal in a work to be often occupied with deep disquisitions, and under the added disadvantage that the author had been previously much less accustomed to write than to think. When, besides, the work aspired to a very high rank in our permanent literature, there was perhaps an obvious impolicy in subjecting it to such circumstances of publication, as should preclude the minute improvements

of even a tenth revision. It should seem probable, on the whole, that a mode better adapted to the effective exertion of Mr. Coleridge's great talents might have been advised, in the form of a periodical publication to appear in larger portions, at much longer intervals.

Some of the consequences thus to be anticipated from the plan of the undertaking, are actually perceptible in the course of the work. The writer manifests great indecision as to the choice and succession of his subjects. After he appears to have determined on those to be treated in the immediately ensuing numbers, those numbers, when they come, may be employed on totally different subjects,—introduced by accidental suggestion,—or from their being such as would be more easily worked, in the brief allowance of time, into the required length and breadth of composition. Questions avowedly intended to be argued very early, as involving great fundamental principles, are deferred till the reader forgets what the author has said of their importance. Various subjects are adverted to, here and there in the course of the work, as to be hereafter investigated, and are never mentioned again. In some instances the number to which the commencement or the conclusion of an important inquiry has stood over, will be found made up perhaps, for the greater part, of letters, or short fragments with translations from a minor Italian poet. Several of the numbers, towards the latter end of the series, are employed on the character of the late Sir Alexander Ball, which, however meritorious, was not probably, in the opinion of the majority of the readers, of sufficient celebrity to claim so considerable a space in an expensive work; especially while several most interesting points of inquiry, of which they had been led to expect an early investigation were still, and indefinitely deferred. It is fair, however, to quote the author's apology or vindication, in which, toward the conclusion of the series, he attributes to his reader, the procrastination or relinquishment of the refined disquisitions, which he should himself have been happy to prosecute:—

"The remainder of my work, therefore, hitherto, has been devoted to the purpose of averting this mistake" (that which

had imputed to him a coincidence of opinion with the "French physiocratic philosophers"), "as far as I have not been compelled by the general taste of my readers to interrupt the systematic progress of the plan, by essays of a lighter kind, or which at least required a less effort of attention. In truth, since my twelfth number, I have not had courage to renew any subject which *did* require attention. The way to be admired, is to tell the reader what he knew before, but clothed in a statelier phraseology, and embodied in apt and lively illustrations. To attempt to make a man wiser, is of necessity to remind him of his ignorance; and, in the majority of instances, the pain actually felt is so much greater than the pleasure anticipated, that it is natural that men should attempt to shelter themselves from it by contempt or neglect. For a living writer is yet *sub judice*; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride, as well as more agreeable to our indolence, to consider him as lost beneath, rather than as soaring out of our sight above us. *Itaque id agitur, ut ignorantia etiam ab ignominia liberetur.* Happy is that man, who can truly say, with Giordano Bruno, and whose circumstances at the same time permit him to act on the sublime feeling,—

'Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,
Sol. Non conveniunt quadrupedum phalera
Humano dorso. Porro veri species
Quæsitæ, inventæ, at patefactæ, me efferat!
Etsi nullus intelligat,
Si cum natura sapio et sub lumine,
Id vere plusquam satis est.'—P. 335.

It may easily be believed that Mr. Coleridge had cause to complain of the impatience of some of his readers, under those demands of a strong mental exertion which some of his essays have made on them; but the degree of this required exertion is greatly underrated, we think, in the following observations in the same number:—

"Themes like these, not even the genius of a Plato or a Bacon could render intelligible without demanding from the reader, *thought* sometimes, and *attention* generally. By *thought* I here mean the voluntary production in our own minds of those states of consciousness, to which, as to his fundamental facts, the writer has referred us; while *attention* has for its object the order and connexion of thoughts and images, each of which is in itself already and familiarly known. Thus the elements of

geometry require attention only ; but the analysis of our primary faculties, and the investigation of all the absolute grounds of religion and morals, are impossible without energies of thought in addition to the effort of attention. The 'Friend' never attempted to disguise from his readers, that both attention and thought were efforts, and the latter a most difficult and laborious effort ; nor from himself that to require it often, or for any continuance of time, was incompatible with the nature of a periodical publication, even were it less incongruous than it unfortunately is, with the present habits and pursuits of Englishmen. Accordingly, after a careful re-perusal of the preceding numbers, I can discover but *four* passages which supposed in the reader any energy of thought and voluntary abstraction. But attention I confess two-thirds of the work hitherto have required. On whatever subject the mind feels a lively interest, attention, though always an effort, becomes a delightful effort ; and I should be quite at ease, could I secure for the whole work as much of it as a party of earnest whist-players often expend in a single evening, or a lady in the making up of a fashionable dress. But where no interest previously exists, attention (as every schoolmaster knows) can be procured only by terror, which is the true reason why the majority of mankind learn nothing systematically, but as school-boys or apprentices."

Not to dwell on the arbitrary and rather tenebrious distinction between thought and attention (which might be given as a fair specimen of the extent of the demand made on the reader's mind in a multitude of passages), we cannot help saying, that this is a somewhat too reserved acknowledgment—that the "Friend" has produced a volume, of which a considerable portion is hard to be understood, and some passages of which it may be doubted whether any one reader, after his very best efforts, has felt sure that he did so understand as to be able to put the meaning into other equivalent words of his own. We cannot but think that, in some still later re-perusal, the author himself will have perceived that not a few of his conceptions, taken as detached individual thoughts, are enounced with an obscurity of a somewhat different kind from that which may seem inevitably incident, in some degree, to the expression of thoughts of extreme abstraction. And sometimes the conjunctive principle among several thoughts that come in immediate succession is so unobvious, that the reader must repeatedly

peruse, must analyze, we might almost say, must excruciate, a considerable portion of the composition, before he can feel any confidence that he is master of the connexion; and at last he is so little sure of having a real hold of the whole combination, that he would not trust himself to state that particular part of the "Friend's" opinions and sentiments to an intelligent inquirer. When he could perhaps give, in a very general form, the apparent result of a series of thoughts, he would be afraid to attempt assigning the steps by which his author had arrived at it.

There can be no doubt that, by such patient labour as the adopted mode of publication entirely forbade, the writer could have given, if we may so express it, more roundness and prominence to the logical fibres of his composition, and a more unequivocal substance to some of its more attenuated components; in short left nothing obscure but what was invincibly and necessarily so, from the profound abstraction and exquisite refinement of thought, in which Mr. Coleridge would have extremely few equals in whatever age he had lived.

Our contracted limits will not allow more than a very brief notice of the several subjects on which the author's intellect and imagination have thrown their light and colours, in a more fixed or in a momentary manner, in the course of this desultory performance. It would be fully as interesting, though a more difficult task, to discriminate some of the qualities which distinguish his manner of thinking and writing; and we shall make a short attempt at this, though with no small degree of diffidence in our ability to render the more subtle characteristics palpable in description. Some of them are almost as undefinable as the varied modifications of the air by which very susceptible organs can perceive the different state of that element as subsisting in one district and in another; almost as undefinable as the tinge by which the light of the rising and setting sun in spring or autumn, is recognized as of a quite different character from its morning and evening radiance in the other seasons.

And while we are making this reference to the elements and phenomena of nature, we will confess that this author, beyond any other (Mr. Wordsworth is next), gives us the

impression, or call it the fancy, of a mind constructed to bear a certain indescribable analogy to nature—that is to the physical world, with its wide extent, its elements, its mysterious laws, its animated forms, and its variety and vicissitude of appearances. His mind lives almost habitually in a state of profound sympathy with nature, maintained through the medium of a refined illusion of genius, which informs all nature with a kind of soul and sentiment, that bring all its forms and entities, animate and inanimate, visible and invisible, into a mystical communion with his feelings. This sympathy is, or involves, an exceedingly different feeling from that, with which a strictly philosophic mind perceives and admires in nature the more definable attributes of variety, order, beauty, and grandeur. These are acknowledged with a vivid perception; but, in our author's powerful imagination, they become a kind of moral attributes of a half-intelligent principle, which dimly, but with mysterious attraction, discloses itself from within all matter and form. This sympathy has retained him much more effectually in what may be called the school of nature, than is usual to men of genius who enter so much into artificial society, and so extensively study the works of men: and the influences of this school have given that form to his habits of thinking which bears so many marks of analogy to the state of surrounding physical nature. To illustrate this we may observe, that he perpetually falls on analogies between moral truth and facts in nature: in his figurative language he draws his similes and metaphors from the scenes of nature in preference to the departments of art—though these latter are also very much at his command: his ideas have much of the unlimited variety of nature; they have much also of its irregularity, being but little constrained into formal artificial method: there is in his train of thinking a great deal of what may be called colour and efflorescence, and but little of absolutely plain bare intellectual material: like nature as to her productions, he seems as willing to bestow labour and completeness on little thoughts as on great ones: we may add, he does not show any concern about mixing the little and great together—sublime and remote ideas, and humble and familiar ones, being readily admitted, if they happen to come in immediate succession.

The above description of our author's sympathy with nature, and his mystical perception of something like soul and sentiment residing in all material elements and forms, will not be misunderstood to impute to him anything like a serious adoption of the atheistical principle of Spinoza, or of the Stoic or Platonic dogmas about the Soul of the World. This converse with all surrounding existence is, in the perfect consciousness of our author's mind, no more than the emanation of that mind itself; imparting, in its meditative enthusiasm, a character of imaginary moral being and deep significance to all objects, but leaving his understanding in the full and solemn belief of a Supreme Intelligence, perfectly distinct from the whole universe. But there is strong reason to suspect, that certain of his poetical contemporaries renounce the idea of such a Divine Intelligence; in their fancy of the all-pervading, inexplicable something, which privileged and profoundly thoughtful spirits may perceive, and without illusion, in the light of the sun, in clouds, in silent groves, and in the sound of winds and mountain torrents.

But we ought to have remarked, first, on some of the more easily definable of the distinguishing properties of the "Friend's" intellectual character. Among the foremost may be mentioned the independence and the wide reach with which he thinks. He has given attendance in all the schools of moral and metaphysical philosophy, ancient and modern, but evidently has attended there rather to debate the matter with the professors, than with submissive homage to receive their dictates. He would have been a most factious and troublesome pupil in the academy of Pythagoras. He regards all subjects and doctrines as within the rightful sphere of free examination: and the work affords evidence, that a very large number of them have actually been examined by him with extraordinary severity. Yet this freedom of thinking, supported as it is by the conscious possession of great power, and exceedingly ample and diversified knowledge, does not degenerate into arrogance; a high and sincere respect being uniformly shown for the great intellectual aristocracy of both the past and present times, but especially of the past. Of the eminent writers of our own country, he evinces a higher veneration for those of the

seventeenth, than those of the subsequent century, and of the present time; and professes to have been of late years more familiar with them, and to have involuntarily acquired some degree of conformity to their manner of thinking and to their style.

Another instantly apparent distinction of our author's manner of thinking, is its extreme abstractedness. Considering that many of his subjects are not of that class which, by the necessity of their nature can be discussed in no other than a metaphysical manner, he has avoided, in a wonderful and unequalled degree, all the superficial and obvious forms of thought which they might suggest. He always carries on his investigation at a depth, and sometimes a most profound depth, below the uppermost and most accessible stratum; and is philosophically mining among its most recondite principles of the subject, while ordinary intellectual and literary workmen, many of them barely informed of the very existence of this Spirit of the Deep, are pleasing themselves and those they draw around them, with forming to pretty shapes or commodious uses, the materials of the surface. It may be added, with some little departure from the consistency of the metaphor, that if he endeavours to make his voice heard from this region beneath, it is apt to be listened to as a sound of dubious import, like that which fails to bring articulate words from the remote recess of a cavern, or the bottom of the deep shaft of a mine. However familiar the truths and facts to which his mind is directed, it constantly, and as if involuntarily, strikes, if we may so speak, into the invisible and the unknown of the subject: he is seeking the most retired and abstracted form in which any being can be acknowledged and realized as having an existence, or any truth can be put in a proposition. He turns all things into their ghosts, and summons us to walk with him in this region of shades—in this strange world of disembodied truth and entities.

He repeatedly avows, that it is less his object to teach truth in its most special and practical form, and in its detailed application, than to bring up into view and certainty a number of grand general principles, to become the lights of judgment, on an endless variety of particular subjects. At least this was the proposed object of the earlier part, the

first twenty or thirty numbers, of the intended series. These principles were to be brought into clearness and authority, partly by statement and argument in an abstract form, and partly by showing them advantageously in operation, as applied to the trial and decision of several interesting questions. But the abstruseness often unavoidable in the pure intellectual enunciation of a principle, prevails also in an uncommon degree, in the present work, through the practical illustrations—even when the matter of those illustrations consists of very familiar facts. The ideas employed to explain the mode of the relation between the facts and the principle, are sometimes of such extreme tenuity as to make a reader who is anxious to comprehend, but unaccustomed to abstraction, feel as if he were deficient by nearly one whole faculty, some power of intellectual sight or tact with which he perceives the author to be endowed,—for there is something that everywhere compels him to give the author credit for thinking with great acuteness, even when he is labouring in vain to refine his own conceptions into any state that can place him in real communication with the author's mind. The surpassing subtlety of that mind is constantly descrying the most unobvious relations, and detecting the most veiled aspects of things, and pervading their substance in quest of whatever is most latent in their nature. This extreme subtlety is the cause of more than one kind of difficulty to the reader. Its *necessary* consequence is that refinement of observation on which we have so prolixly remarked; but it has another consequence, the less or greater degree of which depended on the author's choice. He has suffered it continually to retard him in, or divert him from, the straightforward line of thought to his object. He enters on a train of argumentative observations to determine a given question. He advances one acute thought, and another, and another: but by this time he perceives among these which he may call the primary thoughts, so many secondaries—so many bearings, distinctions, and analogies—so many ideas starting sideways from the main line of thought—so many pointings towards subjects infinitely remote—that, in the attempt to seize and fix in words these secondary thoughts, he will often suspend for a good while the progress toward the intended point.

Thus each thought that was to have been only *one* thought, and to have transmittted the reader's mind immediately forward to the next in order and in advance, becomes an exceedingly complex combination of thoughts, almost a dissertation in miniature: and thus our journey to the assigned point (if indeed we are carried so far, which is not always the case) becomes nothing less than a visit of curious inspection to every garden, manufactory, museum, and antiquity, situated 'near the road, throughout its whole length. Hence too it oftens happens, that the transitions are not a little perplexing. The transition directly from one primary thought, as we venture to call it, in the train to the next, might be very easy: we might see most perfectly how, in natural logic, the one was connected with the other, or led to it: but when we have to pass to this next principal thought in the train, from some divergent and remote accessory of the former principal idea, we feel that we have lost the due bearing of the preceding part of the train, by being brought in such an indirect way to the resumption of it.

The same kind of observation is applicable to the comparisons and metaphors with which our author illustrates and adorns his speculations. In this component of good writing, we believe he has no superior in this or any other age. His figures are original, and various, and often *completely* apposite, to a degree of which we ~~do not~~ at present recollect any example. They are taken indifferently from any part of a prodigious sphere of knowledge, and presented with every possible advantage of rich and definite expression. In the choice of them he very justly scorns, ~~what has been~~ noticed as a leading point of contradistinction of the French orators and poets from ours, the fastidiousness which declines similes taken from things of so humble a quality as to give to the figure a character of meanness. While he can easily reach, if he pleases, as far into remoteness and magnificence as the aphelion of a comet, for ~~an~~ object of illustrative comparison, he is not afraid to turn to literary account in the next paragraph, even a thing of so little dignity as those fastenings of garments called *hooks and eyes*. But the fault we venture to charge is, analogously to what we have said of the more austere intellectual parts

of the composition, the frequent extension of a figure into a multiformity which beguiles both the author and the reader from the direct and pressing pursuit of the main object. When the object is grave and important truth, the beauties of imagery, when introduced with a copiousness greatly beyond the strictest necessities of explanation, should be so managed as to be like flowery borders of a road: the way may have on each side every variety of beauty, every charm of shape, and hue, and scent, to regale the traveller: but, it should still be absolutely a *road*—going right on—with defined and near limits—and not widening out into a spacious and intricate wilderness of these beauties, where the man that was to travel is seduced to wander. When an apt figure occurs to our author, his imagination (which has received with wonderful accuracy, and retained with wonderful fidelity, *all* the ascertainable points of appearance and quality of almost all objects) instantaneously expands and finishes this figure, within his own mind, into a complete object or scene, with all its absolute and relative distinctions and circumstances; and his intellectual subtlety suddenly perceives, besides its principal and most obvious analogy with the abstract truth he is stating, various other more refined and minute analogies and appositenesses, which are more gratifying to his own mind than the leading analogy, partly from the consideration that only a very acute perception would have discerned them, and partly because a double intellectual luckiness is more unusual than a single one. Now, we have mentioned the *complexity* of appositeness, the several-fold relation between the figure and the truth to which it is brought as correspondent, as one of the *excellences*, of our author's figures: and we have done so, because none but a writer of great genius will very frequently fall on such figures—and because a very specific rather than a merely general relation, an interior and essential, rather than a superficial and circumstantial analogy, between the subject and the corresponding figure, is a great excellence as exhibiting the laws of reason prevalent through the operations of imagination; and it would often be found that the specific and pointed appropriateness of the comparison consists in its containing a double analogy. But when a subtle intelligence, perceiving something much

beyond this duplicity of relation, introduces a number of perhaps real and exquisite, but extremely recondite correspondences, the reader, though pleased with the sagacious perception, so long as not confused by the complexity, is, at the same time, certainly diverted from the leading purpose of the discourse.

It is not alone in the detection of refined analogies that our author too much amplifies his figurative illustrations. He does it sometimes in the way of merely perfecting, for the sake of its own completeness, the representation of the thing which furnishes the figure, which is often done equally with philosophical accuracy and poetic beauty. But thus extended into particularity, the illustration exhibits a number of colours, and combinations, and branchings of imagery, neither needful nor useful to the main intellectual purpose. Our author is therefore sometimes like a man, who, in a work that requires the use of wood, but requires it only in the plain bare form of straight-shaped poles and stakes, should insist that it shall be *living* wood, retaining all its twigs, leaves, and blossoms. Or, if we might compare the series of ideas in a composition to a military line, we should say that many of our author's images, and of even his more abstracted conceptions, are supernumerarily attended by so many related, but secondary and subordinate ideas, that the array of thought bears some resemblance to what that military line would be, if many of the men, veritable and brave soldiers all the while, stood in the ranks surrounded with their wives and children.

Of the properties which we have attempted, we sincerely acknowledge very inadequately, to discriminate and describe as characteristic of our author's mode of writing, the result is—that readers of ordinary, though tolerably cultivated faculties, feel a certain deficiency of the effective force which they believe such an extraordinary course of thinking ought to have on their minds. They feel, decisively, that they are under the tuition of a most uncommonly powerful and far-seeing spirit, that penetrates into the essences of things, and can also strongly define their forms and even their shadows—and that is quite in earnest to communicate, while they are equally in earnest to obtain, the most important principles which such a mind has deduced from a severe

examination of a vast variety of facts and books. And yet there is some kind of haze in the medium through which this spirit transmits its light, or there is some vexatious dimness in the mental faculty of seeing: so that looking back from the end of an essay, or of the volume, they really do not feel themselves in possession of anything like the full value of as much ingenious, and sagacious, and richly illustrated thinking as ever, probably, was contained in the same proportion of writing.

We would not set down much of the difficulty of comprehending, so much complained of, to the *language*, so far as it is distinguishable from the thought; with the exception of here and there a scholastic phrase, and a certain degree of peculiarity in the use of one or two terms—especially *reason*, which he uses in a sense in which he endeavours to explain and prove, that all men are in equally full possession of the faculty which it denominates. Excepting so far as a slight tinge of antiqueness indicates the influence of our older writers, especially Milton and Bacon, on the complexion of our author's language, it is of a construction original in the greatest possible degree. That it could not well be otherwise may easily be supposed, when, premising, as we have done, the originality of the author's manner of thinking, we observe that the diction is in a most extraordinary degree conformed to the thought. It lies, if we may so speak, close to the mental surface, with all its irregularities, throughout. It is therefore perpetually varying, in perfect flexibility and obsequiousness to the ideas; and, without any rhetorical regulation of its changes, or apparent design or consciousness in the writer, is in succession popular and scientific, familiar and magnificent, secular and theological, plain and poetical. It has none of the phrases or combinations of oratorical common place: it has no settled and favourite appropriations of certain adjectives to certain substantives: its manner of expressing an idea once, gives the reader no guess how the same idea will be expressed when it comes modified by a different combination. The writer considers the whole congregation of words, constituting our language, as something so perfectly and independently his own, that he may make any kind of use of any part of it that his thinking requires. Almost

every page, therefore, presents unusual combinations of words, that appear not so much made *for* the thought as made *by* it, and often give, if we may so express it, the very colour, as well as the substantial form, of the idea. There is no settled construction or cadence of the sentences; no two, perhaps, of about the same length being constructed in the same manner. From the complexity and extended combination of the thought, they are generally long, which the author something less than half apologizes for, and therefore something more than half defends. We will quote what he says on this point:—

“Doubtless, too, I have in some measure injured my style, in respect to its facility and popularity, from having almost confined my reading, of late years, to the works of the ancients, and those of the elder writers in the modern languages. We insensibly admire what we habitually imitate; and an aversion to the epigrammatic unconnected periods of the fashionable *Anglo-Gallican* taste, has too often made me willing to forget, that the stately march and difficult evolutions, which characterize the eloquence of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor, are notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, still less suited to a periodical essay. This fault I am now endeavouring to correct, though I can never so far sacrifice my judgment to the desire of being immediately popular, as to cast my sentences in the French moulds, or affect a style which an ancient critic would have deemed purposely invented for persons troubled with asthma to read, and for those to comprehend who labour under the more pitiable asthma of a short-witted intellect. It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; and the habit of receiving pleasure without any exercise of thought, by the more excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of novel-reading. It is true, that these short and unconnected sentences are easily and instantly understood: but it is equally true, that, wanting all the cement of thought as well as of style, all the connexions, and (if you will forgive so trivial a metaphor) all the *hooks-and-eyes* of the memory, they are easily forgotten: or rather, it is scarcely possible they should be remembered. Nor is it less true that those who confine their reading to such books, dwarf their own faculties, and finally reduce their understandings to a deplorable imbecility.”—P. 166.

He might, in contradiction to the vulgar notion that long sentences *necessarily* show the author guilty of what is

termed diffuseness, have added, that length of sentences furnishes a capital mean of being concise; that, in fact, whoever is determined on the greatest possible parsimony of words, *must* write in long sentences, if there is anything like combination in his thoughts. For, in a long sentence, several indispensable conditionalities, collateral notices, and qualifying or connecting circumstances, may be expressed by short members of the sentence, which must else be put in so many separate sentences; thus making two pages of short sentences to express, and in a much less connected manner, what one well-constructed long sentence would have expressed in half a page—and yet an unthinking reader might very possibly cite these two pages as a specimen of concise writing, and such a half page as a sample of diffuseness.

We had intended to make a few remarks on the several essays in this volume, considered as to their subjects; and on the most prominent of the principles endeavoured to be illustrated and established. But we have dwelt so long on the more general qualities of its intellectual and literary character, that our readers will very willingly excuse us from prolonging a course of observations, in which we have by no means succeeded to our wish in the attempt to convey a general idea of the most extraordinary production that has, at any time, come under our official notice. We confess, too, that we should feel no small degree of diffidence in undertaking anything like an analysis of disquisitions so abstruse, so little reduced to the formal arrangement of system, so interrupted and unfinished, and so often diverging to a great distance from the leading direction.

The subjects largely discussed are few. Among them are, the duty and laws of communicating truth, including the liberty of the press; the theories of the several most celebrated political philosophers, or schools of philosophers; errors of party spirit; vulgar errors respecting taxation; the law of nations; Paley's doctrine of general consequences as the foundation of the criterion of morality; sketches of Sir Alexander Ball; the proper discipline for rising, in point of intellectual freedom and vigour, above the general state of the age; and several other topics of less comprehensive denomination. But no adequate guess can be made, from

these denominations, at the variety and latitude of the inquiries and observations. There is not a great deal expressly on the subject of religion; the intended statement of the author's general views of it having been delayed till the work prematurely closed; but there are many occasional references in a spirit of great seriousness. He asserts the radical depravity, to a very great extent, of human nature, though in forms of language most widely different, to be sure, from that of orthodox sermons and bodies of divinity. As the basis, however, of some of his principles of moral philosophy, he claims a certain profound and half mystical reverence for the mental and moral essence and organization of man, which we find it somewhat difficult to render. He is a most zealous assertor of free-agency. In one place the word Methodism is used exactly in the way in which it is employed by those whom the author knows to be fools, profligates, or bigots. He is perfectly apprized how much of intelligent belief and ardent piety is comprehended within the tenets and the state of the affections to which this term of opprobrium is generally applied; and we were astonished therefore to see him so far consenting to adopt what he knew to be the lingo of irreligion.

A portion of his political reasonings and reflections, is retrospective to the times of the French Revolution; and distinguishes and censures, with very great judgment and eloquence, the respective errors of our aristocratic and democratic parties at that time. Some interesting references are made to the author's own views, and hopes, and projects at that period. As those views and projects had nothing to do with revolutions in England, we wish that some passages expressed in the tone of self-exculpation had been spared. It was no great harm, if a young man of speculative and ardent genius saw nothing in the political state of any country in Christendom to prevent his wishing that a new constitution of society could be tried somewhere in the wildernesses of America. In his professing to have very long since renounced the visionary ideas and wishes which, under various modifications of the notion and the love of liberty, elated so many superior minds, in that eventful season, we were anxious to see him preserve the dignity of keeping completely clear of the opposite extreme of approving all

things as they are—to see him preserve, in short, the lofty spirit in which he wrote, many years since, his sublime “Ode to France.” And there is in the work less to displease on that head, than in many instances of the “impetuous recoil” of men of talents from the principles of violent democracy. But we confess we have perceived a more favourable aspect than we should deem compatible with the spirit of a perfect moralist, philanthropist, and patriot, towards the present state of political institutions and practices. We should think that at least these are not times to extenuate the evil of enormous taxation; to make light of the suggestion of the superior benefit of employing a given number of men rather in making canals and building bridges than in destructive military expeditions; to celebrate the happiness of having the much greater part of a thousand millions of a national debt, and the attendant benefit of a paper-currency; or to join in reprobating any party who are zealous for a reform of the legislature and political corruptions. There is, however, in the work, much acute speculation on political systems that has no direct reference to the practical politics of the day. It should be observed too, that, beyond all other political speculators, our author mingles important moral and philosophical principles with his reasonings.

The most of what may be called entertainment, may perhaps be found in a number of letters written from Germany by a young Englishman, who passed among his college companions by the name of Satyrane, and whom, if there were not so much said or implied in his praise, accompanied too by some slight expression as if he were not now surviving, we should mightily suspect to be no other than the author himself.

A whole number (the thirteenth) is occupied with the story of a tragical event that happened at Nuremberg, a little before Mr. Coleridge first saw that place. The principal personages were a baker's orphan and outcast daughter, and a washerwoman. He is very particular in asserting the truth of the account; but if he had not, we should have believed it nevertheless; for the plain reason, that we think it surpasses the powers of fiction, the powers of invention of even Mr. Coleridge. No abstract can be given to make it at all intelligible; but it is so strange, so horrible, and so

sublime, that we should think meanly of the feelings of any person, who, after reading it, would not turn with indifference, from the comparative insipidity of anything to be found in tragedy or romance.

We ought to have given a few extracts from the work ; but we did not know where to select them, amidst such a wilderness of uncommon ideas. Many other passages may be more interesting than the following representation of one of Luther's skirmishes with Satan, in the Warteburg, a castle near Eisenach, in which he was confined many months, by a friendly and provident force, and where our author was shown the black mark on the wall, produced, as every visitant is told, by the intrepid reformer's throwing his ink-stand at the enemy.

"If this Christian Hercules, this heroic cleanser of the Augean stable of apostacy, had been born and educated in the present age, or the preceding generation, he would doubtless have held himself for a man of genius and original power. But with this faith alone he would hardly have removed the mountains which he did remove. The darkness and superstition of the age, which required such a reformer, had moulded his mind for the reception of ideas concerning himself, better suited to inspire the strength and enthusiasm necessary for the task of reformation, ideas more in sympathy with the spirits whom he was to influence. He deemed himself gifted with supernatural impulses, an especial servant of heaven, a chosen warrior, fighting, as the general of a small but faithful troop, against an army of evil beings, headed by the Prince of the Air. These were no metaphorical beings in his apprehension. He was a poet indeed, as great a poet as ever lived in any age or country ; but his poetic images were so vivid, that they mastered the poet's own mind. He was possessed with them, as with substances distinct from himself : Luther did not *write*, he *acted* poems. The Bible was a spiritual, indeed, but not a *figurative* armoury, in this belief ; it was the magazine of his warlike stores, and from thence he was to arm himself, and supply both shield, and sword, and javelin, to the elect. Methinks I see him sitting, the heroic student in the Warteburg, with his midnight lamp before him, seen by the late traveller in the plain of *Bischofsroda*, as a star on the mountain. Below it lies the Hebrew Bible open, on which he gazes, his brow pressing on his palm, brooding over some obscure text, which he desires to make plain to the simple boor, and the humble artisan, and to transfer its whole force into their own natural and living tongue.

And he himself does not understand it! Thick darkness lies on the original text : he counts the letters, he calls up the roots of each separate word, and questions them as the familiar spirits of an oracle. In vain : thick darkness continues to cover it ! not a ray of meaning darts through it. With sullen and angry hope he reaches for the Vulgate, his old and sworn enemy, the treacherous confederate of the Roman Anti-Christ which he so gladly, when he can, rebukes for idolatrous falsehoods, which had dared place

‘ Within the sanctuary itself their shrines
Abominations ! ’

Now—O thought of humiliation !—he must entreat its aid. See ! there has the sly spirit of apostacy worked in a phrase, which favours the doctrine of purgatory, the intercession of saints, or the efficacy of prayers for them. And what is worse than all, the interpretation is plausible. The original Hebrew might be forced into this meaning : and no other meaning seems to lie *in* it, none to hover *over* it in the heights of allegory, none to lurk *beneath* it even in the depths of Cabala ! This is the work of the Tempter ! It is a cloud of darkness, conjured up between the truth of the sacred letters and the eyes of his understanding, by the malice of the Evil One, and for the trial of his faith ! Must he then confess, must he subscribe the name of Luther to an exposition which consecrates a weapon for the hand of the idolatrous hierarchy ? Never, never.

“ There still remains one auxiliary in reserve, the translation of the Seventy. The Alexandrine Greeks, anterior to the church itself, could intend no support to its corruptions—the Septuagint will have profaned the altar of truth with no incense for the nostrils of the universal bishop to snuff up. And here again his hopes are baffled ! Exactly at this perplexed passage had the Greek translator given his understanding a holiday, and made his pen supply its place. O honoured Luther, as easily mightest thou convert the whole city of Rome, with the pope and the conclave of cardinals inclusive, as strike a spark of light from the words, and nothing but words, of the Alexandrine version. Disappointed, despondent, enraged, ceasing to *think*, yet continuing his brain on the stretch, in solicitation of a thought, and gradually giving himself up to angry fancies, to recollections of past persecutions, to uneasy fears and inward defiances, and floating images of the Evil Being, their supposed personal author, he sinks, without perceiving it, into a trance of slumber : during which his brain retains its waking energies, excepting that what would have been mere *thoughts* before, now (the action and counterweight of his outward senses, and their impressions being

withdrawn) shape and condense themselves into *things*, into realities! Repeatedly half-waking, and his eye-lids as often re-closing, the objects which really surround him form the place and scenery of his dream. All at once he sees the Arch-fiend coming forth on the wall of the room, from the very spot perhaps, on which his eyes had been fixed vacantly during the perplexed moments of his former meditation; the ink-stand; which he had at the same time been using, becomes associated with it; and in that struggle of rage, which in these distempered dreams almost constantly precedes the helpless terror by the pain of which we are finally awakened, he *imagines* that he hurls it at the intruder, or not improbably in the first instant of awakening, while yet both his imagination and his eyes are possessed by the dream, he *actually* hurls it. Some weeks after, perhaps, during which he had often mused on the incident, undetermined whether to deem it a visitation of Satan to him in the body or out of the body, he discovers the dark spot on the wall, and receives, it as a sign and pledge to him of the event having actually taken place."—P. 125.

We cannot conclude without expressing an earnest wish, that this original thinker and eloquent writer may be persuaded to put the literary public speedily in possession, by successive volumes of essays, of an ample portion of those refined speculations, the argument and the strongest illustrations of which he is well known to have in an almost complete state in his mind—and many of which will never be in any other mind, otherwise than as communicated from him. The chief alteration desirable, for his reader's sake, to be made in his mode of writing, is a resolute restriction on that mighty profusion and excursive-ness of thought, in which he is tempted to suspend the pursuit and retard the attainment of the one distinct object which should be clearly kept in view; and, added to this, a more patient and prolonged effort to reduce the abstruser part of his ideas, as much as their subtle quality will possibly admit, to a substantial and definable form.

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland: to which are added, Translations from the Gaelic; and Letters connected with those formerly published. By the Author of "Letters from the Mountains." 12mo. 1812.

It is a gloomy reflection which occurs to us, in contemplating the world as a very picturesque scene, that much the greatest portion of what man has contributed, and still contributes to make it so, is the result and proof of the perverted condition of the understanding and morality of the species. If we look at the more palpable and material division of the things by which that species have given to the world an aspect very striking to the imagination, it is False Religion that has raised so many superb temples, of which the smallest remaining ruins bear an impressive character of grandeur; that has prompted the creation, from shapeless masses of substance, of so many beautiful or monstrous forms, representing fabulous super-human and divine beings; and that has produced some of the most stupendous works intended as abodes, or monuments, of the dead. It is the evil next in eminence, War, that has caused the earth to be embossed with so many thousands of massy structures in the form of towers and defensive walls—so many remains of ancient camps—so many traces of the labours by which armies overcame the obstacles opposed to them by rivers, rocks, or mountains—and so many triumphal edifices raised to perpetuate the glory of conquerors. It is the oppressive Self-importance of imperial tyrants, and of their inferior commanders of human toils, that has erected those magnificent residences which make a far greater figure in our imagination, than the collective dwellings of the humbler population of a whole continent, and that has in some spots thrown the surface of the earth into new forms. Had an enlightened understanding and uncorrupt moral principles always and universally reigned among mankind, not one of all these mighty operations, the labours of unnumbered millions, under the impulse and direction of a prodigious aggregate of genius and skill, would even have been thought

of. Not one stone would have been laid of Pagan temple or embattled fortress, of mausoleum, or triumphal arch, or tyrant's palace. The ground occupied by the once perfect, and now ruined, mansions of the gods at Athens, or Palmyra, or Thebes, or Rome, the sites of the Egyptian pyramids, of the Roman amphitheatres, and of the palaces of the Alhambra or the Seraglio, might, some of them, have been cultivated as useful pieces of garden-ground, and some of them covered, from early ages till now, with commodious, but not showy, dwellings of virtuous families, or plain buildings for the public exercises of the true religion. In short, the world would have been a scene incomparably more happy and more morally beautiful, but it would have been without a vast multitude of objects that now conspire to make a grand, and even awful, impression on the imagination.

If we fix our attention on the other class of things contributed by the human species, to give what we call a picturesque character to the world—the class supplied by their personal condition and manners—we find that in this part also of that character the most striking appearances are those which manifest error and moral evil. What is it, in this view, that most powerfully seizes the imagination? It is the wild and formidable character and habits of savages and barbarians—of North-American Indians, South-Sea Islanders, Arabs, and Tartars. It is the monstrous forms of national polity, or of subordinate social institution. It is the contrast of the various systems of manners, rivals perhaps in absurdity. It is whatever is most pompous, most fantastic, or most vicious, in the ceremonial appointments of civilized and uncivilized society. It is that ferocious aspect of hostility with which the human tribes all over the earth are constantly looking at one another, and those dreadful collisions in which myriads are perishing every month; but perhaps, above all, it is their superstitions: for these, by their nature, partake more than all the other things enumerated, of that solemnity and mystery which have so mighty a power over the imagination.

We now come towards the purpose of this prolix array of commonplaces, by the double observation—that the advance of just thinking and right moral principles will, proportionably, annihilate a great deal that is very striking and

romantic in the now existing economy of the human species—but that we ought to be pleased for these picturesque aspects to vanish, if their disappearance be owing to the removal of that intellectual or moral perversion by which they were produced. The complacent feeling here demanded, as a tribute due to the excellence of truth and moral rectitude, is, of course, only called for at the disappearance of such striking features of the world as belong to the latter division, that is, of such as are presented in the personal condition and habits of the human species, and indicate, so long as they appear, the continued operation of the evil causes from which they have arisen. For as to those material objects produced by the prevalence of evil, and which are so fascinating to the imagination—the pyramids, the ruined temples, and the vast works that remain as monuments of former wars, we suppose almost all men may agree in wishing they might continue to exist to the latest periods of the world, to assist historians in representing, and a distant posterity in a happier age in believing, the true state of mankind in former periods. But the picturesque forms of practical superstition, and of any other thing in the human economy which indicates and results from a still operating perversion of understanding or moral sentiments, ought not to be deplored when they vanish to return no more—even though they were as captivating to the fancy, as comparatively innoxious, and combined with as many virtues, half virtues, and romantic fine qualities, as the superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland.

Our old friend Mrs. Grant is some trifle below our standard, on this subject. She acknowledges, with full conviction, that that mode of personal character (comprising notions, moral sentiments, and practical habits), and that constitution of the social economy, which should be formed on the plain ground of absolute truth generally, and specially on the ground of religious truth, perfectly clear of every deceptive fancy, would be better than the very best state of the ancient Highland character and social system. And yet there is something so singular, so poetical, and really in some points so truly elevated, in the ancient character and economy of these Celtic tribes, that she shows a kind of reluctance to lose any particle that entered into the

constitution of so strange and interesting a moral order. She cannot help looking back with a feeling, perhaps, in some slight degree, tinged with fondness and regret, on some of the more romantic and harmless of the superstitions that once had so visionary and solemn an influence. She has somewhat of a similar feeling, in this retrospect, to that with which a solitary devotee to contemplation has sometimes beheld the beautiful delusive aspects of things by moonlight fading into the plain sober forms of reality under the commencing ascendancy of daylight, or with which a person awaking from an enchanting dream, strives to recall the vanishing images, the last glimpse of which seems to convey something much finer than the objects arranged round the room, or to be seen through the window. And we must confess we were scarcely ever in an equal degree disposed to be forbearing to such a feeling. The departed or departing system of sentiments and habits certainly did contain a great deal that very powerfully tended to fix indelibly a fondly partial impression of almost *all* its parts on a youthful mind of sensibility and poetical enthusiasm, when presented to its view amidst that solemn mountain scenery, where that system had prevailed so many ages, had left so many religiously admitted traditions, and had continued, even down to that time, to maintain a very considerable, though declining, degree of actual prevalence among the people.

Setting aside historical correctness, we can well believe that our author is better qualified than any other person to delineate a lively picture of the former economy of Highland society. She complains, however, that it is now somewhat too late.

It certainly is to be regretted that there had not been, a century since, or even at a somewhat later period, just such an observer as our author (saving, perhaps, that a somewhat smaller portion of enthusiasm would have sufficed for the object) introduced among the Highland tribes, and domesticated for several years among different clans, in order to enter into the very recesses of their character and social state, to learn their traditional histories, to preserve the most striking of their written and unwritten poetry, to collect characteristic anecdotes, to discern the most material differences in the general character as appearing among the

different sections of the people, and then to come away with a comprehensive description of what certainly had no parallel among nations, and of what, being now in a great measure broken up and annihilated, will never return into existence. And that description ought to have been given with the same ease and animation as this before us,—the same power of presenting such moral portraits as will serve as well as if we conversed with the real living beings,—the same general and versatile force of colouring,—much of the same friendly sympathy with the people,—and as little as possible of the same neglect of method.

But our author shows it would, at any time, have been very difficult to acquire any intimate knowledge of the character of the Highlanders. Between them and the Lowlanders there uniformly existed such an active antipathy as to preclude all unreserved intercourse.

The distance of half the circumference of the globe could hardly have been more effectual than such a state of neighbourhood, to keep the best and the most romantic qualities of the mountaineers unknown. And any friendly and inquisitive stranger who should have wished to reside among them, would have met, according to Mrs. Grant's very natural representation, almost insuperable obstacles. As a transient visitor he would have been received with politeness and hospitality; but if attempting to establish himself he would have been regarded as an intruder; and especially any attempt to obtain the smallest particle of land, even if it could have been successful, would have excited so strong an hostility, as to leave no security either to his property or person. The land was not more in any of the districts than to afford moderate allotments to the members of the clan, all of whom regarded themselves as the family of the chief, and as having, therefore, such claims on him that his granting one acre to a stranger would have been a piece of outrageous injustice.

Nor was any satisfactory information to be obtained concerning the interior character of this race, from such individuals of them as sometimes came among the more southern people of the island. For either they came for education, too early in life to bring with them either the mature example or the knowledge of that character; or, if

they came at a more advanced age, their quick and proud perception of the liability of their most peculiar feelings and superstitions to ridicule among a less romantic generation, has put them on the most cautious reserve. Some of them have even endeavoured to extirpate from their minds the order of sentiments so incommodious, because reputed so irrational, amidst such uncongenial society; but our author affirms that, once fixed, these sentiments became so deep and tenacious, that even though the force of the clearest religious truth were also brought in aid of the expulsion, and might seem to have effected it, they would recover almost all their power if a man happened to return to his native region.

“The moment he felt himself within the stony girdle of the Grampians, though he did not yield himself a prey to implicit belief, and its bewildering terrors and fantastic inspirations, still he resigned himself willingly to the sway of that potent charm, that mournful, yet pleasing illusion, which the combined influence of a powerful imagination and singularly warm affections have created and preserved in those romantic regions: That fourfold band, wrought by music, poetry, tenderness, and melancholy, which connects the past with the present, and the material with the immaterial world, by a mystic and invisible tie; which all born within its influence feel, yet none who are free from subjection to the potent spell can comprehend. This partial subjection to the early habits of resignation to the wildering powers of song and superstition, is a weakness to which no educated and polished Highlander will ever plead guilty. It is a secret sin, and, in general, he dies without confession; for this good reason, that he could not have the least hope of absolution.”—Vol. I. p. 36.

Ten essays make the substance of these volumes; and our first intention was to attempt a slight abstract of them in succession; but their excessively desultory and immethodical form has obliged us to decline this attempt. In a large work there really would have been no forgiving so irregular a mode of managing a subject. In the present instance the space is not so wide, but that the reader may traverse again any part of it where he imperfectly recollects the curious things that were scattered in such plenty and confusion. Taken all together, these essays form probably the most just and comprehensive, and beyond all question

the most animated description of Highland sentiments, manners, and customs, that has ever appeared. And the work abounds with what is of superior merit and ability to mere picturesque description;—with acute guesses at causes and happy illustrations of principles,—and also with pensive and elevated sentiments, sympathetic with those which formed the solemn and peculiar grace of the mystical and poetical people of whom the work is a worthy memorial.

A variety of sensible observations are made concerning the influences that operated, in a remote age and progressively downwards, to promote the growth of so peculiar, and in many points so dignified and attractive a character. Much is justly ascribed to the unmingled quality of the race, and consequent completeness of fraternity from identity of origin, with which they took possession of their mountains and glens, as a long asylum from the encroaching power of the southerners; to the still more concentrated recognition and spirit of kindred, the almost family economy and charities, into which the divisions respectively were compressed in their several valleys; to the spirit of independence which formed them all to heroism, through each successive generation, in defending their mountain territory; to their pride in a long unbroken line of honourable ancestry, to which they were most solicitous and ambitious to be honourably added, in the retrospect of their own distant posterity; and to the gloomy and sublime character of the region they inhabited. Music and heroic songs contributed at once to augment and to combine the influences of all these causes.

These particulars, as illustrated in a very spirited manner by the essayist, will go far towards accounting for the moral phenomena of the Highlands; but will still, we think, leave a considerable degree of mystery resting on the origin of some of the distinctions of the character in question. Much of a similar process has taken place with respect to other tribes of mankind without producing the same result. How, especially, is to be explained that refined and reflective pensiveness so prevalent among these tribes?—if we are to admit the fidelity of our author's representation, and if there be anything genuine, in point

of moral spirit, in the poetry attributed to Ossian. It is easy enough to comprehend that habits of warlike passion, enterprise, and hazard,—that the frequent employment of chasing and killing the wild animals of the mountains,—that the gloomy impressions of a bold and gigantic but most dreary scenery,—and the combination with all these of the memory or traditions of brave ancestors, and of dark fancies about the haunting of their ghosts, might well have produced a certain fierce and austere solemnity, such as that which throws a frowning shade over the character of the heroes of Odin, as represented in what has come to us of the northern poetry, or such as that which has been found among some of the American aborigines. But really it is not yet explained how this division of the Celtic barbarians acquired the tender melancholy, the pensive sublimity, the affectionate enthusiasm which, as far as yet appears, we must be constrained to attribute to them in such a degree as to no other uncultivated race.

The essayist has made a strong and pleasing representation of the general good sense, thoughtfulness, and habits of shrewd and vigilant observation, of the Highlanders; and has shown that their local circumstances and their social condition very strongly called forth their thinking faculties. The comparatively little, though to them most important affairs of their valley and their clan, may indeed appear to furnish but a narrow scope for the exercise of those faculties, and of that conversational and deliberative oratory in which also they are here pronounced to have excelled; but our author has shown that this confined sphere did, notwithstanding, include a very considerable diversity of such occasions as demanded, each, a specific judgment and plan of action. She has represented too, that while these tribes were secluded in complete ignorance of all the knowledge and literature of the world, it is wonderful how much truth of a moral and practical kind had been struck out among them by the co-operation and collision of their own minds, and fixed as a permanent common stock by the most faithful traditionary preservation.

Our author has enlarged also, with great animation, on the social virtues of these tribes,—the well-governed temper and passions, the promptitude to friendly mutual services

(within the boundary of the clan), the matrimonial fidelity, and that lofty sense of honour entertained by even the meanest members of the community. And she has shown how much these qualities were promoted by their high notions of a dignified ancestry, from whose revered character it would be infamous to degenerate, and by the consciousness of being, every individual of them, at all times within the cognizance, for honour or for shame, of the whole clan.

The superstitions of the Highlanders related chiefly to apparitions of the dead, and to fairies, of good, bad, and equivocal character. These simple elements spread, of course, into a very wide diversity of particular forms, which our author has represented a good deal at large in very lively colours, with a variety of curious illustrative anecdotes, many of which fell within her own knowledge.

In looking towards the probable origin of the belief in apparitions of the dead, she insists, in opposition to the scornful disbelievers in all such phenomena (which, however, she herself appears to consider as being uniformly fallacies of imagination), that the belief of such mysterious visitations could not have originated with minds of the weaker order; and she illustrates, in a very forcible and poetical manner, how such a belief was likely to originate, and probably did originate, in very thoughtful minds of powerful imagination and deep sensibility. Perhaps, if the plain truth could be known, it would appear to be, that the persuasion did not originate in the mere constitution of minds of any class; but in certain real preternatural phenomena in the earliest ages, combining and conveying down their effect along with that belief in the existence after death, which tradition has dimly preserved in almost all barbarous nations. We will, however, transcribe a few of the sentences in which she conveys her conjectures:—

“During the dim dawn of intelligence, no reason appeared why the spirit, still supposed to exist in a separate state, should not still cherish the pure affections and generous sentiments which made it lovely and beloved while imprisoned in mortality. To such enthusiastic beings as we have been contemplating, it could not appear unlikely that spirits so attached and so lamented, should assume some semblance of their wonted form.”

and countenance; that they should come in the hour of deep sorrow and silent recollection, to soothe the solitary mourner, to assist his fond retrospections, and to cheer him with the hopes of a future meeting in some state no longer incident to change or separation. The state of mind thus presupposed, was quite sufficient to give familiar voices to the winds of night, and well-known forms to the mists of the morning. Thus it is likely that the first apparitions were the offspring of genius and sensibility, nursed by grief and solitude. These phantoms, however, which exalted the musings of the superior order of souls, and lent them wings to hover over the obscure abyss of futurity, were not long confined to their visionary solitudes. They soon became topics of vulgar discussion and popular belief; the fancied forms which were now supposed to people solitude, added horror to obscurity, and doubtless gave new terrors to guilt."—Vol. I. p. 95.

A belief in the conscious existence of men after death being presupposed, this and similar passages would be as plausible as they are a poetical explanation of the manner in which the belief in apparitions might originate among a people of the character, and in the stage of early intellectual progress, which the essayist describes. Indeed, with the presupposition, it is highly probable that in such a state of mind and society the belief really *would* originate, and in this manner, if it had not existed already in a still more primitive period of the world. But such a belief could not have failed to become established in that more primitive age in consequence of the notorious occasional intervention and appearance of spiritual agents, which we have cause to be assured was no very infrequent expedient in the divine government, in the periods antecedent to the existence of a written revelation. If even but a very few instances of such preternatural intervention took place, in the parent nation of mankind, the possibility of spectral manifestations would be one of the most fixed notions among all the branches into which that nation extended and divided; a notion that probably could never be so far obliterated as that its existence among the Celtae, or any other people, may rationally be attributed to the inventive conception of minds in a state of pensive enthusiasm. The general belief of a future state would powerfully contribute to preserve this notion uninterruptedly in existence. We repeat,

however, that this high probability of the primeval origin of the notion in question, does not forbid us to admit, in such an enthusiastic state of mind as the author describes, a *compétent* creative energy to originate the idea and the belief, in minds previously entertaining a persuasion of a conscious existence after death. Some of our author's expressions seem to imply that even this latter belief also might have sprung up spontaneously amidst the solemn enthusiastic emotions of heathen and barbarous minds. But neither was this great truth originally left by the Creator to the chance of being or not being inventively apprehended by the human mind, nor can we admit that without revealed intimations it ever would have been so conceived as to become a prevailing belief among mankind.

The ancient occupiers of the Highlands having doubtless brought with them the belief of separate spirits both existing and appearing, it is easy to comprehend that in such a country, and such a state of the social feelings, the instances of this supposed appearance would become frequent, and would be with an aspect and circumstances of a deeply melancholy character. When the scene of their training to the belief and expectation of apparitions was a wild and solemn region—with vast mountain solitudes, lofty or fantastic summits, deep darkened glens, torrents and cataracts, rocks, precipices, caverns and echoes, mists, meteors, and storms; and when some of the occupations of some of the seasons involved considerable peril; and when, besides, each gloomy or dangerous locality by degrees acquired its tradition of being the scene of some mysterious occurrence; the effect could hardly fail to be, that their minds would be kept in that imaginative state, in which, while undefended by knowledge, they would be subject to endless illusions, and chiefly of a gloomy kind. And then, as our author so repeatedly represents, the state of the community and the social affections—the cherished memory of a common and revered ancestry—and that secluded, compressed, and reciprocally dependent condition of each tribe, which produced a more warm and faithful sentiment of fraternity even than that so often observed in uncultivated small nations, and which followed with enthusiastic and inextinguishable tenderness each departed relative and associate—would powerfully con-

tribute to retain, in Highland apprehension, the spirits of the departed friends as a shadowy but sometimes visible adjunct to the living community. And their conversation, and their poetry would turn very often on this solemn subject, and on the supposed particular instances which had given almost every man, in his own apprehension, a kind of practical knowledge and interest in it. Nevertheless, it is asserted by some who have paid attention to such remains as have been preserved of the genuine poetry of the ancient Highlanders, that they contain nothing like that excessive frequency of ghosts, which has made their appearance quite a vulgar and unimpressive phenomenon in the poetic fabrication of Macpherson.

As examples of the mode and affecting circumstances of these supernatural interventions, the essayist has introduced two striking poetical stories, one from the *Death of Gaul*, "a poem," she says, "of *undoubted antiquity*."* But after all that has been written, and all poetical relics that have been produced, it still appears impossible to form any distinct idea of the mode of subsistence, and the degree and kind of knowledge, power, or happiness, attributed by these Celtic tribes to separate spirits. No comprehensive and systematic economy of their condition seems to have been matured by their poets. The rude conception of their existence seems to keep them in being, rather that they may not be lost to the survivors, and that there may be society for those survivors to go to when they also shall depart, than to regard them as existing for their own sake, in an independent and a dignified economy. Nor could it seem that they were regarded as in possession of any very animated kind of happiness; which is rather strange, when we consider the ardent affection with which departed friends were remembered, and the lively interest with which the survivors are represented as anticipating their own removal into the disembodied society. This deficiency of attraction in the *state* of the separate spirits strikes us so forcibly, that, though it

* This is rather indiscreet, as Mr. Laing has pronounced it to be of recent workmanship: we do not know whether his challenge to the editor to produce any good evidence that it was not written by himself, has been accepted or not.

will be allowed that such a people might feel much interest in the thought of rejoining their dead friends in *any* state not positively unhappy, yet we may very reasonably doubt whether the complacency in the view of death could be so much a thing of course as is implied in the following passage—if the representation is to be understood of a time antecedent to the introduction of Christianity.

“ This army of ghosts, that constantly hovered round those that mourned for them, and kept alive both their affection and their enthusiasm, had a two-fold effect upon the general character of the people. It was favourable to courage, as death, which did not put an end to existence, and re-united them to their departed friends, could have nothing very terrible in it ; and it strengthened attachment, because the deceased were not only ever present to the memory, but supposed to be often obvious to the senses. The beloved object, who not only dwelt in the soul of the mourner, but seemed ever hovering round, with fond impatience, to watch the moment of the union, became, if possible, more endeared than ever.”—Vol. I. p. 113.

It was, however, very necessary that these pensive and visionary mountaineers *should* be in some good measure habitually willing to quit the society of the living for that of the dead ; as, else, their living so close on the frontier of the world of spirits, and with so slight a barrier between, must have been felt a very oppressive privilege ;—for it should seem that the imagined appearances and voices of their departed friends most generally communicated warnings of approaching death. And it is to be observed, that these communications from departed spirits have, in the representation, a very mournful character, on the part of both the beings by whom, and the persons to whom, they are made. The forms imagined to be seen are not only of shadowy and ominous aspect, but also have an expression of desolateness, languor, and melancholy : the voices, though soft and sweet, have a tone, and convey expressions, strongly allied to pensive sorrow : and emotions partaking, in full sympathy, of this mournful quality, are generally represented as excited in those to whom the solemn communication is made. In short, if the quality and effect of these supernatural visitings are at all correctly represented to us—we do not say by the poems given us under the name of Ossian, so very large a

portion of which may confidently be ascribed to Macpherson—but by Mrs. Grant and two or three contemporary admirers and interpreters of the Celtic muse; it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that there was not a predominance of happy feeling in the sentiments which the ancient Highlanders entertained concerning their relation with the world of spirits. In this respect their mythology, so to call it, while of so much more pathetic a cast than what we chiefly know of the Scandinavian, appears greatly inferior for animating excitement. The Hall of Odin, with its lively and heroic company, and its revels, presented much more palpable and inspiring forms of delight, of however rude a quality, than anything we are told of among the feeble and pensive shades on the misty hills of the Highlands.

But it was not, as we have already mentioned, by departed and friendly spirits alone that the people of these tribes were continually haunted. There were fairies of sundry classes, defined or undefined: there were even malignant goblins, exceedingly watchful, and very considerably powerful, to do mischief. An ample portion of the work is employed in describing the kinds of injury they were most inclined or permitted to inflict, illustrated with a number of curious examples, selected from the ample stores that enrich the traditions of every glen and tribe. The longest and most curious story, that of a man who by regular appointment which he was most conscientious to keep, met and fought a number of times, an evil spirit, at midnight, in the most gloomy place in the whole country, is as good as any section we remember in the romances of mystery and terror. Our author must be sensible she has left it quite unexplained, and that some odd particulars of acknowledged fact in it really called for explanation. She recounts many of the ceremonies of precaution without which, even in modern times, after the prevalence of Christianity among them (though indeed in an extremely imperfect form), for so many ages, the Highlanders did not deem themselves or their friends secured against the power and spite of the supernatural agents of evil. We may transcribe as a specimen, the account of the ritual for defending an infant and its mother.

“The first danger to be guarded against was the power of

fairies, in taking away the infant or its mother ; who were never considered as entirely safe till the one was baptized, and the other had performed her devotions at some chapel or consecrated place. All the powers of darkness, and even those equivocal sprites, who did good or evil as they happened to be inclined, were supposed to yield instantly before the power of a religious rite, or even a solemn invocation of the Deity.

"But, then, the danger was, that one might be carried off in sleep. Sound orthodoxy would object to this,—that the same power guards us waking and asleep. This argument would not in the least stagger a Highland devotee. He would tell you, that till these sacred rites, which admit the child, and re-admit the mother, into the church, were performed, both were in a state of impurity, which subjected them (the body, not the soul) to the power of evil spirits ; and that it was the duty of the friends of such to watch them during their sleep, that, on the approach of evil spirits (who never came unseen) they might adjure them, in the holiest name, to depart : which they never failed to do when thus repelled. If these vigilant duties were neglected, the soul of the abstracted person might be saved, but his friends, in the privation they sustained, suffered the due punishment of their negligence of what was at once a duty of affection and religion. If, however, they were not able or willing to watch, or wished for a still greater security, the bed, containing the mother and the infant, was drawn out on the floor ; the attendant took a Bible, and went thrice round it, waving all the time the open leaves, and adjuring all the enemies of mankind, by the power and virtue contained in that book, to fly instantly into the Red Sea, &c. After this ceremony had been gone through, all slept quiet and safely : yet it was not accounted a proof of diligent attachment to have recourse to this mode of securing a night's rest to the watcher.

"When the infant was secured by the performance of this hallowed rite from all risk of being carried away, or exchanged for a fairy, there was still an impending danger, which it required the utmost vigilance of mistaken piety to avert. This was not only the well-known dread of an *evil eye*, which, by a strange coincidence, is to be traced, not only in every country, in the first stages of civilization, but in every age of which any memorials are preserved : there was, besides this, an indistinct notion, that it was impious and too self-dependent to boast of the health or beauty of any creature, rational or irrational, that seemed to belong to us. [The evil which would be incurred by boasting of the health or beauty of a child was] no less than that of leaving the defenceless babe at the mercy of evil eyes and evil spirits, to be instantly deprived of the vigour, or the bloom

and symmetry so admired. An infant, in short, was not to be praised at all, without a previous invocation of the Deity."—Vol. I. p. 165.

Our essayist represents, that a large portion of the superstitions entertained by these tribes when Pagans, became incorporated with Christianity on its introduction, and under this union and sanction continued to prevail to a very late period, indeed to the present day in some of the most retired parts of the Highlands. She observes, that their solemn notions and habitual impressions concerning separate spirits, were adapted to facilitate the admission of some grand doctrines of Christianity, coalescing with them rather than being supplanted by them; so that, in fact, the faith of the early Christians in the Highlands respecting a future state, consisted substantially of pagan elements, methodized, exalted, and enlarged by that very limited share which their teachers could impart to them of the light of revelation. When Popery at length made its way, though imperfectly, among them, it introduced into their Christianity more, if not worse, superstitions than Christianity had expelled from their primitive Paganism.

A somewhat disproportionate degree of anxiety and labour appears to have been felt and exercised on a topic to which our author returns again and again, namely, the great moral benefits derived by these tribes, both in their heathen condition, and amidst the very feeble and slowly progressive light of revealed truth through subsequent ages, from their superstitious notions respecting spirits. She represents in how many ways it may be hoped these delusions were salutary,—how they raised barbarians above the grossness incident to their condition,—how they afterwards did substantially some things which pure Christianity was not yet grown strong enough among them to do, and how they supplied the deficiencies of an extremely imperfect and unauthoritative legislation. We do not see that the reasonings on this point amount to much more than this very plain and undeniable proposition,—that as far as the superstition concerning ghosts gave additional power to conscience, in enforcing such just moral principles as the people had the knowledge of, so far, and relatively to the matter of fact merely, it was useful. It was clearly thus practically

useful when, to take one of our author's illustrations, a man was deterred from committing a murder by the fear of the haunting and vengeance of the ghost, or from being a dishonest or cruel guardian to the children of persons deceased, by the apprehension of an affrighting visit from the spirits of the parents. Just in the matter of fact the operation of the superstition was obviously good: but was it good—must it not have been in many ways pernicious,—for the mind to be under the persuasion that the ghosts of men were the governors of the world, and the sovereign dispensers of retribution? But more than this; our author herself is candid enough to observe, that some of the operations of the superstition, in at least the pagan period, were extremely pernicious in the simple matter of fact.

It is also evident from our author's statements, that, besides imposing the fetters and incumbrance of many frivolous and irrational ceremonies, the superstition of the Highlanders has, in spite of the beneficent light of Christianity, given a deformed and gloomy aspect to the providential government of the world, as beheld by them. Of this there needs no other proof than the fact, as stated by her, that they had in rather recent times, such a fearful unremitting impression of the vigilant haunting of evil spirits, that it was presumption for a person to go out alone in the night.

On the whole, while admiring perhaps nearly as much as our animated author, the many fine romantic features in this most singular economy, we sincerely rejoice that a system of notions and habits which involved so much unhappy superstition, with such a peculiar power (from the constitution and local situation of the community) of permanently retaining it, is breaking up and passing away. On the cause of this great change, a cause little enough to be sure, directly related to Christianity or intellectual philosophy, our author has many very sensible and interesting observations toward the conclusion of these essays. We need not say the cause is, the adoption, by the great Highland proprietors, of a new, and to themselves more profitable, use of the land. The system which supported and kept together each clan, as a little tribe united by the affections and interests, and indeed by the actual relationships of a large family—that of

numerous small allotments of land, partly cultivated for grain—has been generally relinquished, by what would formerly have been called the chieftains of clans. Much of their ancient feudal consequence and authority, and some portion perhaps of the affectionate and romantic devotedness of their dependent clans, had been already lost, through the effectual interference of government to open and subjugate the Highlands, after the events of 1745. And by degrees the chiefs have come almost unanimously into the plan of living in style in the great cities, like other people of consequence, and drawing the greatest possible revenue from their mountain tracts; and this greatest revenue is found to be realized by giving up the whole to pasturage, especially of sheep. Consequently, a large portion of the inhabitants have been compelled to emigrate, to seek subsistence in the Lowlands or in America. The latter is naturally chosen by all who can afford the expense of the passage; and great numbers have already become diligent cultivators in the United States, or within the limits of the English Canadian territory. There, however, our author asserts, they will not preserve their high enthusiastic and romantic sentiments; but there, then, we presume they will, fortunately, forget by degrees their superstitions. Benevolence would wish that they might there also speedily let their language fall into disuse; for how are they ever to obtain their desirable share of knowledge while strangers to all the languages in which knowledge has been accumulated and circulated in the civilized world?

LORD ELGIN'S PURSUITS IN GREECE.

Memorandum on the Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece. 8vo. 1812.

WHEN Phidias, who made in Athens, and makes in this tract, so distinguished a figure, was performing the process under which a rude block of marble was to become a beautiful and majestic human form, he despised no implement or operation, however slight, which could in any manner or degree contribute to the perfection of that

intended form. There is in this world, under the denomination of the human mind, a rude and perverse intellectual substance, incomparably harder to be brought to anything like a perfect shape, than any piece of stone that the artist ever had to work upon. It is, however, under a grand process: and we have sanguine hopes that it will come forth, at length, wrought to a degree of excellence which will contrast wonderfully and delightfully with its former condition. This excellence must include, and partly consists in, a highly improved faculty for the general perception of order and beauty,—an intelligence not only of the chief relations and harmonies in metaphysical and moral truth, but also of that kind of rectitude which constitutes order and beauty in the material world. Beyond all question there is such an analogy throughout all the subjects of knowledge, that the faculty of perceiving and admiring the true and the beautiful in higher subjects of contemplation, will be in some certain degree qualified and disposed to perceive and admire them in the inferior classes of subjects. If, therefore, we anticipate a noble amendment in the general state of the human mind, we may expect that, along with increasing rectitude of ideas concerning truth in subjects of primary importance, there will be an improvement in the justness of apprehension relatively to the subjects of what we call Taste. And we may justly be gratified that the process is actively and effectually going on in civilized society for promoting this subordinate part of our intellectual improvements—provided the means be not too expensive, and the measure of time and operation out of all proportion to what is given to much more important matters.

No doubt it would be far the most pleasing to a man with a right comparative estimate of the different parts of that general improvement, towards which it is assumed that the intellect of society is in progression, to see the most forward points of the advance to be in the direction of the improvements that are the most important. He would be extremely happy to see the civilized world making a progress in the wisdom of religion, morals, politics, and legislation, with a much slower growth towards a finished judgment in architecture, sculpture, and painting. Nor would scarcely any state of the social mind appear to him more perverted

and contemptible, than that in which these refinements of art and taste should be making a distinguished advance, while superstition or scepticism were repressing religion, while a loose moral code extenuated profligacy, and a barbarous legislation was sanctioned or permitted by the prevalence of absurd political opinions.

It were vain, however, to hope, as yet, of such a perverse and frivolous company of beings as mankind, that, even when in a course of improvement, they should give a precedence to the most important pursuits. We must be content to think it, for the present, a great thing, if they are anywhere making one-fifth part of the progress in religious and political illumination that they do in the cultivation of taste. Let civilized society, or any particular nation, but manifest such a degree of amelioration in respect to the more serious concerns of human nature, as to give unequivocal signs that men are really approaching a considerably higher state of wisdom and virtue, under an impulse that it is not likely to remit,—let thus much be realized of the more indispensable kinds of improvement, and it will so far indicate a general soundness of the moral and intellectual system, as to prevent our suspecting the augmented passion for the fine arts to be a kind of exhalation from fermenting moral corruption. Though regretting to see it prevail in a greater degree, and with greater effect, than the zeal in nobler pursuits, we shall yet hope it will not, on the whole, counteract that zeal; and that, though it is operating very prematurely, its effects will ultimately combine with those of that nobler zeal, in the one grand result, the whole improvement of our nature. A philanthropist, while thus pleased to see this improvement (though disproportionate and premature) of the human faculties in one mode of their application—because he anticipates that when at length this too forward attainment shall be overtaken by the more important ones, it will fall gracefully into the system of improvements, and be satisfied to hold a very subordinate place in it,—will not, of course, despise the means brought in aid of this subordinate part of our mental cultivation. Even the foolish extravagance of the enthusiasts for the fine arts, who will talk about the more prevailing study, or the improving style, of sculpture and painting, in such

magnificent terms as they would have no patience to hear applied to the diffusion of Christianity, or the deliverance of a nation from an inveterate tyranny,—even this will not provoke him to deny that some small intellectual benefit may be derived, in England, from delineations of the ruins of Athenian structures, and from actual fragments of the statues and bas-reliefs with which they were once adorned. Put things in their right gradation, from the highest extreme to the lowest, and the man that gratefully exults in our having so long received from Judea, and indeed partly from Greece, the grand rectifier of our intellectual and moral faculties, in their most important relations—the Bible,—will not *therefore* fail to acknowledge the value (though certainly small according to his scale) of these latest contributions of Greece to discipline our faculties to a more correct perception of beauty in forms.

It is true that the Christians of the earlier ages who inhabited the regions enriched with the superb and beautiful works of Pagan art, gave proof, by the zeal with which in some instances they defaced or demolished them, how little they combined with their affection for what instructed them in the most important truth and in their eternal interests, an esteem for what would have so powerfully assisted the formation of a perfect taste in themselves and their posterity. And, assuredly, it will be doing them no wrong to say, that if they *had* been possessed, or desirous to be possessed, of so judicious a taste as would be required to constitute a part of that high general cultivation of the mind which it may be hoped mankind will one day attain, their zeal to destroy these works would have been much more restrained. But still, if the Christians, in the time of Theodosius and the following periods, had possessed as fine a taste as the Athenians in the age of Pericles, they must necessarily have beheld the grand and beautiful apparatus of idolatry in a very different light from that in which its remains may now be contemplated. These miracles, as in a poetical licence of phrase they may be called, wrought by genius and art in support of the Pagan superstitions, would not *now*, if they could even re-appear in all their pristine glory, revive one idolatrous emotion in favour of Jupiter, or Apollo, or Minerva. None, perhaps, of the seductions that

have acted extensively on the human mind has ever been so completely annihilated as that of the mythology, taken distinctly from the morality of the Greeks and Romans. The admiration and delight, therefore, with which an intelligent disciple of the true religion might behold these wonders of human ability, would be unmixed with any apprehension that the true God will ever, for them, have one worshipper the less; and would be repressed only by the retrospective thought, what sublime talents were once profaned in the service of a detestable superstition, and how powerfully such labours must have contributed to confirm its ascendancy. But how different was the whole view of the subject to the early Christians. To them the *superstitious* character of these great works was, necessarily, beyond all comparison, the most prominent character. They beheld these magnificent structures, and they *truly* beheld them, as having been proud warlike forts, raised, most directly and precisely, in hostility to the God of heaven, and zealously maintained in that very use almost to that very day. It was by an easy recollection that they were reminded of that doom of utter demolition commanded by that God to be executed, under the former dispensation, on such structures, and by a natural association that his fervent worshippers were incensed against the very walls which had hardly ceased to be marked with the flagrant signs, and to ring with the sounds of their hostility. They regarded these edifices as the abodes, but just vacated, and, in the belief of some of their fellow-citizens, not yet vacated, of devils; as the fresh and portentous vestiges, therefore, of a grand attempt to make this world formally a province of the infernal kingdom. Nor were they, in this notion, *substantially* wrong; for the power and agency of evil that dwelt in these fanes, and emanated from them, could not well have been greater if they had really been places of diabolical residence. Men glowing and shuddering with sentiments like these,—in other words, men feeling with a right degree of emphasis that the true and a false religion are the greatest good and evil in the whole world, and extending, according to a natural law of the mind, an inferior but proportionate sentiment of complacency and abhorrence to the machinery and circumstantials of this

good and evil,—would find in the magnitude, the harmony of proportion, the beauty of shapes, the perfection of workmanship, but little to subdue the antipathy excited in viewing these fine performances as the instrumental auxiliaries of the greatest of all evils.

Besides, consider the mischief they were still doing by assisting to prolong the partial prevalence of superstition. They greatly contributed to keep the Pagan sentiments in operation, and the Pagan notions in a state of distinctness, by furnishing fixed visible types for all their vain fancies, and embodying those fancies by means of those types in almost every possibility of grace and dignity. Those who were insensibly declining from idolatry, less through the influence of direct conviction than of the ascendancy which Christianity was acquiring in the Roman Empire, and at the imperial court, would often be recalled to their ancient veneration for their gods by again contemplating the beauty or majesty of their images or temples; and these imposing and enchanting forms would pre-occupy, beyond all chance of expulsion, the imaginations of children, forming their more exquisite associations with Pagan ideas than could ever be formed with ideas of any other order. Indeed this profuse display of grace and sublimity would operate, not only in the way of captivating the fancy, but also as an argument to the understanding. For, at first view, and previously to some religious illumination, it would seem as if it never could be, that that whole system of notions should be fantastic, delusive, and detestable, which had been able to consolidate and display itself in a material form so vast, so durable, and so rich in the creations of the first genius and skill in the world, in almost the only productions of art in any way worthy to be compared with those of nature.

And thus, while all cultivated men unite in regretting, and very deeply regretting, that those finest performances of art, which would *now* do none of this harm, and would contribute much to perfect our taste, have been in a great measure destroyed, we think it should appear that there are very considerable excuses for that persecution of statues and shrines, in which we verily believe some of our bewitched devotees to the fine arts regard the early Christians as

having committed little less than most atrocious wickedness. At the same time, we shall all join most cordially in the condemnation of those (and without doubt there were many such) who were actuated rather by the spirit of barbarians than of Christians; who comprehended, perhaps, or cared very little about the power of this heathen sublimity and beauty to prolong the dominion of superstition in the beholders, but were delighted to find themselves at liberty to demolish what they knew was held in high esteem by their enemies, and the more delighted as they understood these great works to be reputed the monuments of incomparable genius. The same resentment is felt against all the subsequent dilapidators, of whatever nation or faith, down to the present vile Turkish barbarians; and it is felt with peculiar force against the Venetian army or general that destroyed the greatest part of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, which had remained nearly entire till the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The little that still remains of the unrivalled works of Grecian art follows most strictly the rule of value in the Sibyl's leaves. Unless some happy revolution shall put the country once called Greece under a civilized government (which, with submission to the *amateurs* of the fine arts, we think might be almost as desirable on account of the people as of the sculptures), another half century may go far towards obliterating for ever all the more delicate workmanship, and leaving only some defaced bulks of ruin. Under such circumstances it does really seem to become a concern of the civilized world to preserve, by taking it away, some small portion of what is moveable, and to obtain the most accurate delineations of both what is probably destined to perish, and what may be able to preserve itself by mere size and weight. It might not imply any extravagance of passion for the arts, if a man should be of opinion that an effectual plan for possessing ourselves of all that can be supplied, in all ways, for the illustration of the principles of beauty, from the relics of the ancient works in Greece, would be fully as respectable a national object as some things, so called, on which millions have been expended by this or the neighbouring countries. The Earl of Elgin, previously to his going out Ambassador-Extraordinary to

the Ottoman Porte, in 1799, suggested some notion partly tending to such an object to those who had at that time the national projects and the national revenues in their management. The suggestion, however, was not entertained; the ministerial conscience being exquisitely delicate respecting the expenditure of the public money; and his lordship's casuistry, perhaps, failing to satisfy it, that the money which was destined to enlighten nobility and stimulate patriotism, could be diverted, consistently with scrupulous integrity, to the less palpable utility of obtaining for the nation some of the finest means in existence for assisting the cultivation of its taste. His proposal was, that the government should "send out English artists of known eminence, as modellers, architects, and draughtsmen, to rescue from oblivion, with the most accurate detail, whatever specimens of architecture and sculpture in Greece had still escaped the ravages of time and the barbarism of conquerors." This project being declined, as of too doubtful issue to warrant the expense, "Lord Elgin then endeavoured to engage some of these artists at his own charge; but the value of their time was far beyond his means."

Perhaps the "restoring" of any of the decayed and mutilated sculptures, in the drawings, may be regarded as rather a work of supererogation, an exercise of talent on a kind of sacred ground to which the artist had but a questionable right. A few examples of this supplemental work may be an acceptable aid to the imagination; but in general it will be preferable to be left to perfect our own ideal picture upon the traces remaining of the ancient forms. And as it is to be presumed that all the objects thus represented with the sculptures restored, will also be represented in the engravings in their state of defacement, the spectators may fix tenaciously on these latter, and refuse to let the artist's restorations take place in their imagination, if they are very peculiarly anxious not to be betrayed into a falsified idea of the ancient performances.

The operations of this corps of artists were not confined to Athens, nor to the delineation of objects in detail.

"All the remains of architecture and sculpture which could be traced through several other parts of Greece, have been measured and delineated, with the most scrupulous exactness, by the second

architect, Ittar. And picturesque views of Athens, of Constantinople, of various parts of Greece, and of the islands of the Archipelago, have been executed by Don Tita Lusieri."

Their office was much like that of taking the portrait of a dying subject; for they found whatever was the most exquisite and vulnerable—the sculpture which had diffused over the marble structures a mimic life, by the richest forms and scenes of poetry—perishing, almost while they were looking at it, under the barbarism of the Turks. The marks of recent mutilation gave them cause to apprehend that many of the beautiful shapes and groups which they were drawing would not remain to be delineated by any future artists. It is not improbable that by this time a portion of them are obliterated; and that the fewer there are which remain, the more zealously will these barbarians labour at their destruction, as seeing themselves nearer the end of their task. So that Lord Elgin's undertaking was at the very latest period of time for securing to us an accurate representation of any tolerable number of those most consummate instances of the power of genius and art, to bring, if we may have leave so to express it, enchanting society for cultivated men out of blocks of stone. He tells us that "the Turks will frequently climb up the ruined walls, and amuse themselves in defacing any sculpture they can reach; or in breaking columns, statues, or other remains of antiquity, in the fond expectation of finding within them some hidden treasures."

It might have been supposed that all the true lovers of arts in Europe, and even, if there were any such, among the native inhabitants of Athens, would agree that he was in the right: and regret that he could not carry off ten times more, unless there had been any cause to hope for a rescue from some other quarter. Certain of our polished neighbours, however, would have been better pleased, we have no doubt, that the last of the works of Phidias should have been reduced to mortar for another Turkish fort, than preserved for perpetuity in the possession and almost idolatrous reverence of the English. And indeed it seems to have been with no small difficulty that Lord Elgin was enabled to put any of them out of the reach of this former destiny; for all

the interest which he possessed with the Turkish government as Ambassador of England, was but just enough, when exerted to the utmost, to obtain the fragments which he wished to bring away; whether it was that, perceiving him extremely intent on his object, they wished to make a great merit of conceding it, or that they too must pretend some partiality for these fine works, and, knowing no use of them but to make lime, would be understood as setting a peculiarly high price on their exemption from that use. Between this Turkish mode of amateurship, and the intriguing hostility of the French, it appears a piece of wonderful good fortune that so many got fairly out of the country; and though a portion of them were lost in a shipwreck off the island of Cerigo, we are glad to find that the number finally secured is so considerable.

“ Lord Elgin made use of all his means, and ultimately with such success, that he has brought to England, from the ruined temples at Athens, from the modern walls and fortifications, in which many fragments had been used as so many blocks of stone, and from excavations made on purpose, a greater quantity of original Athenian sculpture, in statues, alti and bassi relievi, capitals, cornices, friezes, and columns, than exists in any other part of Europe.”—P. 10.

He is in possession of several of the original metopes from the temple of Minerva, representing the battles between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Perithous. The figures are in such high relief as to seem groups of statues, and they are in general finished with as much attention behind as before. Some sculptures in low relief appear to have been obtained from the frieze, which “was carried along the top of the walls of the cell,” and represented, in a continual series of 600 feet in length, “the whole of the solemn procession to the temple of Minerva during the Panathenaic festival.” By digging in the site of a Janizary’s house, which he purchased and demolished for this purpose, he obtained parts of the statues of Victory and Minerva, and of other figures, which had been placed over the grand entrance from the west. From the dilapidated tympanum over the opposite portico he took several colossal figures; a figure denominated the Theseus, which is “universally ad-

mitted," he says, "to be superior to any piece of statuary ever brought into England;" and "a horse's head, which far surpasses anything of the kind, both in the truth and spirit of the execution; the nostrils are distended, the ears erect, the veins swollen, one might also say throbbing; his mouth is open, and he seems to neigh with the conscious pride of belonging to the Ruler of the Waves." He brought away, besides, specimens of all the parts of the architecture, so that "the practical architect may examine into every detail of the building." Specimens were also obtained from the Propylæa, from the temples dedicated to Neptune and Erectheus, Minerva Polias, and the nymph Pandrosos, and from the remains of a temple of Venus between Athens and Eleusis. Moulds were taken from the most beautiful of the ornaments.

The opening of the various Tumuli has supplied a complete collection of Greek vases. The spoils of one, which Lord Elgin conjectures to have perhaps been the tomb of Aspasia, were peculiarly rich. He obtained "the very ancient sun-dial, which existed at the theatre of Bacchus during the time of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides." Many ancient bas-reliefs and inscriptions were obtained in the churches and convents of Athens, which Lord Elgin obtained the archbishop's permission to examine. "The peasants of Athens generally put into a niche over the door of their cottages, any fragment they discover in ploughing the fields. Out of these were selected and purchased many various antique votive tablets, with sculpture and inscriptions." The collection of inscriptions "comprehends specimens of every remarkable peculiarity in the variations of the Greek alphabet throughout the most interesting period of Grecian history."

Having completed this rich assemblage, Lord Elgin became anxious to determine on some plan for rendering it the most effectually servicable to the arts. The one adopted has been, in the first place, the formation, in London, of a museum, in which the whole of the most valuable acquisitions are to be exhibited to the inspection of the public. And, as far as appears, it is intended, by the aid of a fund expected to arise from this exhibition, to publish engravings, executed in the most perfect style, of the drawings in the

architectural department, at a rate of expense not above the means of professional men. These drawings are completely prepared. It does not appear whether it is intended to publish engravings of the statues and bas-reliefs. It is decided there shall be no attempt to *restore* the mutilations. This had at first been intended; and Lord Elgin went to Rome to engage the celebrated Canova in the undertaking; but after examining some specimens, and informing himself of the general quality of the collection, that artist declared "it would be sacrilege in him, or any other man, to presume to touch them with a chisel."

Thus we have secured the possession of a small specimen of the very utmost that human ability could ever accomplish in this department; and really we should think we could not well do it greater injustice in the estimate than to entertain any such expectation as Lord Elgin most unaccountably avows in his concluding sentence, that "sculpture may soon be raised in England to rival the ablest productions of the best times of Greece."

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

The Life of Richard Cumberland, Esq. : embracing a Critical Examination of his various Writings. With an occasional Literary Inquiry into the Age in which he lived, and the Contemporaries with whom he flourished. By WILLIAM MUDFORD. 8vo. 1812.

WHEN we had read and dismissed, about six years since, the garrulous and entertaining work in which Mr. Cumberland himself narrated the history of his life and literary labours, to which he added a small supplement in 1807, we could have been most perfectly content that these "Memoirs," with another brief supplement to be added in due time, by the hand of some sensible friend, to relate the concluding part of a then far advanced life, should remain the sole record of a long and indefatigable literary career. In thinking it quite sufficiently ample and comprehensive, at least as relating to himself and his works, we probably agreed with the

author. He was evidently in no disposition to be parsimonious of his communications, nor to deem even very slight circumstances too insignificant to interest the public, and we may be sure he would tell all he thought of consequence to be known. What *he* thought of too little importance the reader had very good cause for reconciling himself to think so too. Nor was there any reason for suspecting disingenuousness in the relation; nor indeed, if there had, would it, in many points, have been easy to ascertain the deceptiveness of the representation, or perhaps of any great moment to do it, however practicable. With regard to his writings, the principal work in point of value, the "Observer," had so long found its proper place in public estimation, that it was a matter of trifling importance whether the author appreciated it with perfect correctness or not. And as to the very long list of dramatic performances, we could see, after protesting against the stage itself, whoever might furnish its amusements, no great harm in their being suffered to go at his own critical price, whether estimated relatively to one another, or to the dramatic performances of his contemporaries. And indeed it should seem that little pains, in the way of valuation of them, are likely to be taken by other people henceforward; for it appears that but very few of them now remain in possession of the stage, and their being ever again much read is doubtless quite out of the question. The more gloomy tribe of literary prognosticators profess to apprehend that a fate not eminently more indulgent, awaits his other poetry; to some of which no one denies considerable merit. But unfortunately for the lasting popularity of moderately good poetry, every successive generation of readers is sure to have its own full fresh supply, which will, in its day, hold just the same claims, and engage the same attention, as the current poetical produce of the foregoing times did in *its* season,—an attention quite incompatible with the task of examining the mass of the middling poetry of those preceding times. It is therefore but a very diminutive space, as compared with the whole quantity of his printed composition, that Cumberland will occupy in our permanent literature; and as literature is the chief ground of whatever personal importance belongs to the man, as a subject of biography, we deemed that enough had been done to fix and perpetuate his fame, and even to dis-

criminate his character, in the very ample volume of *Memoirs* written by himself.

Mr. Mudford, however, described prospectively during Cumberland's lifetime, a *desideratum* which we will quote his own words to define :—

“When the *Memoirs* of Cumberland were published, I was forcibly impressed with their insufficiency in all that regarded the estimation of his literary character; and while I found in them all that could be wished about the man, I was *conscious* that whenever his death should happen, an ample and interesting opportunity would occur for the union of this personal history with a minute inquiry into the pretensions of the author. In what way, however, I conceived this scheme might be executed, may be easily known from the following pages, which I have endeavoured to make as interesting as I could. If I have failed, I will not seek to mitigate censure by an appeal to indulgence.”—P. ix.

The business then of the present work is to go over again the ground of Cumberland's life, for the purpose chiefly of coming at his works, in their succession, and passing upon them a critical and final judgment; scattering however, by the way, a variety of moral observations suggested by the particulars that come into the narration. Now, in the first place, as to the new-cast story of the person's life, this, at any rate, is most completely a work of supererogation, when the writer is obliged to confess explicitly that he has nothing new to tell, and that he relies entirely on Cumberland's own “*Memoirs*.” In this portion of his undertaking he must of necessity be reduced to relate in a comparatively faint and cold style, what the author of the *Memoirs* had related with the liveliness of personal consciousness, memory, and interest; or to transcribe the very words of that work, and thus, under the semblance of a new book, offer a sort of mutilated reprint of the old one. This latter method has been practised by the present author to an almost unprecedented, and an altogether unpardonable extent. He inserts four, or six, or eight, and in some instances a still greater number of pages continuously, from the “*Memoirs*,” and so frequently that if all the sheer pieces of Cumberland's composition were brought together, they would be found to form a most unconscionable proportion of the

volume. And at the same time this stout plunderer shall seem to take credit for laudable service! by expressions such as—"the account is so interesting that the reader would hardly forgive me for withholding it:" meaning, of course, the reader who has perused it, and perhaps paid for it as a part of the "Memoirs,"—since other readers could know nothing about the omission. It is not at all to be wondered at, that the proprietors of Cumberland's book have called in the interference of the law, and obtained an "injunction" restraining the sale of the present work.

In the next place, as to the critical trial and judgment on the numerous writings;—we should not perhaps with quite so much simplicity ask, what is the need or use of it, if we were more familiar with the theatre. As several of Cumberland's plays are still sometimes performed, it may very likely be a concern of some magnitude with the frequenters to be illuminated on the subject of the merits or faults of their respective plots, and to be qualified to dissertate on the characters of O'Flaherty, Belcour, Charlotte Rusport, &c. &c. &c. But still, it may be doubted whether many of these frequenters will take the trouble to read a book of biographical criticism to qualify themselves; whether, for the most part they may not very readily, either from their own taste, or from the fashionable notions among people around them, make up their opinions on these high matters, as far as they can have any question about them; whether, in short, it is of much consequence, if their opinions on points of dramatic propriety are absurd—or if they have none at all. It is indeed with no intention of prosecuting critical studies that either the vulgar or the genteel rabble cram the theatre. Nor will they, we apprehend, feel much gratitude to the present writer, for the ready-made estimates and discriminations of Cumberland's more noted plays, with which they may be here supplied; though it is possible enough that a few of them may avail themselves of such convenient means of appearing wiser than their companions.

If, however, it could have been decided, on any good grounds, that the public was in want of a new and formal critical estimate of the writings of an author, of whose works by far the greater part will subside, speedily and finally, out of the public attention, this desideratum might have been

furnished in the express and compact form of a critical essay on those writings. And to adopt, instead of this method, the plan of constructing, under the title of a "Life," a large work on the basis of mere extracts, long and numerous, from Cumberland's own "Memoirs," does really appear to us one of the boldest feats in book-making we have ever witnessed ; and our wonder at the author's daring is excited afresh at every re-inspection of his manner of working.

Perhaps it would not have been bad policy to maintain, in the execution of such a plan, an air of moderate assurance and self-complacency, that should avoid betraying any consciousness of much amiss in the concern, and of any need of apologies and deprecations. But surely it is a great abandonment of prudence, to go quite beyond this moderate strain of assumption, and take a high tone of merit, dignity, and independence ; to obtrude the author ostentatiously where there is no occasion for his appearing at all ; and to assert with a kind of indignant effort, *my unimpeachable right to declare my own opinions*, just before, or just after plundering, in full daylight, a dozen uninterrupted pages that another man has taken the pains to write. It is not exactly amidst such workmanship that egotism would have been expected to display itself. But this weed of literature has the faculty of growing on anything. We have seldom seen it more flourishing than in this work. There is no address employed to keep the important pronoun out of the way. It comes in full state at the head of each paragraph of dissenting and pronouncing. And sometimes an inverted Johnsonian construction of sentence augments the pomp. Adverting to Miss Seward's "Letters," Mr. Mudford says, "Of this heterogeneous mass of vanity, pedantry, and virulence, let me take this occasion to give my opinion : " and lest there should be a danger of forgetting *who* is giving it, the great word returns upon us the times and ways following, within the space of half a page.

"I know not whether most to condemn the egregious egotism of this proceeding, or its folly. I can find only one excuse for it, and that is the writer's sex." "In passing from the principle which dictated this compilation to its conclusion, I do not find much to approve. I have been very thoroughly disgusted with her pertness, her affectation, and her vitiated style ; and I have

been more than disgusted with her rancour towards the memory of Johnson." "In what she writes I find neither dignity of sentiment, novelty of remark, nor acuteness of criticism."—P, 181.

It is very strange that the disgust which all authors, in their turn, feel at the self-importance betrayed by their brother and sister performers, should not effectually admonish them all to be a little suspicious and careful of themselves in this particular. And a very moderate portion of this care and suspicion would teach them, how to construct their sentences, and enounce their opinions, without this perpetual and offensive prominence of—myself—as the authority, the oracle, the Apollo, to be personally recognized, and reverently thought of, by all the readers and hearers of the sentence and the opinion.

The first and best advice to the fraternity on the subject would be, to get rid, as fast as possible, of the vanity and self-importance itself: as this would be a most valuable and moral improvement, at the same time that it would save them, in the exercise of their literary callings, much of the trouble of taking care of appearances. But if this is really an exorbitant and hopeless requisition from those of Adam's posterity who are born to the splendid inheritance of the quill, the next, and an indispensable obligation, is, the exercise of a discreet vigilance upon the operation of the wonderfully subtle and deceptive power which this same self-importance has, to infuse itself through the whole train of an author's language. Let each of the persons whom it is our unwelcome duty to admonish on this head, be persuaded at least to make an experiment on the effect of this vigilance, maintained through just one sheet of composition. Let them observe how many times, within such a space, a proposition or a query, which is just ready to come out in the grand style, with the mighty pronoun, representative of ME, may, by the discreet care here recommended, be intercepted, and humbled down to a plain impersonal sentence without losing anything of its sense. True it is, and much to be deplored, as one of the distresses of literature, that one cannot seem to *love* a sentence or a paragraph, even even though one's own, half so well, when it has taken this

sort of stranger character—when it in no shape contains or reflects *ME*—when it says the thing rather than makes *me* say it—when it enounces a truth in such a kind of way, as if *I*, to whom the truth owes its importance, much more than to the fact of its *being* a truth, were not in existence. Truth is, confessedly, of much less importance in itself, than in the circumstance that we are its exhibitors; one decisive proof of which is, that we do not like it to be better exhibited by other people than we ourselves can exhibit it. It is therefore very mortifying to be obliged to leave out the words expressive of that which forms the grace and dignity of the whole matter; to see a page of dry sense (for *sense*, at least, it is *sure* to be, in virtue of the author, even while the composition does not repeat in every line that it is *his* words)—to see a page of sense spread out in dry impersonality, like cut and withered grass, when the thoughts might have been presented in the state of being undetached from their author, and growing in all the green and flowery vitality of egotism. Still, if the public taste is so perverse; if the readers *will* not be persuaded to take throughout every page of the book a deep interest about *me*, whoever I may be, but will universally, like my composition all the better for seeming to forget me; what *can* I in prudence do, but submit to their humour, and take my revenge by secretly becalling them all for fools?

It is proper to observe, at the same time, that the mere prevention of the too frequent intrusion of the personal pronoun, though that, unfortunately, is a task so far surpassing the prudence of many of our writers, is by no means all that is required in order to repress completely symptoms of self-conceit, and make a writer appear to lose the very thought of himself in the interest and the labour of his subject.

It is not so much in reality as in appearance, that we have suspended our proper business in making these slight remarks; for the author before us is peccant in no small degree on this score of conceit. He begins in a style of great parade in his preface, in which, in a high-wrought tone of independence and superior virtue, he arraigns and castigates Sir James Bland Burgess about a voluntary offer of assistance in supplying materials for the Life of Cum-

berland, made by the said Sir James, thankfully accepted by Mr. Mudford (who, however, we are to understand, could do very well without it,) and wilfully forgotten by Sir James. There is very stout and fierce lecturing of the knight or baronet; and perhaps if he has thus been made to know his duty the better all the rest of his life, the other readers may not be discontented to have nine or ten pages employed on a matter which might perfectly well have been competently disposed of in the same number of lines: but the subject has betrayed the writer into a very unreserved display of that self-importance, which so often reappears in the course of the work.

In passing along the course of Cumberland's life, by the aid of his own "Memoirs," Mr. Mudford often stops to take an occasion of delivering his opinions on some topic suggested by the history; and it is often done with great formality of style, and a good deal in the manner which seems to say—the subject is now going to be placed in its proper light once for all. We think there is a considerable portion of just observation in these essays; though we cannot persuade ourselves they make any very important addition to the speculations on morals and literature. We cannot do anything more equitable to the writer's ability and manner, than extracting a few passages from some of these occasional portions of disquisition.

In common with every man of principle, Cumberland was indignant at the iniquities of anonymous criticism, an evil which, as Mr. Mudford observes, "it is not likely that any remonstrances will diminish;" for, "as long as men can attack secure from retaliation, they will do it; for the leaven of malignity and envy is too intimately corporated with our nature, not to ferment into action when it may be done with impunity." Mr. Cumberland, however, projected a periodical work, in which the rule of assigning the names of the writers should be a security against the usual abuses of criticism. And perhaps he flattered himself that this bold and ingenuous distinction of the *London Review*, would give it so powerful a rivalry with its anonymous contemporaries as either to compel them to a little more decorum, or diminish their popularity. We will transcribe Mr. Mudford's observations on the impracticability of con-

ducting the work of critical censorship on this ingenuous plan, without incurring almost a necessity of deviating from strict honesty; while in the anonymous method such a deviation is a matter of free choice.

"If we could suppose that the most eminent names in modern literature would be found in the pages of a review, established upon a principle similar to Cumberland's, I do not think that any advantage would be gained beyond the abolition of some practices in anonymous criticism which are disgraceful to letters. The rigid integrity of a Brutus or a Cato must not be expected. Literary men constitute a sort of fraternity: they are usually acquainted with each other, or likely to be so; and the feelings of friendship and esteem would be perpetually clashing with the duties of the critic. Will the man who has dined at my table to-day, and partaken of my hospitality and kindness, sit down to-morrow, and *avowedly* endeavour to sink my character in the public estimation? No: unless he would be hunted from society he cannot do this; if he would be received as a member of it he must conform to its duties; and though the book I have published, may be bad, or vicious, or erroneous, yet the condemnation of it must not come *publicly* from the hand of my friend. The cause of sound literature would therefore be injured by such a scheme, and criticism would sink into a mere interchange of civilities and courtesies.

"Let it be imagined that such a plan had been projected fifty years ago, and that Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and other eminent men, had consented to lend it the authority of their names, would it have been possible for them to exercise their judgments with real impartiality? I can conceive that they might, perhaps, have imitated other critical professors in merciless severity towards the humble, the obscure, and the unassuming delinquent, but we should surely have found them sufficiently polite, ceremonious, and affable towards each other. Nor could it be otherwise, living, as they did, in splendid intimacy together: and the influence of this feeling would have extended beyond themselves and their respective productions. It would have taken in the circle of each man's acquaintance, and embraced, consequently, in its wide circumference, every writer who had risen only to such comparative distinction as might entitle him to their friendship and notice. What then would have been their situation? Between Scylla and Charybdis. If they praised, the world would have accused them of adulation; if they censured, an outcry would have been raised against them for envy and malignity. They would not have avoided self-condemnation on the one hand, or the world's

condemnation on the other. And would they have found an adequate reward for such persecution and trial in the pecuniary remunerations of a bookseller? The answer is obvious. They would have spurned at the illusion which would mislead them under the guise of candour and honesty, and they would have left to venal and obdurate minds what only venal and obdurate minds could perform."—P. 570.

The extracts we have made are a fair, and this last we think a favourable specimen, of the quality and style of the performance. There are a variety of pertinent moral remarks on facts and points of character. Considerable discrimination is sometimes shown in estimating the individual articles in the heaped assemblage of Cumberland's works; and the general estimate of his talents appears to us on the whole very just. It is but an extremely moderate language of admiration that Mr. Mudford is anywhere induced to express; on many of the enumerated literary performances he sets a low value; and he does not much spare the faults and weaknesses of Cumberland's character. At the same time, our author is not to be accused, we think, of being in any degree actuated by a spirit of malice and detraction. Credit will be given him for having honestly intended to place the merits of the character and the writings in a correct light. But it will hardly be allowed that there was any great necessity for the undertaking, or that it is here executed with a vigour or an elegance adequate to impart an adventitious interest to a subject that was not very interesting in itself.

A very few particulars are communicated concerning the short portion of Mr. Cumberland's life, from the publication of the supplement to his Memoirs to his death. His literary toils were exhausting and unremitted, and in so far as they were prosecuted as the indispensable means of subsistence they cannot be beheld without a pensive feeling. It may at the same time be doubted, whether the writer of so many successful works, especially as many of them were dramatic works, would have been in this situation in the last years of his life, if the virtue of prudence had not been rather loosely held in the former ones. The claim to sympathy arising from this unkindly state of his latter fortunes, will, however, be instantly supplanted by a much stronger demand on compassion, in the mind of a religious reader, when he comes to the following passage:—

"When the project for erecting a third theatre was vehemently pursued, Cumberland lent it the assistance of his name and talents. Most, if not all, of the addresses, statements, and advertisements which appeared were by him. He interested himself in the success of the undertaking with great ardour; and was frequently heard to say that he only wished to live till its completion, when he could resign his last breath without a desire ungratified."—P. 586.

We never had read Cumberland's poem of "Calvary," and this short passage made us determine that we never would. If anything had been necessary to corroborate the determination, it would have been found in the two pages of vile and vulgar profaneness, which Mr. Mudford has, we think very properly, extracted from a few of Cumberland's plays, in contradiction to Dr. Vincent's assertion, in his funeral oration for Cumberland, that his dramatic writings were of "strict moral tendency."

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Memoirs of the Life and Character of the late Rev. George Whitefield, A.M., of Pembroke College, Oxford; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon. Faithfully selected from his original Papers, Journals, and Letters; illustrated by a variety of interesting Anecdotes from the best Authorities. Originally compiled by the late REV JOHN GILLES, D.D., Minister of the College Church of Glasgow. Second edition, revised and corrected, with large additions and improvements, by AARON C. SEYMOUR, Author of "Letters to Young Persons." 8vo. 1812

ONE of the many things we have vainly wished, is a life of Whitefield written by a philosophical Christian;—a work which should, with the utmost coolness and accuracy, discriminate and describe the powers and adaptations of the man, as an agent, attempting at the same time some comparison between them and those of other men, of the common or the extraordinary order; which should illustrate the relation between those powers, and the effects undeniably resulting from their exertion; and should fairly estimate whatever circumstances of the times might create a predisposition, if we may so express it, to receive the operation of those

powers, with a peculiar and perhaps disproportionate force. There certainly appears something considerably of the nature of what we call prodigy, in the history of this preacher. With the doubtful exception of Wickliffe, no man probably ever excited in this island, so profound, and extended, and prolonged a sensation in the public mind, by personal addresses to the understanding and conscience, on the subject of religion, unaided by any weight of a great compacted party, any subsidiary league and machinery of powerful talents, or any imposing patronage of rank and wealth. We do not mention Knox as an exception, because the force of his influence, though mainly proceeding (so far as human causes were concerned) from the mighty energy of his own mind, was yet not so merely personal and single a force, as in the case of the modern preacher. This man—the son of an inn-keeper—without fortune or connexions—of very moderate attainments—trained in the ordinary manner of an humble youth sent to college—without any preconceived plan—without having carefully furnished himself with auxiliaries—without any strong fancy of his own importance—without seizing on any striking public occasion—in a period and country of settled order, and of so much knowledge and civilization, as would, in ordinary speculation, be accounted sufficient to secure the community against any very violent effect of novelty and enthusiasm;—under all these circumstances, this plain, undesigning young man came forth; and by mere addresses, from pulpits, from tables, from walls, from steps, excited, and through his whole life continued to extend, such a commotion in the public mind, that, if a list could be made from the experience of all nations and ages, of the twenty men that have produced the greatest effects, by means of their single personal influence, it is highly probable that the name of Whitefield must there hold a place.

If it were possible that any sensible foreigner could be perfectly unacquainted with the history, and should hear the case stated thus far, he would naturally say: “But at least the man in question must have possessed talents absolutely prodigious, almost miraculous.” Where then would he be in his speculations, when the *writings* of Whitefield were put in his hands?—when he read many of the identical sentences, which had overwhelmed with terror, or melted in ten-

derness, vast and heterogeneous assemblages of a people, by no means nationally distinguished, in either its southern or northern division, for facility of feeling.

It is clear fact, admitting of no manner of question, that Whitefield's writing, nay, that those specimens of his public addresses which were written down during their powerful delivery, bear but exceedingly slender marks of anything we are accustomed to denominate talent, in the intellectual sense. His reasoning is no more than just a common propriety in putting thoughts generally common together. His devotional sentiment is fervent, but not of elevated conception. His figures, as far as we recollect, are seldom new, or what critics mean when they speak of "felicitv;" their analogy is the broad and obvious one, such as that between medicine and the gospel, considered as a remedial dispensation. The diction is quite plain, and does not appear to partake of eloquence, further than an easy freedom, and the genuine expression of sincerity and earnestness. The collection of letters, constituting about one-half of his printed works, must have exceedingly disappointed those who sought from them any other instruction, than that which may be imparted by one general emanation of pious zeal, undistinguished by any discriminative particularity of thought, or any but the most obvious kind of reflections, often repeated, and in the same words, on the successive incidents and scenes of his life and labours. There are none of those pointed observations, either on human nature or individual character, which might have been suggested by the masses and the particles of the human kind so variously brought under his view, and which would have been made by such a sagacious man, for instance, as John Knox. And even the disclosures of the movements and principles of his own mind, on which subject there is no appearance of reserve, are, with a singular uniformity, for a man stimulated by the circumstances of so extraordinary a career, in the strain of pious commonplace. The reader's interest would soon subside in an irresistible sense of insipidity, but for the strong and constant indications of a genuine religious zeal, and the train of references proving an unremitted and most wonderful course of exertions. In short, there can be no hazard in asserting, that his collective writings would, in the minds of all cultivated and impartial readers, leave the *marvellous* of

his successes to be accounted for on the ground of causes quite distinct from talent, in the intellectual sense of the term. And it is remarkable how decidedly, though tacitly, the opinion of the religious public has been manifested on this point; for there has probably never been another instance of the writings of a man of pre-eminent excellence, utility, and celebrity, so soon and generally ceasing to hold a place among popular books. So far as we are apprized, Whitefield's sermons are very rarely reprinted, or quoted, or recollected; and if not his sermons, of course not the rest of his writings.

It would be, then, a very interesting inquiry, What were precisely the causes of that prodigious and most happy effect, which accompanied the ministrations of a man, who was one of the three or four most powerful and useful preachers since the apostolic age;—what, we mean, were the causes *exclusively* of an extraordinary agency of divine power—those *human* causes, which are adapted to produce a great and a calculable effect, according to the general laws of the human constitution? It would be quite proper to take the question, in the first instance, on this limited ground; inquiring how far Whitefield's qualifications were of a nature to produce a great effect on men, with respect to *other* interesting concerns to which the exercise of those qualifications was applicable, and in which the results of that exercise might be considered as the proportionate and ordinary effects of the human cause.

It is not with the slightest view of attempting any such disquisition that we have suggested it. We began with the intention of proceeding very few words further than the expression of a wish that a philosopher had written a life of Whitefield, on the plan of instituting and determining such an inquiry. Such a biographer finding, we presume, as a philosopher, a vast proportion of effect beyond what could be explained by the talents of the agent, taken at their highest possible estimate, and combined with all that could be deemed favourable in the circumstances of the times, would, *as a Christian*, assign, as the paramount cause, the intervention of an extraordinary influence from heaven, giving an efficacy to the operation of the human agent, incomparably beyond any natural power of its faculties and exertions.

And indeed what would the judgment of that man be worth, who even viewing the case *merely as a philosopher*, should fail or refuse to recognize a divine agency in the change of a multitude of profane and wicked men, into religious and virtuous ones, by means so simple as Whitefield's plain addresses to their dull or perverted understandings, their insensible consciences, and their depraved passions? A man who professes to philosophize on human nature, ought to have *some* way of accounting for such facts, when brought before him on competent evidence and in great numbers. And what a laudable philosophy it would be, that should find such facts to be quite according to the general principles, and the ordinary course of human nature! or, acknowledging them not to be so, should either carelessly attribute them to chance, or should virtually revive, for a new and higher application, the old notion of occult qualities! As if the cast-off rags and broken implements of antiquated physics, were quite good enough for the service of the philosophy of mind, morals, and religion.

These slight remarks are made with any other purpose in the world than that of depreciating the endowments of Whitefield. While regarding his powers strictly intellectual, as all discerning readers of his writings must do, as very moderate; and while holding, as also all those who coincide with Whitefield in religious faith hold, that an energy indefinitely superior to that of any or all the powers he exerted, was evinced in the success which attended him; we have all the admiration which it can seem little better than idly gratuitous to profess, of those extraordinary qualifications which he displayed in the sacred cause—qualifications which were adapted, even according to the common principles of human nature, to excite a very great sensation. According to the testimony of all his hearers that have left memorials of him, or that still survive to describe him, he had an energy and happy combination of the passions, so very extraordinary as to constitute a commanding species of sublimity of character. In their swell, their fluctuations, their very turbulence, these passions so faithfully followed the nature of the subject, and with such irresistible evidence of being utterly clear of all design of oratorical management, that they bore all the dignity of the subject along with them,

and never appeared, in their most ungovernable emotions, either extravagant or ludicrous to any but minds of the coldest or profanest order. They never, like the violent ebullitions of mere temperament, confounded his ideas, but on the contrary, had the effect of giving those ideas a distinct and matchlessly vivid enunciation: insomuch that ignorant and half-barbarous men often seemed, in a way which amazed even themselves, to understand Christian truths on their first delivery. Some of them might have heard, and they had heard as unmeaning sounds, similar ideas expressed in the church service: but in Whitelield's preaching they seemed to strike on their minds in fire and light. His delivery, if that could be spoken of as a thing distinguishable from that energy which inflamed his whole being, was confessedly oratorical in the highest degree of the highest sense of the term. It varied through all the feelings, and gave the most natural and emphatic expression of them all. He had, besides, great presence of mind in preaching, and the utmost aptitude to take advantage of attending circumstances, and even the incidents of the moment.

His display of unparalleled energy was uniformly accompanied by irresistible evidence—in the perfectly inartificial character of his signs of passion—in the exhausting frequency and interminable prosecution of his labours—in the courage and hazard in which some of them were ventured on—in the complete renunciation, which such a course plainly involved, of all views of emolument and preferment—and in his forbearance to attempt, to any material extent, anything like an organized sectarian system of co-operation,—*irresistible* evidence, that his unceasing exertion, that his persuasions, his expostulations, his vehemence, his very indignation, were all inspired by a perfectly genuine and unquenchable zeal for the Christian cause, and the eternal welfare of men; and our unhappy nature is yet not so *totally* perverse, but that this will always make a great impression on the multitude.

Again, it was, by the constitution of human nature, a great luxury, in spite of the pain, to have the mind so roused and stimulated, the passions so agitated. For the sake of this, even religion, evangelical religion, would be endured for a little while; and great numbers, who were

inveigled by this mere love of strong excitement to endure religion a little while, were happily so effectually caught, that they could never afterwards endure life without religion.

According to all testimony, the ministry of the national church was at that time generally such as to give, with respect, at least, to the excitement of attention, a ten-fold effect to the preaching of Whitefield. It was such a contrast as could not but contribute to magnify him into a stupendous prodigy. He might be called by the ministers of this very church, a fanatic, a madman, or a deceiver; he might be proclaimed and proscribed under all terms and forms of opprobrium or execration; but, the while, it was perfectly inevitable, that "all the world would wonder after the beast."

As there is little hope of obtaining a philosophical biography for Whitefield, we must be content with a simple detail of facts, given in a language remote from the secular style of history, and therefore, much adapted to baffle the reader in any attempt to compare, and to find the proportions between such facts as those of Whitefield's life, and the events and transactions of the general world. It is, nevertheless, a very interesting book that is here reprinted, with additions of which we have not the means of ascertaining the extent. It is such a record as no pious man can peruse without some earnest wishes to be better disposed and better qualified to serve the great cause which this apostolic man had so much delight and success in promoting; and as no thoughtful man can peruse, without being led into deep reflections on the phenomena of that agency, by which the Governor of the world influences the spiritual condition of mankind. *How* the grand effects here displayed could be produced, will be a problem far beyond the science of an infidel speculatist, and, we think, a little beyond that of some declared believers, who make high claims on the ground of a peculiar rationality in their Christianity.

It would be quite out of place to attempt any abstract of this Memoir. It brings him very speedily into full and extraordinary action, and briefly marks the most prominent particulars of a career, which permitted him hardly a day of what could, in the common sense of words, be called repose,

till he found it in the grave, at the age of fifty-six, in the year 1770. The wonder, the extreme wonder is, that he did not sink into that repose at a much earlier period. The reader of this volume must maintain in his mind a watchful horror of fanaticism, and be very stoutly set against admitting anything approaching the supernatural in any part of the modern dispensations of Providence, if he can repel all suspicion, not only that this man's labours were attended, but that his very life was prolonged, by a specifically extraordinary intervention. We repeatedly find him, during a state of langour which sometimes sunk quite down to illness, prosecuting such a course of exertions as would have been enough to reduce most strong men soon to that condition; for example, preaching, in his ardent and exhausting manner, to vast auditories, several times each day, a number of days successively, when his debility was such that he could not, without much help, mount his horse to go to the appointed places. Indeed, it is perhaps only by taking into view the fact, that he was actually preserved from what appeared the probable consequences of some of his exertions, that we can excuse the force put on languishing nature in those exertions, as in the following instance:—

“After a tedious passage of eleven weeks, Mr. Whitefield arrived at New York. Colonel Pepperel went with some friends in his own boat to invite him to his house, but he declined the invitation, being so ill of a nervous cholic that he was obliged, immediately after his arrival, to go to bed. His friends expressed much anxiety on his behalf. An eminent physician attended him, who had been a deist, but was awakened the last time he was in New England. For some time he was indeed very weak; ‘yet,’ he writes, ‘in these three weeks I was enabled to preach; but, imprudently going over the ferry to Portsmouth, I caught cold, immediately relapsed, and was taken, as every one thought, with death, in my dear friend Mr. Sherborne’s house. What gave me most concern was, that, notice had been given of my being to preach. Whilst the doctor was preparing a medicine, feeling my pains abated, I on a sudden cried, Doctor, my pains are suspended. by the help of God I will go and preach, and then come home and die. In my own apprehension, and in all appearance to others, I was a dying man. I preached, the people heard me as such. The invisible realities of another world lay open to my view. Expecting to

stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before the morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, I thought it were worth dying for a thousand times. Though wonderfully comforted within, at my return home I thought I was dying indeed. I was laid on a bed upon the ground near the fire, and I heard my friends say, He is gone. But God was pleased to order it otherwise. I gradually recovered; and soon after a poor negro woman would see me. She came, and sat down upon the ground and looked earnestly in my face, and then said, in broken language, "Massa, you just go to heaven's gate. But Jesus Christ said, get you down, you must not come here yet; but go first and call some more poor negroes." I prayed to the Lord that if I was to live, this might be the event."—P. 71.

His mind held such a predominance over his body, and the passion for preaching, and the passions to which preaching gave exercise, were so predominant in his mind, that the employment had on him the effect of a species of enchantment. When so oppressed with lassitude and indisposition, as to perform with uneasiness the most ordinary actions, if he could but sustain just exertion enough to enter on preaching, he quickly became even physically strong and animated. Standing in the pulpit, or anything provided for the same use, had on him the same effect that Antæus derived from being extended a moment on the ground. The languor, of course, returned on him with double oppressiveness after the conclusion; and the man whose powers of voice and action had appeared to evince an extraordinary vigour of frame, would be found, half an hour afterwards, extended on two or three chairs, almost helpless and fainting. With all the advantage of such a power of voice as perhaps no other man possessed, there must still often have been a necessity for forcing it to the last possibility of exertion, in order to his being heard by congregations, very frequently amounting to many thousands, to ten or twelve, and in some instances to twenty, or even more. It is said that the bulk of even these largest multitudes could hear him very distinctly.

It is remarkable in the course of this narrative, that the lower order of the people, even the then barbarian colliers of Kingswood, and the formidable rabble of Moorfields and Kennington Common, gained themselves a credit, far beyond

many of their betters, for decorum, for candour, and even complaisance, towards Whitefield. Could the gentlemen officers, who laid and executed a plan of violent personal outrage against him, even in his bed at Plymouth, have fallen, *flagrante delicto*, into the hands of one of these rabbles, they would have been sure to have received such an exemplary castigation, for his sake, as would at least have left conspicuous marks upon them for life; but they were secure enough of impunity, so long as there was nothing to take account of them but the police of the country.

It is also very striking to observe the indications of the state of the religious establishment at that time, in the rapidly extended, and soon almost general precaution, of shutting the churches against this orthodox, and devout, and most eloquent preacher. A man who resolutely would, in spite of the church, recollect its Articles, to which he had solemnly declared his assent, and pledged his adherence, and who would obstinately carry the spirit of the liturgy into the sermon, was soon given to understand that a tombstone, a wall, a table, or even the tub of the conventicle, was good enough for him and his notions. The speedy ruin of the church was inevitable, if its ministers and people should be seduced from the systematic employment of exploding its foundation. For though envy and indignation at Whitefield's surpassing popularity, may well be supposed to have had a considerable share in the hostility against him, yet it is beyond all doubt, that it was his most zealous promulgation of the standard doctrines of the church, combined with the warning and alarming spirit of his ministrations, that chiefly rendered him so obnoxious to the main body of the ministers of that very church.

As the writer of these Memoirs admits that this eminent man had his defects, they should have been freely and accurately particularized; and a large quantity of indifferent funeral oratory, toiling through the commonplaces of panegyric, might as well have been suffered to remain in the respective sermons in which it was originally displayed.

The most obvious fault, or weakness, perhaps, apparent in this exhibition of the character of the great and apostolic minister, was a certain degree of enthusiastic credulity, that was too much disposed to regard the *whole* of the effects

temporarily produced by his ministry, as important and effectual operations of evangelical truth.

Had we not already occupied too much space, we should have been inclined to transcribe a minute and very interesting account of his last hours, written by a person who attended him. He preached on the Saturday, and died, of a fit of the asthma, early on the Sunday morning.

JUNIUS.

Junius: including Letters of the same Writer under other Signatures (now first collected). To which are added, his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. With a Preliminary Essay, Notes, Facsimiles, &c. 8vo. 1813.

ANY general observations, that might be not impertinently made on the writings of Junius, will more properly follow than precede a somewhat particular and extended notice of this edition, the announcement of which will have strongly excited the curiosity of many of our readers. And it is a signal testimony to the eminence of the powers displayed in these Letters, that, at the distance of nearly half a century from their first coming forth—that after a great number of subsequent political censors had each had his share of attention, and perhaps admiration, and are now in a great measure forgotten—and that in times like the present, superabounding with strange events, and flagrant examples of political depravity of their own—they should still hold such a place in public estimation, that the appearance of an edition enlarged and illustrated from the store of materials left by the original publisher, will be regarded as an interesting event in the course of our literature. An interest that has thus continued to subsist in vigour after the loss of all temporary stimulants, and that is capable of so lively an excitement, at this distant period, by a circumstance tending to make us a little better acquainted with the author's character, and to put us in more complete possession of his writings, gives assurance that this memorable work may

maintain its fame to an indefinite period, and will go down with that portion of our literature, which, in the language of pride and poetry, we call immortal. All will now agree in opinion with the present editor, that it was not vanity in the writer himself to avow a confidence of being read by a remote generation, avoiding however, to assign, as the strongest foundation of that confidence, his superlative execution; but assuredly his claim to perpetuity was not far from his thoughts, when he mentioned only the principles of his work as the ground of his expectation. "When kings and ministers," he said, "are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are felt only in their remotest consequences, this book, will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity."

The Letters published with the signature of Junius constitute very considerably less than half of the present work. It begins with a Preliminary Essay of 160 pages; next are Private Letters to the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall, the publisher of the *Public Advertiser*, extending through nearly one hundred pages; and these are followed by a private Correspondence between Junius and Mr. Wilkes, occupying full seventy pages. Then come the well-known Letters, reaching to within sixty or seventy pages of the end of the second volume. This last portion of the second volume, and the whole of the third, are occupied by "Miscellaneous Letters of Junius," which appeared under various signatures, chiefly in the *Public Advertiser*, before and during the appearance of those of Junius, and most of them verified by internal or circumstantial evidence to be by the same hand. Thus the publication assumes the merit of being, as far as there are any means or chance of accomplishing, a recovery and collection of the entire printed works of the author of Junius's Letters, and challenges the grateful favour of the public, for a service of so much more interesting a kind than it can often happen to a private individual to have the power of conferring.

Every reader will eagerly fall upon the Preliminary Essay. And doubtless it will afford much to gratify all its * readers,—but will not be quite satisfactory to any one of them. It is much more valuable than the endeavours of

former writers on the subject; and supplies information which probably no other person than the editor had the means of communicating; but it leaves us surmising and complaining that he has not communicated all he must possess. He tempts us to suspect that he is quite willing to keep the shrine of this mysterious object of idolatry in a measure of its darkness, that he may himself look the larger by standing a little way within the shade. In pursuing the inquiry, Who was Junius? there appears a sort of affectation of arguing the question on the ground only of public evidence or general probabilities, in one or two instances where we cannot help flattering him (and he doubtless wishes to be flattered) by something near a belief that, in consequence of information received from his father, he could have adduced, if he had pleased, the more direct evidence of authority.

The essay begins with some notice of that state of political affairs in the time of Junius which required such a writer, and justified his severity. Those times are briefly contrasted, in a political view, with the present. And this contrast gives a curious example of the benefit derived from the study and admiration of Junius. For it represents that the English Constitution (meaning, as far as we can comprehend, *that* constitution of which it is of the very essence, according to all the old books, that there should be a real uncorruptly elected representation of the people) was at that time in extreme peril, and is at this time in triumphant security! With a mighty burst of grand-sounding words (which will remind no one, we hope, of the din and the clang made by the Brahmins round the pile of a perishing victim), this constitution is put in rivalry "with the pyramids of Egypt." How much is it to be deplored that Junius could not have lived and retained all his powers to this happy time, to show us what those powers, so sovereign in the exposure of wickedness, and the prophecy of calamity, could perform in the way of eulogy and congratulation.

Some pages are employed in observations on the prominent distinctions of the celebrated Letters; in acknowledging and excusing the excessive acrimony, the appearance of personal enmity, too visible in some parts of them; in de-

scribing the alarm and dismay they created among public offenders, up to the very highest order; and in asserting their beneficial operation, even to the present times, by the effect they had in determining some important questions respecting popular rights, especially the right of juries to consider the question of law as well as of fact. Then comes the inquiry which, even at this distance of time, retains so much of its interest, Who was Junius? And it is curious to observe, how populous would be the national Pantheon if all those who fancy themselves to be acquainted with individuals of super-eminent talent, might be allowed to place in the assembly their respective idols. For we have here a list of no less than thirteen contemporaries, each of whom has been believed, by many persons or by few, to be no other and no less than Junius. And this list does not include either Horne Tooke or Lord Chatham, to each of whom, however absurdly in the case of the former at least, some slight degree of suspicion has transiently attached. In the editor's opinion, all question relative to Lord Chatham would inevitably be set aside by the severe hostility manifested against that statesman, about the time of his obtaining a pension and title, in several Letters signed Poplicola and Anti-Sejanus, sent to the *Public Advertiser* more than a year before the commencement of the series signed Junius, and which Letters the editor inserts with a confident affirmation of their being by the same writer, and of their being the first received from him,—an affirmation made in such terms that we conclude Mr. Woodfall is warranted by more direct evidence than that afforded by the style and spirit of the Letters. He might, however, just as well have said so. Any surmise of Lord Chatham's being the writer would be repressed also by the expressions of dislike to him in one of Junius's private communications to the printer, and by the slow and suspicious manner in which Junius suffered his lordship to grow considerably into his favour during the course of his Letters.

The following are the names of the persons for whom pretensions have been made, and several of whom, it seems, would have been meanly gratified by their being admitted: Mr. Charles Lloyd, Mr. John Roberts, Mr. Samuel Dyer,

Mr. Burke, Mr. W. G. Hamilton, commonly called Single-Speech, Dr. Butler, Bishop of Hereford, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, General Lee, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, Mr. Flood, and Lord George Sackville. And the whole of the list appears to be included without ceremony in this sweeping sentence of the editor :—

“While he does not undertake to communicate the real name of Junius, he pledges himself to prove, from incontrovertible evidence, afforded by the private Letters of Junius himself during the period in question, in connexion with other documents, that not one of these pretenders has ever had the smallest right to the distinction which some of them have ardently coveted.”

But this is very carelessly expressed; for there is one of the persons whose claims he has by no means invalidated, and evidently does not think he has: indeed, he himself says “the evidence is indecisive.”

A numerous series of notices and hints which he justly describes as “desultory,” and which he plainly affirms to contain “the whole that the writer has been able to collect concerning the author of the Letters,” authorizes, he thinks, the rejection of every claimant that does not answer to the following description :—

“From the observations contained in this Essay, it should seem to follow unquestionably that the author of the Letters of Junius was an Englishman of highly cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution, and history of his native country; that he was a man of easy, if not affluent circumstances, of unsullied honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to troubles on his account: that he was in habits of confidential intercourse, if not with different members of the cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the court, and entrusted with all its secrets: that he had attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world: that during the years 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London or its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations, under different signatures, in the *Public Advertiser*; that in his natural temper he was quick, irritable, and impetuous;

subject to political prejudices and strong personal animosities ; but possessed of a high independent spirit ; honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them ; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum ; an avowed member of the Established Church, and, though acquainted with English judicature, not a lawyer by profession."—*Prelim. Essay*, p. 97.

This descriptive and historical sketch presents, to be sure, but few very marked points : the greater portion of it is easily drawn from the Letters already before the public ; some of the personal qualities are assumed on very slight authority ; but the almost constant residence in or near London during the specified period, the strangely intimate acquaintance with the court and cabinet, the independence of the author's situation in life, and his honourable and generous disposition, are clearly manifested in his private correspondence with Woodfall. The two latter particulars are evident by his steady refusal, in a cool and easy manner, of any share of the emolument arising from the publication of the Letters collectively, of which he was urged by Woodfall to accept a moiety, and by his voluntary pledge to indemnify this courageous printer for any pecuniary injury he might sustain in case of a prosecution. It is true it may be said he was not put to the test on this point ; but there is an unaffected air of dignity and sincerity in his assurances which leaves no room for doubt.

Having laid down the law of qualifications, the editor proceeds to the trial of claims ; and he makes very short work with the majority of them.

"Of the first three of these reported authors of the Letters, it will be sufficient to observe, without entering into any other fact whatever, that Lloyd (a clerk of the Treasury, and afterwards a deputy teller of the Exchequer) was on his death-bed at the date of the last of Junius's private Letters—an essay which has sufficient proof of having been written in the possession of full health and spirits. While as to Roberts and Dyer, they had both been dead for many months anterior to this period."

A quick and final negative is put on any pretensions of Dr. Butler, Mr. Rosenhagen, and Wilkes. Indeed, it was the idlest absurdity ever to mention the name of this last personage in this relation. The very positive declaration

reported by an American friend of General Lee to have been made by that officer that he was the author of the Letters, leads the editor into some length and particularity of examination, the result of which perfectly falsifies the pretension. It is proved by a comparison of the dates of some of Lee's letters, published in a memoir of him, with those of the Letters of Junius, that Lee was precisely no farther from Woodfall's press than Poland, during the months in which some of the first of Junius's Letters, though under a different signature, were appearing in the *Public Advertiser*. And it appears that he was rambling, with a peculiarly restless haste, somewhere on the Continent, during the time that those with the signature of Junius were appearing, sometimes at very short intervals, and accompanied by the underplot of a private correspondence with the printer, of a kind which indicates the interchange of notices, sometimes within a few hours, by conveyance to and from the bar of this or the other coffee-house. It is proved besides, from letters of Lee, that he was of opinions directly opposite to those of Junius, relative to some of the leading political men and measures of the times.

Mr. Single-Speech Hamilton has not hitherto, we believe, been absolutely and totally dismissed from all surmise of relationship to Junius; though, it seems, he constantly and even warmly disclaimed it himself, and though some of his most partial friends have disclaimed it for him. But is it not mightily curious and amusing, to hear both him and them sincerely protesting that the Letters of Junius are of inferior ability and elegance to what said Single-Speech would have written! Should there be any persons, since the decease of Mr. Malone, still surviving to resent, for Mr. Hamilton's sake, a suspicion so disparaging to his talents, they may have the satisfaction of a full assurance that he was not Junius. In addition to arguments drawn by Mr. Malone from Hamilton's having never been a zealous censurer of any political party or individual statesman—from his not having Junius's "minute commissarial knowledge of petty military matters"—from the dissimilarity of his style and figures to those of the mysterious letter-writer, &c.—it is observed:—

"That Hamilton filled the office of Chancellor of the Ex-

chequer in Ireland, from September, 1763, to April, 1787, during the very period in which all the Letters of Junius appeared, and it will not very readily be credited by any one that this is likely to have been the exact quarter from which the writer of the Letters in question fulminated his severe criminations against government. The subject moreover of parliamentary reform, for which Junius was so zealous an advocate, Mr. Malone expressly tells us was considered by Hamilton to be of 'so dangerous a tendency, that he once said to a friend now living, that he would sooner suffer his right hand to be cut off than vote for it.'"

The only thing that fixed the suspicion on Hamilton, Mr. Woodfall observes, was his having "on a certain morning told the Duke of Richmond the substance of a Letter of Junius, which he pretended to have just read in the *Public Advertiser*, but which, on consulting the *Public Advertiser*, was found not to appear there, an apology instead being offered for its postponement till the next day, when the Letter thus previously adverted to by Hamilton did actually make its appearance." This fact, the editor informs us, was told him by the late Duke of Richmond himself; and he considers it as explained with a perfect probability by supposing that, as Hamilton was acquainted with the late Mr. Woodfall, and used to call sometimes at his office, the Letter in question had been read to him, or its substance recited, by Mr. Woodfall. It is worth adding, that the fac-similes show not the slightest resemblance between the handwriting of Hamilton and of Junius.

What is humiliation to one man is matter of ambition to another. If the vanity of Mr. Single-Speech and the folly of some of his friends had so bubbled the estimate of his talents, as to make it almost a *condescension* as well as disingenuousness to have accepted the imputation of being Junius, it should seem that Mr. Hugh Boyd was, by the same imputation, flattered out of all power of maintaining an honest and firm disavowal. Though very few could be persuaded of his identity with Junius, and though scarcely one professed to perceive in his acknowledged writings the indications of any such measure of talent as that habitually displayed by Junius; yet this identity has been so confidently maintained by at least three writers, that Mr. Woodfall has been induced to employ as many as twenty

pages in disposing of the claim ; and he has disposed of it for ever. Indeed it proves to have rested on the most trivial presumptive circumstances, and to be capable of being invalidated in a greater variety of ways than the pretensions of almost any other of the claimants. We think this examination, perhaps the best written part of the preliminary essay. It is impossible however to abridge it ; and we shall content ourselves with transcribing one page which recapitulates a considerable part of the argument, in the form of showing what answer could have been made by the late Mr. Woodfall, if he had chosen, to an impertinent personal address of Almon, one of the assertors of Boyd's claims, assuming that Mr. Woodfall could produce no negative evidence. 'To a challenge made in so uncivil a manner no reply was made.

"Woodfall well knew the hand-writings of both Junius and Boyd, and was in possession of many copies of both ; and knowing them, he well knew they were different. He well knew that Junius was a man directly implicated in the circle of the court, and immediately privy to its most secret intrigues ; and that Boyd was very differently situated, and that whatever information he collected was by circuitous channels alone. Junius he knew to be a man of affluence considerably superior to his own wants, refusing remunerations to which he was entitled, and offering reimbursements to those who suffered on his account ; Boyd to be labouring under great pecuniary difficulties, and ready to accept whatever was offered him ; * or, in the language of Mr. Almon, 'a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket.' Junius he knew to be a man of considerably more than his own age, who from a long and matured experience of the world was entitled to read him lessons in moral and prudential philosophy ; Boyd to be at the same time a very young man, who had not even reached his majority, totally without plan, and almost without experience of any kind, who, in the prospect of divulging himself to Woodfall, could not possibly have written to him, 'After a long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.' Boyd he knew to be an imitator and copyist of Junius ; Junius to be no copyist of any man, and least of all of himself. Junius he knew to be a decided

* It appears that Boyd was in a kind of retreat in Ireland, in consequence of pecuniary distress and the fear of being arrested, at the very time that Junius refused to receive any share of the profits which had arisen from the sale of his collected Letters.

mixed-monarchy man, who opposed the ministry upon constitutional principles ; Boyd to be a wild, random republican, who opposed them upon revolutionary views : Junius to be a writer who could not have adopted the signature of Democrates or Democraticus ; Boyd a writer who could, and, we are told, did so, in perfect uniformity with his political creed. Woodfall, it is true, did not pretend to know Junius personally ; but from his hand-writing, his style of composition, age, politics, rank in life, and pecuniary affluence, he was perfectly assured that *Junius could not be Boyd*."—Prelim. Essay, p. 152.

The imputation of the Letters to Mr. Dunning is very briefly discussed and dismissed. It is readily admitted there is a greater aggregate of presumptions in his favour. "His age, and rank in life, his talents and learning, his brilliant wit and sarcastic habit, his common residence during the period in question, his political principles, attachments, and antipathies," would concur to mark him as the man. But the editor is of opinion a few opposing facts are decisive. He thinks credit is due to the veracity of such a person as Junius must have been, when he almost gratuitously made the positive declaration, in his preface to the Letters, "*I am no lawyer by profession*." And this declaration is corroborated by several passages in his correspondence with Woodfall and Wilkes. To the latter he complains of the heavy disadvantage, imposed by the secret of his personality, of being debarred from "*consulting the learned*," on legal or constitutional points. In another Letter he says :—

"The constitutional argument is obvious ; I wish you to point out to me where you think the force of the *formal legal* argument lies. In pursuing such inquiries I lie under a singular disadvantage. Not venturing to consult those who are qualified to inform me, I am forced to collect everything from books or common conversation. The pains I took with that paper upon Privilege, were greater than I can express to you. Yet after I had blinded myself with poring over journals, debates, and parliamentary history, I was at last obliged to hazard a bold assertion, which I am now convinced is true (as I really then thought it), because it has not been disproved or disputed."

Towards the conclusion of the same long Letter, there is a remarkable passage, which has the appearance of being prompted by truth and feeling ; which at any rate seems, where it occurs, too little called for to be, with any sort of

fairness, accounted falsehood and affectation. Having employed a particular word in the technical sense of the law, he says, "Though I use the terms of art, do not injure me so much as to suspect I am a lawyer.—I had as lief be a Scotchman."

And then too, when it is recollected that Dunning, who was Solicitor-General at the time when these Letters first appeared, had the character of "high unblemished honour, and high independent principles," the editor very reasonably pronounces that it, "cannot be supposed he would have vilified the king, while one of the king's confidential servants and counsellors." He might have added that if the Letters of Junius, both public and private, can be admitted to bear decisive evidence to any one quality in the moral temperament of the writer, it is an utter detestation of meanness and self-interested duplicity. We should think besides, if it were allowable to hazard a judgment from the very slight specimens we may have seen of Dunning's style (so brilliantly described by Sir William Jones), that a very considerable difference would have been apparent between compositions from his pen and these famous Letters. We should have expected in a work from him more labour of subtle refinement—more artifice, and perhaps we may say quaint peculiarity of expression—a greater frequency of ingenious sparkles—less of what may be at least comparatively denominated a plain direct style of writing—a less sparingness, as if in disdain, of rhetorical device and ornament—a less uniformly sustained tone of bold austerity, and a much less decided clearness, in topics and phraseology of any cast and colour of his profession. It may be noticed here also, that there is no sort of resemblance between the hand-writings of Dunning and Junius.

But little having been attempted in support of any pretensions of Mr. Flood, the celebrated Irish orator, it is enough to say that the editor's argument of negation is equally brief and conclusive.

It is probable that but few of the persons inquisitive about this secret, have now any suspicion of Burke. This suspicion, however, appears to have prevailed very extensively at the time the Letters appeared; and the editor very properly entertains and examines the question. We

think he proves the suspicion to be entirely devoid of probability.

"Burke could not have written in the style of Junius, which was precisely the reverse of his own; nor could he have consented to have disparaged his own talents in the manner in which Junius has disparaged them, in his Letter to the printer of the *Public Advertiser*, October 5, 1771.* Independently of which, he denied that he was the author of these Letters, expressly and satisfactorily to Sir William Draper, who purposely interrogated him upon the subject; the truth of which denial is, moreover, corroborated by the testimony of the late Mr. Woodfall, who repeatedly declared that neither Hamilton nor Burke was the writer of these compositions."—"If, however, there should be readers so inflexible as still to believe that Mr. Burke was the real writer of the Letters, and that his denial of the fact to Sir W. Draper was only wrung from him under the influence of fear, it will be sufficient to satisfy even such readers, to show that the system of politics of the one was in direct opposition to that of the other on a variety of the most important points. Burke was a decided partisan of Lord Rockingham, and continued so during the whole of that nobleman's life: Junius on the contrary was as decided a friend of Mr. George Grenville. Each was an antagonist to the other on the great subject of the American Stamp Act. Junius was a warm and powerful advocate for triennial parliaments; Burke an inveterate enemy to them. To which the editor may be allowed to add, that while Mr. Burke, in correcting his manuscripts for the press, and revising them in their passage through it, is notorious for the numerous alterations he was perpetually making, the copy with which the late Mr. Woodfall was furnished by Junius for the genuine edition of his Letters contained very few amendments of any kind."

Another circumstance is mentioned by the editor as

* The passage here referred to is comprised in one line. Junius has been representing, in a tone of moderation somewhat unusual to him, how very desirable it is that the disagreement and mutual repulsion of political men should not have the effect of depriving a good cause of the services, which they might separately contribute to it, each in his own way; and having specified a few of the services which might be obtained, and should be accepted, from several individuals of that time, he says, "I willingly accept a sarcasm from Colonel Barré, and a smile from Mr. Burke." To any reader of Junius it is quite unnecessary to observe that from *him* this was an expression of very pointed depreciation.

almost sufficient of itself, in the absence of all other evidence, to put an end to all doubt.

"The prosecution which Mr. Burke instituted against Mr. Woodfall, the printer of the *Public Advertiser*, and conducted with the utmost acrimony, for a paper deemed libellous that appeared in this journal in the course of 1783. Considerable interest was made with Mr. Burke to induce him to drop this prosecution, in different stages of its progress, but he was inexorable. The cause was tried at Guildhall, July 15, 1784, and a verdict of one hundred pounds damages obtained against the printer; the whole of which was paid to the prosecutor. It is morally impossible that Junius could have acted in this manner; every anecdote in the preceding sketch of his public life forbids the belief that he could."

We are persuaded this will be the opinion of almost every reader of the private Letters to Woodfall, which carry in the most unaffected manner, so many indications of a respectful kindness, and of grateful approbation of the printer's courage and discretion; such proofs of concern for his safety, such marks of confidence in communicating information relative to secrets of state and the characters of great personages, when the communication could be useful in explaining the purpose of Junius, or regulating the conduct of the publisher; in short, so pleasing an appearance of something approaching a personal friendship between the two strangers, accompanied all the while by the involuntary signs of an exceedingly high-toned and independent character in the writer—that there is no believing this printer, maintaining too, as he appears to have done, a profound respect and an inviolable discretion towards the mysterious author, should ever meet this lofty spirit on the inimical and sordid ground of prosecution and pecuniary damages.

The last in the list of suspected persons is Lord George Sackville. The brief statement of probabilities with respect to him is miserably unsatisfactory; and the more so as it is apparent the writer does not choose to say all he could say on the question; whether from an idea that the imposing dignity of Junius will be lessened in proportion to the dissipation in any degree of the shade of mystery that surrounds him, or from a sort of coquettish disposition that wishes to be courted for further explanations, we pretend

not to say. We may as well transcribe the little that is vouchsafed on the subject; at the same time professing ourselves ready to receive with all due sense of obligation any further information which he may be coaxed or provoked to communicate;—we say *provoked*, for undoubtedly his being flatly told that he *has* no more to communicate, would be the most likely expedient to make him disclose anything he may have chosen yet to withhold.

“Let us proceed to the pretensions that have been offered on the part of Lord George Sackville. The evidence is somewhat indecisive even to the present hour. Sir William Draper divided his suspicions between this nobleman and Mr. Burke, and upon the personal and unequivocal denial of the latter, he transferred them entirely to the former; and that Sir William was not the only person who suspected his Lordship even from the first, is evident from the private Letter of Junius, which asserts that Swinney had actually called on Lord Sackville, and taxed him with being Junius, to his face. This letter is, in fact, one of the most curious of the whole collection: if written by Lord George Sackville, it settles the point at once; and if not written by him, presupposes an acquaintance with his Lordship’s family, his sentiments, and his connexions, so intimate as to excite no small degree of astonishment. Junius was informed of Swinney’s having called upon Lord George a few hours after his call, and he knew that *before this time* he had never spoken to him in his life. It is certain that Lord George Sackville was early and generally suspected, that Junius knew him to be suspected without denying (as in the case of the author of *The Whig*, &c.) that he was suspected *wrongfully* [justly]; and that this nobleman, if not Junius himself, must have been in habits of close and intimate friendship with him. The talents of Lord George were well known and admitted, and his political principles led him to the same side of the question that was so warmly espoused by Junius. It is said, however, that on one occasion his Lordship privately observed to a friend of his, ‘I should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius has done; but there are many passages in his Letters I should be very sorry to have written.’ Such a declaration, however, is too general to be in any way conclusive: even Junius himself might, in a subsequent period, have regretted that he had written some of the passages that occur in his Letters. In the case of his letter to Junia, we know he did, from his own avowal. It is nevertheless peculiarly hostile to the opinion in favour of Lord George Sackville, that Junius should roundly have accused

him of want of courage, as he has done in Vol. II. p. 491. The facts, however, are fairly before the reader; and he shall be left to the exercise of his own judgment."—P. 161.

In another part of the essay, the subject is adverted to in these terms:—

"The fact [Swinney's calling on Lord George Sackville] was true, and occurred but a day or two before the letter [private Letter of Junius to Woodfall] was written: but how Junius, unless he had been Lord Sackville himself, should have been so soon acquainted with it, baffles all conjecture."—"In the Miscellaneous Letters, the reader will meet with a passage pretty conclusively showing the little ground there ever was for any such opinion," [as that Lord George Sackville was Junius].

The conclusive passage referred to, is in a paper which appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, October 22, 1767, and is attributed, by the editor, with sufficient probability, to Junius. It is a caustic satire, in the form of minutes of a grand council, on the subject of drawing up instructions to Lord Townshend on his being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The assembled statesmen know nothing at all about the matter; no instructions, nor even general basis of instructions, are determined on; and Lord Townshend is made to say at last, "I believe the best thing I can do will be to consult with my Lord George Sackville. His character is known and respected in Ireland as much as it is here; and I know he loves to be stationed in the rear as well as myself." This is an allusion to the conduct of Lord George in the celebrated battle of Minden, in 1759, in which he commanded the right wing (consisting chiefly of the British, with some German cavalry) of Prince Ferdinand's army. His Lordship was accused of disobeying the Prince's orders for the quick advance of the cavalry, at a moment when a rapid charge would have ensured the almost entire capture or destruction of the French army, already in a state of complete rout. On his trial Lord Sackville produced very direct evidence that there was uncertainty and inconsistency in the orders, as announced to him by the two aides-de-camp of the Prince, and declared that the delay which constituted the alleged crime, was purely an indispensable halt, till he could obtain a precise command from

the general. On the other hand, there was equally positive evidence that the orders had been communicated to him in a manner sufficiently distinct; and on this evidence the military court dismissed his Lordship from the service, in terms disqualifying him from ever being again admitted into it. This affair is very significantly and bitingly alluded to in a letter signed "Titus," which appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, in defence of the Marquis of Granby against Junius, as early as the third or fourth of Junius's Letters.

In whatever manner the cause of Lord George Sackville was managed before the court-martial, it will certainly be the opinion of the reader, who is so obligingly left to form his own unbiassed judgment, that in the second trial of his Lordship, on an arraignment for writing Junius's Letters, the case could not well have been more meagrely and evasively stated. Why does not the editor plainly tell the public what his father, who must unquestionably have had an opinion, thought on the question? Why does he not relate some of those numerous small particulars, of fact and surmise, which must have occurred to his father's vigilance in the course of so many years that he lived and so much discussion that he heard? Certainly we can well believe that respectable printer felt himself, to a considerable extent, as the phrase is, on honour; and restrained his curiosity from any modes of inquisition which his haughty and confiding correspondent would have regarded and resented as prying and impertinent, after he had decisively signified his wish and will to be unknown. But nevertheless it is plainly impossible that his mind should not have been, both during and long after the period of the correspondence, habitually on the watch for any indicative glimpses of the important stranger:—unless, indeed, he early acquired so confident an opinion as to who was the man, that he had no longer doubt enough to be curious. And it was just as impossible that to a mind thus prepared and prompt to catch any casual lights, in a situation too, and with acquaintance, like those of Mr. Woodfall, no limits and significant incidents should ever have occurred to guide or confirm conjecture. Now, are we to suppose that the present editor and essayist was not deemed worthy of so much of his father's confidence as to be admitted to look through any of the little chinks and

crevices of the secret; that his father would never either voluntarily relate to him any of the particulars which must have been so interesting to himself, or give an explicit answer to any of the hundreds of minute questions which the son must have had less curiosity than other mortals if he did not ask? If we are not to make a supposition so little flattering to our essayist, we may very fairly repeat, as many readers will, the question, why are not whatever were deemed the most illustrative of these particulars freely given to the public at once? Why may not the public be now put in possession of all the probabilities that Mr. Woodfall judged himself to possess? For instance, in stating the question relatively to Lord George Sackville, why did not the editor say whether his father did not, at some time or other, in so many years, meet with any specimen of that nobleman's hand-writing, and, if he did, what were his observations on comparing it with that of Junius? If he did ever meet with such a specimen, under circumstances allowing opportunity for a careful comparison, we need not say how far his deliberately avowed opinion as to the identity or diversity of the hands, would go towards a decision on his Lordship's claims. It is even fair to ask why, when a fac-simile is given in the book of the hand-writing of every other person for whom a plausible, and of several for whom no plausible pretension is stated to have been advanced, no such aid is afforded to the question as affecting Lord George. Could it not be obtained, or is the omission a little artifice for preserving the desirable and stimulant quantity of uncertainty round the last of the persons brought in discussion, after the interest of suspecting and doubting had been extinguished with respect to the whole preceding lists of claimants?*

In one of the Letters sent to the *Public Advertiser* with a different signature, but given on very sufficient authority as from Junius (vol. II. p. 486), the writer says, when speak-

* The fac-similes here given of Junius's hand-writing are a whole set of specimens, showing all its varieties, which indeed are *radically*, very, inconsiderable. We are disposed to hope their publication may have the effect of drawing from some quarter or other, into equal publicity, a sample or two of the writing of Lord George Sackville.

ing of Lord Townshend, Lord-Lieutenant, and his brother, the honourable Charles Townshend, Chancellor of the Exchequer, of Ireland, "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*: I have served under the one, and have forty times been promised to be served by the other." It is not impossible that this might be a fictitious fact, pretended in order to give some weight to the opinions of an unknown correspondent; but it seems at least as probable it might be true. Now, Mr. Woodfall would be very likely to make some little research into any existing public documents of Lord Townshend's military history (we presume the "service" was military), to ascertain whether at any time Lord George Sackville was among his officers; and he would never fail to catch any references bearing on the subject that occurred in conversation. Did our editor never hear him say what was the result of such examination, or such listening?

Whether it be from intention or through negligence, there is a want of uniformity in the expressions, occurring here and there, respecting the late Mr. Woodfall's ignorance of the real author. The language in some places would seem to attribute to him an unqualified ignorance; in others it seems intended to import that he *all but absolutely knew*—that he must have had at least what he deemed a very probable guess.

On the whole, we suppose the generality of readers, while pleased to see so many pretensions finally put out of the question, and while disgusted much with the present editor's whiffling language, ostentatious reserve, and petty air of mystery, respecting his father's knowledge and opinions, and respecting the illustrative particulars bearing on the claim of Lord George Sackville, will be inclined, though with a perception that the evidence is very narrow and unsatisfactory, to confer on that nobleman "the vacant honours of Junius."

The affirmative appearances are indeed somewhat affected by the allusion to Minden, in terms coinciding with the popular opinion against Lord George, in a paper attributed with strong probability to Junius. Would it be altogether out of character to suppose, that a proud spirit might please itself with the dignity of its own justice in thus choosing to make a condemnatory reflection on itself? It may be

remarked too that the supposition of Lord George's being Junius, would supply one reason, in addition to all considerations of personal safety, for the unrelenting resolution of perpetual secrecy. We may imagine the writer chose to live down to future times, under the imperial name of Junius, in preference to his own, and that he was resolved no blemish, no mark of disgrace to be triumphed over by men that he despised, should be transferred from his real to that proud adopted name. We can really suppose him to feel a kind of sullen exultation in this transmigration, so to call it, out of a personality and a name, that the world had gained some advantages against, into the impassible, commanding, avenging, and immortal form of Junius.

We must here suspend our remarks. We shall occupy a few pages of our next number with an account of the nature of the very large supplement which this edition makes to the avowed and celebrated writings of this unknown author.

In a former number more than enough space was occupied with the inquiry, Who was Junius? We shall, therefore, no further resume the subject, than just to remark how perverse, after all, is the curiosity which has so pertinaciously stimulated the research. For it may be presumed, that no reader, who has been gratified by the strength of the impression which the Letters have made upon him, can wish to feel that impression weakened. He would not wish to lose what may be called the poetical part of the impression, the sensation, as if the fabled Minos, the Judge in the Shades, had been realized; or, as if he were carried back to the time of the Secret Tribunal, and beheld, by a glimmering at midnight, the dubious and veiled form of its chief. And yet it is obvious that this part of the impression would be lost the moment that the mystery should be completely removed, and the gloomy resident of an inaccessible cavern, whence he has alarmed the people with formidable sounds, or transient visits in the darkness, be brought forth to view, in the plain unquestionable shape of Counsellor Dunning, Lord George Sackville, or any other personage of known and familiar reality. For our own part, therefore, feeling more gratification from the effect of this accompaniment of mystery, than we know of any real advantage that would follow from a perfect disclosure, we can, on second thoughts,

be content that the investigation should be finally baffled. And, unless the present editor, inherits from his father something much more explicit on the side of positive evidence, than anything he has communicated, it seems now not very unlikely, that the secret may substantially, be perpetual. We say, substantially ; for surmises, however strong and probable, though they may serve very well for an ingenious argument, or a confident assertion, will still leave a consciousness of being very far from having an absolute hold on a fact. The total uncertainty that to this day has attended the inquiry, would seem to be a decisive proof of the sincerity of the writer, in avowing his determination to remain for ever unknown to the public ; and is equally a proof, that if not entirely without private confidants, they must have been persons of most extraordinary discretion as well as fidelity. That he was not absolutely "the sole depository of his own secret," is evident, if there be any truth in one of his private Letters to Woodfull, expressing his mortification at having published, a day or two before, the foolish, or worse than foolish letter, in answer to a writer signed Junia. In this note he says, "I assure you it was printed against my own opinion. The truth is, there are people about me, whom I would not wish to contradict, and who would rather see Junius in the papers, even so improperly, than not at all." In another of the private Letters he says, "The gentleman who transacts the conveyancing part of our correspondence tells me, there was much difficulty last night."

During the period of the appearance of the Letters, there are repeated indications in the private correspondence, of great solicitude to secure himself in the profoundest secrecy. "I must," he says, in one of his communications, "be more cautious than ever: I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days ; or, if I did, they would attain me by bill." In another he says, "Tell me candidly, whether you know, or suspect, who I am?" In another, "Upon no account, nor for any reason whatever are you to write to me until I give you notice." "Change to the Somerset Coffee-house, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably by

me, and at a proper time you shall know me." "The Somerset Coffee-house," says the editor, "formed only one of a great variety of places at which answers and other parcels from the printer's were ordered to be left. A common name, such as was not likely to excite any peculiar attention, was first chosen by Junius, and a common place of deposit indicated: the parcels from Junius himself were sent direct to the printing-office, and whenever a parcel or letter in return was waiting for him, it was announced in the notices to correspondents by such signals as "N. E. C."—"A letter,"—"C. in the usual place,"—"an old correspondent shall be attended to,"—or by a line of Latin poetry.

The private Letters to Woodfall are generally very short, and they form the secret history of the public series. Many of them would be quite insignificant but for the impossibility of dissociating a character of some importance with whatever was written by such a man, under such circumstances. They are in a simple, laconic, correct, and even easy style; but it is a relative ease, never for a moment partaking of the playfulness of a careless man: it is the expression without effort of a man, whom yet this very expression indicates to have been rigorously disciplined to exertion and caution, and habituated to the gravest tone of feeling. The most pleasing passages are those in which he shows, in an unaffected manner, a kind interest for the printer, whose humble co-operation was so important to him, and whose courage and faithful discretion were inestimable. Certainly, a man so perfectly sensible of his own lofty rank, in point of ability and importance, may well afford to do full justice to the merits of a subordinate co-operator. But, nevertheless, we think that the examples are of most rare occurrence, in which this is done so freely, so unaffectedly, and so respectfully, as it is done by Woodfall's correspondent, in the same short Letter, perhaps, in which he speaks in the language of contempt and defiance of some of the *biggest* people in the realm. Of this latter kind there is a very characteristic passage relative to some threatening intimations of a prosecution from the Duke of Bedford.

"As to *you*, it is clearly my opinion, that you have nothing to fear from the Duke of Bedford. I reserve some things expressly

to awe him, in case he should think of bringing you before the House of Lords. I am sure I can threaten him privately with such a storm as would make him tremble even in his grave."

If we might, in any case, trust to the perfect sincerity of expressions of contempt for what are called the great (which, doubtless, are generally the splenetic effusion of envy, mortified pride, or dissatisfied ambition), one should be tempted to give this credit to a censor, who gives such unequivocal proofs of *really knowing what it is* that he everywhere treats with so little ceremony. At any rate, we are inclined to honour him, we confess, for having set a bold example of throwing aside, with respect to those orders of mortals, whose situation affects the popular mind with a kind of superstition, the conventional diction of ceremony and reverence, and speaking of them in the terms of a plain, direct estimate of their qualities. Though we should not refuse, for the sake of maintaining order in the community, a somewhat extra quantum of civility to elevated rank and station, yet we should think it tolerably clear on the other hand, that the preservation of that very order itself depends incomparably more on the standard of morality being kept simple and invariable, an object which is contravened and defeated, to the infinite prejudice of the morals of mankind, by the current phraseology of homage to the uppermost sort of our fellow-sinners, whatever may be their folly or iniquity.

These private notes contain a number of plain avowals of the great expense of labour bestowed on the public Letters, especially those with the renowned signature, and of his opinion of the able execution of some of them; and several admonitions to the printer to do them justice, by accuracy in *his* department. "I have only to desire," he says in one place, "that the dedication and preface may be correct. Look to it. If you take it upon yourself, I will not forgive your suffering it to be spoiled. I weigh every word; and every alteration, in my eyes at least, is a blemish." "The enclosed (Junius, Letter XLI. to Lord Mansfield), though begun within these few days, has been greatly laboured. It is very correctly copied, and I beg you will take care it be literally printed as it stands." "At last I have concluded my great work (Junius, Letter LXVIII. also to Lord Mansfield), and I assure you, with no small labour,

The paper is, in my opinion, of the highest style of Junius, and cannot fail to sell." "I am strangely partial to the enclosed (Junius, Letter XLIX. to the Duke of Grafton). It is finished with the utmost care. If I find myself mistaken in my judgment of this paper, I positively will never write again."

The expression "for God's sake," is profanely employed twice in these notes, on unimportant occasions. And several other licences occur here and there in this large assemblage, which make it too doubtful whether his general forbearance of transgression be not fully as much attributable to a certain sense of dignity, as to any dread of violating religion.

The last of the private Letters to Woodfall is dated January the 19th, 1773, later by almost a year than the concluding Letter of Junius, and many months later than what the editor has given as the last public Letter from the same writer, with any other signature. There is a Letter which was sent to him by Mr. Woodfall, of the date of March the 7th, 1773, and it closes by "begging the favour of a line in answer." But whether any answer was given remains in the dark, for the editor expressly says, "The Letter of January the 19th is the very last we have any certain knowledge that Junius ever addressed to Mr. Woodfall." During a few subsequent months, several signals were thrown out in the *Public Advertiser* by Mr. Woodfall, to induce the giant to come forth again from his cave; but the editor says, "there is no reason for believing that Junius ever broke through the silence, on which he so inflexibly determined on January the 19th, or consented to re-appear before the public in any character whatever." This last Letter we transcribe:—

"January 19, 1773.

"I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured that I have good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. I meant the cause and the public. Both are given up. I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together on any one question. But it is all alike, vile and contemptible.

"*You have never flinched that I know of; and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.*

"*If you have anything to communicate (of moment to yourself) you may use the last address and give a hint.*"

The next portion of the work is a "Private Correspondence between Junius and Mr. Wilkes." It appears they were introduced to this correspondence through the medium of Mr. Woodfall, who conveyed messages between them, as appears from the correspondence on which we have just been remarking, and who was even directed by Junius to submit one or two of his articles to Mr. Wilkes's inspection previously to publication. It is evident, however, throughout this series of letters between Junius and Mr. Woodfall, that the former remained as much unknown to the latter as he was to other men; and it is said, that Wilkes always declared that he never penetrated the secret.

Those who have from a later period contemplated (and indeed now almost forgotten) the character and the whole career of Wilkes, will be apt to feel some slight revolting at such a conjunction. And certainly we think that Junius appears much too indulgent to the immoral character of that daring and turbulent demagogue, and willing to anticipate more public good than his knowledge of human nature should have suffered him to augur, from the activity of so self-interested and grossly vicious a man. At the same time we think it will appear evident, that this short epistolary intercourse was entered into, on the part of Junius, solely from a wish to give to that activity a more regulated and steady direction to the real and necessary vindication of the liberties of the people. And certainly the combat so intrepidly maintained by Wilkes against the encroachments both of the Court and the Parliament, deserved some aiding and guiding interference of a more judicious and dignified spirit, which spirit, however, ought at the same time to have been much severer against his depravity. In taking upon him to be Wilkes's adviser (for the interference is decidedly of this character), Junius maintains a good deal of the high tone of dictator, though softened by more of the amicable than his correspondent deserved. We will transcribe the beginning of his first Letter:—

"I presume, sir, you are satisfied that I mean you well, and that it is not necessary to assure you that while you adhere to the resolution of depending only upon the public favour (which, if you have half the understanding I attribute to you, you can never depart from), you may rely upon my utmost assistance. Whatever imaginary views may be ascribed to the author, it must always remain a part of Junius's plan to support Mr. Wilkes, while *he* makes common cause with the people. I would engage your favourable attention to what I am going to say to you; and I entreat you not to be too hasty in concluding, from the apparent tendency of this Letter, to any possible interests or connexions of my own. It is a very common mistake in judgment, and a very dangerous one in conduct, first to look for nothing in the argument proposed to us but the motive of the man who uses it, and then to measure the truth of his argument by the motive we have assigned to him. With regard to me, sir, any refinements in this way, would assuredly mislead you; and though I do not disclaim the idea of some personal views to future honour and advantage (you would not believe me if I did), yet I can truly affirm, that neither are they little in themselves, nor can they, by any possible conjecture, be collected from my writings."

Whatever were the objects of a personal nature which he does not think he should be believed in disclaiming, he pleads at the close of the next Letter, which he expects to be the last to Wilkes, that at any rate *as Junius* he *must* be disinterested.

"I have faithfully served the public, without the possibility of a personal advantage. As Junius, I can never expect to be rewarded. The secret is too important to be committed to any great man's discretion. If views of interest or ambition could tempt me to betray my own secret, how could I flatter myself that the man I trusted would not act upon the same principles, and sacrifice me at once to the King's curiosity and resentment? Speaking, therefore, as a disinterested man, I have a claim to your attention."

Adverting, in another place, to the same mystery of his personality, of which, as a great infelicity to, and advantage over, his correspondent, Wilkes respectfully complained, yet, forbearing all impertinent inquisitiveness, this inhabitant of darkness replies:—

"Besides every personal consideration, if I were known I could no longer be a useful servant to the public. At present

there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions. I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate; and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime. The mystery of Junius increases his importance."

These Letters, for the greater proportion, relate to the political management of the City, as to parties and the election of chief magistrates, and to the principles of a kind of manifesto, in the shape of political resolutions, published by a society called Supporters of the Bill of Rights. There is great shrewdness in the observations on the personal and party concerns, and much sound, sober thinking in those on political principles and plans of reform. Though an ardent reformist, and most mortal hater of the parliamentary corruption, which he perhaps thought (for, after all, he was neither prophet nor conjurer), could not go any greater length than he had witnessed, he was far enough from being a wild projector of mere innovation. He strongly insisted against the opinion of Wilkes and his associates, on the superior advantages of triennial to those of annual parliaments; and, with an earnest wish that the political system were rid of the rotten boroughs, he yet deliberately balances and inclines towards the negative of the question, whether the legislature has in theory the rightful power, and whether it would be, on the whole account, beneficial that it should have and exert the power of disfranchising them. The grand danger, as he pretends to argue, of conceding such a power, is, that a wicked legislature (it is a bad indication we fear, as to his own probity, that he could so readily fancy the possible existence of such a thing), might employ this power with the most pernicious effect against liberty and the people, by disfranchising any place of which the inhabitants or the representatives could not be bribed or intimidated from active hostility against state iniquity.

It does not appear that the reasonings or the authority of even Junius, regarded, as it is evident from Wilkes's letters that he was, with sincere deference, had much practical influence on that political desperado or his partisans. Those Letters are extremely shrewd and lively, and expressive of almost everything in patriotism excepting the slightest degree of real concern for the welfare of the community. With this man even Johnson was beguiled out of his

austerity and his personal animosity; and Junius is at moments seduced into pleasantries; he is even betrayed into the disclosure of great laxity as to such moral principles as are not directly implicated in political justice. It is deplorable to hear a man of high and grave intelligence, the indignant advocate and avenger of virtue, when insulted *from some quarters*, talking in the following strain, and that to a man like Wilkes, whose timorous, over-scrupulous conscience was so much in need of being quieted!

"I too am no enemy to good fellowship, and have often cursed that canting parson for wishing to deny you your claret. It is for *him* and men like *him* to heware of intoxication. Though I do not place the little pleasures of life in competition with the glorious business of instructing and directing the people, yet I see no reason why a wise man may not unite the public virtues of Cato with the indulgence of Epicurus."

But he was an excellent preceptor, as he was a consummate judge, as to those points of propriety of conduct which were likely to affect Wilkes's consequence with the public. For example:—

"Depend upon it, the perpetual union of *Wilkes* and *mob* does you no service. Not but I love and esteem the mob. It is your interest to keep up dignity and gravity besides. I would not make myself cheap by walking the streets so much as you do. *Verbum sat.*"

In one or two of the Letters from Junius there appears to be some heinous and dreadful sedition, glimmering with "doubtful and malignant light" from black stars, sparks, we suppose, or diminutive fragments of that black sun which Lilly conceived to be the cause of night, raying out darkness as the bright sun does light.

The celebrated Letters constitute the next portion of the work. On this it is not here necessary to make any remark, except that the editor has greatly augmented its value by many explanatory notes, and the insertion of some public documents of those times, adapted to make the readers of the present and future times much more masters of the intention, and better judges of the justice, of many parts of the Letters. A number of the most effective, and several of the most virulent strictures of his contemporaries,

are reprinted from the *Public Advertiser*, which freely admitted the productions of his adversaries,—a liberality to which he had no objection, as it brought materials directly under the operation of his engines, and presented him immediately in a comparison from which he scorned to acknowledge, either publicly or privately, that he had anything to fear. His contempt of his opponents is expressed in one of his private Letters in connexion with an observation well worth quoting for its shrewdness.

“As you will probably never hear from me again, I will not omit this opportunity of observing to you, that I am not properly supported in the newspapers. One would think that all the fools were of the other side of the question. As to myself, it is of little moment. I can brush away the swarming insects whenever I think proper. But it is bad policy to let it appear, in any instances, that we have not numbers as well as justice of our side.”

His contempt of his adversaries must not, however, be uniformly taken as either a just estimate of their abilities, or an infallible decision of the point of truth and justice between the combatants. It is impossible but several of the papers here reprinted must have considerably galled and considerably embarrassed him. And the reader will not fail to perceive that he was convicted of much more inaccuracy and injustice than can be pardoned to a man who will never acknowledge or retract them.

The last portion, consisting of the Miscellaneous Letters, contains, as we have already said, nearly as much composition as all the public Letters under the signature of Junius. The number is a hundred and thirteen. The series begins with two letters signed Poplicola, followed by one signed Anti-Sejanus, full of the most acrimonious invective against Lord Chatham, who ultimately obtained a considerable share of the writer's favour. The following extract is quite as courteous as many pages preceding it:—

“It is worth while to consider, though perhaps not safe to point out, by what arts it hath been possible for him (Bute) to maintain himself so long in power, and to screen himself from national justice. Some of them have been obvious enough; the rest may without difficulty be guessed at. But whatever they are, it is not above a twelvemonth ago since they might have all

been defeated, and the venomous spider itself caught and trampled upon in its own webs. It was then his good fortune to corrupt one man (Mr. Pitt), from whom we least of all expected so base an apostacy. Who indeed could have suspected, that it should even consist with the spirit and understanding of that person to accept of a share of power under a court minion, whom he himself had affected to detest or despise, as much as he knew he was detested and despised by the whole nation? I will not censure him for the avarice of a pension, nor the melancholy ambition of a title. These were objects which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them far beneath his acceptance. But, . . . to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of catching all his infamy; to fight under his auspices against the constitution; and to receive the word from him, prerogative and a thistle; by the once respected name of Pitt, it is even below contempt. But it seems that this unhappy country has long enough been distracted by their divisions, and in the last instance was to be oppressed by their union. May that union, honourable as it is, subsist for ever! may they continue to smell at one thistle, and not be separated even in death."

The animosity against Lord Chatham is maintained to a considerably advanced point in the series. The editor observes, "that it was not till about the date of the fifty-fourth Letter of Junius, that the author began to think commendably of this nobleman. "I am called upon," says he, in that Letter, "to deliver my opinion, and surely it is not in the little censure of Mr. Horn, to deter me from doing signal justice to a man, *who, I confess, has grown upon my esteem.*" It would not, now, be of much use to inquire what degree of inconsistency, in principle, there might be in this; but the changing positions and connexions, in which that distinguished statesman's political character was presented to the public view, render it probable that a uniform opinion of him would have been a much greater inconsistency. No such variation of judgment is manifested respecting some other eminent individuals, especially the Duke of Grafton and Lord Mansfield. These are followed throughout, under whatever character or appellative the author writes, with unrelenting hostility, as objects on which he might, without the check of one compunctious feeling, exercise his utmost talent in venting his utmost acrimony. They were such exquisitely adapted fuel for the fire

of his soul, which burnt with such peculiar brilliance whenever it was devouring them, that it is difficult to believe he could really wish them consigned to that exile or death which he so repeatedly invoked for them in the name of justice. The sentiment of detestation appears like the vitality of his intellectual being, and its extremest excitement was necessary to the most powerful and luxurious activity of his faculties. If he had been detained awhile among more insipid topics and smaller criminals, in a comparative languor of thought through moderation of antipathy, he had only to revert to these two personages to flame out immediately in all the magnificence of fire and brimstone.

A still more marked contrariety of his judgment on individuals than even in the instance of Lord Chatham, is displayed in his treatment of Wilkes. In an early part of this miscellaneous collection, and of a date of between three and four years anterior to that of the first Letter in his amicable correspondence with Wilkes, there is a most violent invective against his character and proceedings, and against what he represents of a most base connivance of the government, in suffering the outlaw to harbour and publicly to stir sedition in the metropolis. *Here* there is no lenity to his vices, and no fair acknowledgment of his abilities. If Wilkes's movements did afterwards take a character and direction which Junius might, without any reversal of the principles according to which he had pronounced the former judgment, deem capable of being managed to promote the cause of liberty and the people, and therefore worthy to be abetted, yet surely, at least, such flagrant immorality, and such unquestionable self-interestedness in political views, ought to have precluded, with a genuine friend of virtue, the possibility of any degree of personal cordiality.

After having already exceeded a fair allowance of space in our account of this very attractive publication, we must not think of any distinct notice of this long miscellaneous course of Letters, or of their subjects. On their quality, we may observe in general, that most of them bear the most indubitable marks of coming from the same hand; besides, the particular authentications, with which the editor has been enabled to accompany a large proportion of them. Though,

at a medium, not nearly so long as those in the name of Junius, though, frequently, but not always, less carefully elaborated, though sometimes descending to an offensive coarseness, incompatible with the dignity of Junius in his imperial pomp, and not containing, within a given space, quite an equal number of brilliant passages, they still disclaim every other writer. They have the same perspicuity and compression; the same sustained, and, in some degree, stately course of diction; the same certainty of hard thought being found wherever we touch the composition; the same absence of everything loosely extraneous and merely ornamental, of everything indeed that is not of the necessary substance of the work,—a work which gives an image of clear solidity and power somewhat resembling a colossal statue without drapery. There is the same pointed decided direction towards a definable object, as contradistinguished from writing from the mere impulse to produce sentences; the same intrepidity of tone; the same acuteness of discrimination, and mischievous felicity (if such a phrase may pass) of retort; the same firm assumption of being always victorious, or of practising a condescension in accepting the rectification of any detected mistake; the same knowledge of English history and law; and the same acquaintance with contemporary personal history and political intrigue.

We meant to give our readers a much larger proportion of extracts; but it will be in a measure expressing an estimate of the talents displayed in this additional volume to say, that it is not easy to determine what to transcribe. Such passages as the following will be sufficiently indicative of their author. There are a number of Letters on the occasion, which doubtless made a great impression at that time, of the forcible transfer, by the mere authority of the crown, and to serve a political purpose, of certain property in land belonging to the Duke of Portland, to Sir James Lowther, son-in-law to Lord Bute.

In the course of the attacks on Lord Hillsborough and his advocates, there is an instance of that effective vengeance which Junius was seldom at a loss how to take on those who presumed to triumph in the exposure of any mistake he might have committed. In arraying a transaction in

which his lordship was the offender, "he had advanced it," in point of dates, "too forward by one complete week;" but the days of the week, the facts, and the order in which they succeeded one another, were the same; and therefore the argument, and the crimination of his lordship, were not at all affected by the mistake. It was exposed, it seems, in a tone of exultation, by a Mr. Ford. Junius (writing under the signature of Lucius) acknowledged it instantly, in a few words; but a few days afterwards visited the hostility and petty triumph of this correction in the following manner, on the detector and the peer:—

"My Lord,—Permit me to have the honour of introducing to you a very amiable and valuable acquaintance. Mr. Ford is the gentleman I mean. Your lordship will forgive the timidity and bashfulness of his first address, and, considering your quality, condescend to make him some advances. There is a similarity in your circumstances, to say nothing of your virtues and understanding, which may lay the foundation for a solid friendship between you for the rest of your lives. Undoubtedly you are not quite acquainted with a character on which you appear to have formed your own. The case was singular, my lord, and cannot fail of exciting some emotions of sympathy in your lordship's breast. This worthy man found himself exposed to a most malicious prosecution for perjury. A profligate jury found him guilty, and a cruel judge pronounced his sentence of imprisonment, pillory, and transportation. His mind was a good deal distressed in the course of this affair (for he too is a man of delicate feelings), but his character, like yours, was above the reach of malice.* Not to keep your lordship any longer in pain, I have the pleasure of telling you that, when law and justice had done their worst, a lady, in whom he seldom places any confidence at cards, was generous enough to stand his friend. Fortune discovered a flaw in the indictment, and now, my lord, in spite of an iniquitous prosecution, in spite of conviction and sentence, he stands as fair in his reputation as ever he did. Your lordship will naturally be struck with the resemblance between your case and his. Facts were so particularly stated against you that they could not be denied;—the order in which they happened was demonstrated, and sentence was pronounced

* Alluding to a passage in a former letter: "You say your character is above the reach of malice. True, my lord, you have fixed that reproach upon your character to which malice can add nothing."

by the public. The affair was over, when up gets *Tommy Ford*, and discovers that the whole transaction passed in the last week in July, instead of the first in August. This mistake, as it brought the object nearer to us, I called *advancing*. In your lordship's country I presume it may properly be called a *retreat*. Here, however, the comparison ends. Your friend escaped by a form of law. But you, my lord, have been tried at a tribunal of honour and equity. The public, who are judges, will not suffer *my* mistake (however it may prove the badness of *my* heart to acknowledge it) to quash the indictment against you. You are convicted of having done a base and foolish action, in a manner the most despicable and absurd. Your punishment attends you in the contempt and detestation of mankind."—P. 151.

The period when this part of the Letters appeared, was that at which the discontents in the Transatlantic colonies, progressively augmenting under a fluctuating, feeble, and irritating course of policy, had acquired that formidable aspect which was now fast darkening towards absolute deadly hostility. Junius reprobated the measures of government; but was, at the same time, a most decided anti-American.

We cannot proceed to describe the whole course of warfare maintained against the government, and against noted individuals, throughout this volume. The Duke of Grafton, and Lords Chatham, Camden, North, Shelburne, Townshend, and Mansfield, with many persons of inferior rank, suffered under the severest persecution that was ever inflicted by the pen of an individual. But some of its most pungent and corrosive operations were reserved to be applied, with a relentless repetition and perseverance, to Lord Barrington, towards the conclusion of the series. He was the subject of the very last letter of the work, the last ever received by the printer for the purpose of publication, if not absolutely the last of any kind. This is signed *Nemesis*, a name appropriate, at least, as to the formidable half of that deity's vocation to the whole known agency of this mysterious person.

If we had intended a few general remarks, we now find, either that we have made them already, or that there is little need for them here. The public will be highly and justly gratified to have obtained possession of the whole ascertainable compositions of Junius. And we think no small

literary benefit may be expected to accrue from the renovated attention to such a consummate model of writing. The study of a composition so lucid, so condensed, so vigorous, and so select and moderate in ornament, may surely contribute, if any thing can, to make our contemporaries ashamed of the idle negligence, the crudeness, diffuseness, and vanity of decoration, so prevalent in their compositions.

We are more dubious as to benefits of a higher order. While we should exult in any reasonable hope, that the example of Junius might contribute to stimulate able and virtuous men to a bold and persevering exertion to expose political corruption, and inflict an infamy, salutary to the public interests, on public delinquents, we fear that the imposing exhibition, in so much eloquence and apparent dignity, of some of the worst passions of the human mind, pride and revenge (for Junius cannot be acquitted of these), will always be an example of injurious attraction; the more injurious, as there is so much justice in his inflictions, that we are tempted to place them all to the account of justice.

One thing must strike every reader, whatever may be his reflections on it: the *press* was far more free forty years since, than it is now. There are fifty, nay, twice or thrice fifty passages, we think, in these volumes, the like of which hazarded in print at this day would incur an *ex officio* information. We deplore the excesses which, from the nature of human beings, will necessarily attend an ample freedom of printing, but the exposures made in these Letters are enough to prove, that no less of this freedom than was enjoyed at that time, is enough to enable the public to judge of the characters and measures of bad powerful men. What amazement would seize the deluded people of this country, at the consequences of a sudden recovery of an equal degree of freedom of the press, and the appearance of a Junius to take advantage of it!

HENRY GRATTAN.

Speeches of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, with Observations. The whole comprising a Brief Review of the most Important Political Events in the History of Ireland. Vol. I. 8vo. 1813.

At some of the most distinguished foreign places of resort for travellers, there is kept what is called an Album, a book in which there is permission for any stranger, but a particular desire for every illustrious one, to inscribe his name, together with any observations expressive of the manner in which his mind is affected by the peculiarities of the place. In proportion to the number of names and contributions of such eminent persons the book will become an interesting repository for the inspection of the travelling visitants of future times.

It may be allowed to regard the permanent literature of a country somewhat in the light of such a receptacle and repository; and it is much to be desired that all the very first-rate minds, in the course of their brief sojourn on the planet, could be induced to make a deliberate and somewhat carefully prepared contribution to this accumulation. It is peculiarly desirable that this could be exacted from men who have displayed eminent genius and comprehension as the conductors, or the censors of the conductors, of human affairs on the great scale. If they would write directly on those concerns, they might make (we are supposing the writers honest as well as able) such a representation of them as would ensure to all future time some enlightened and most instructive spaces in history. Or if they would write on more general subjects, they would do it with all the advantage of having ready for a thousand different applications the intellectual results, acquired by intense speculation exercised on a world of facts during the time those facts were passing and disclosing their nature, under also the *practical* operation of the minds which were speculating on them.

In recollecting the names most distinguished in our political history of the last half-century, we find several which cannot be mentioned without some regret that intellect and eloquence, which the agreeing testimony of contemporaries

has assigned to the very highest order, should have vanished without leaving any of those memorials, in which we can contemplate the form and brightness of a great mind in a direct and immediate exhibition, without being reduced to draw our estimate by inference from the records of transactions, or to accept it from the testimony of those who had the privilege of hearing the eloquence and the argument which passed away while they delighted or astonished. Of some of these persons, who compelled admiration and homage in their day, by their prodigious mental powers, there hardly remains so much as even a selection of their most distinguished orations, reported with any tolerable fidelity, to afford a partial compensation for the want of all elaborate and regular productions of their extraordinary faculties.

The eloquent individual, a portion of whose Speeches is here recovered to the Irish, and presented (for the first time in great part) to the English public, has very long been an object of much interest to the cultivated people of this country. The very great influence he had on the affairs of Ireland during a fourth part of a century, would necessarily have brought him, by the mere fact of so much actual political importance, a good deal within the contemplation of the politicians, and indeed almost the whole of the most inquisitive and informed class, of the English nation. But the consideration that this great influence was not the effect of anything extrinsic to the man, was in no degree of the nature of that coarse and vulgar kind of domination, maintained by high rank and vast wealth, rendered him a much more striking object of attention, at least with some of us, than he could have become on the mere strength of his political consequence—so long as that consequence should be viewed separately from its cause. And the established conviction of his extraordinary talents has long excited in many of our countrymen a wish, that like Burke and a few other great statesmen and orators, he could have been induced to adopt the literary mode of gratifying his contemporaries at a distance, and favouring posterity with some of the best exertions and richest treasures of his mind. What an original, captivating, and instructive series of moral, political, and biographical commentaries, for instance, he could give to the world, in the free form of a review of the principal affairs and events of his own time!

In default of any regular compositions, even a selection of his Speeches in the Irish Commons, authenticated as adequately reported, would long since have been received by many with great pleasure. The specimens that now and then found their way into the English prints, followed, since the Union, by the reports of his occasional exertions in what has been called the Imperial Parliament, have given the idea of an eloquence, not only marked by a peculiar and original character, but of prodigious energy and brilliance. No man that ever read a single column or paragraph of it, would be in the least danger of conceiving of Mr. Grattan as one of that kind of orators (sometimes very respectable and useful ones indeed), into which moderate talents, accompanied by constitutional courage, may be worked by the indefatigable prosecution and habitual debating of public business. His eloquence must, in its earliest stage of public display, have convinced itself as the flame and impetus of mighty genius. The man would infallibly be recognized as of the race of the intellectual Incas, the children of the Sun.

It was, then, with much interest that we saw the first announcement of this volume, though not without some apprehension lest it should prove one of those book-making contrivances which have so often insulted and robbed the public under the form of collections of speeches. We are pleased, however, to find that though there are evidently great defects in the reporting of the Speeches, and too many instances of culpable negligence in the editing, the compilation is nevertheless of a very superior order to the currency of works of this kind just made up for trade. The anonymous editor writes like a man of considerable ability, and evinces that cordial veneration for Mr. Grattan which would be solicitous not to injure his fame. He has an almost enthusiastic affection for Ireland, and his composition bears some strong marks of the Irish character, in its ardour, negligent expression, and exaggerating rhetoric. He appears well acquainted with the Irish history during the period included within the great orator's career; and has given a spirited sketch of it, in order to illustrate the state of the nation as Mr. Grattan found it, and the progress it made under the auspices of that most genuine patriot, and those who acted with him. The several Speeches too are preceded

by short and very needful explanations relative to the subjects, and the opinions entertained on them by Mr. Grattan's opponents. We transcribe his own account of his intentions and means :—

“ When the editor of Mr. Grattan's Speeches first entertained the idea of collecting and compiling the eloquence of his distinguished countryman, he was influenced by two considerations to the prosecution of so important and national a work. The first, that the present circumstances under which his country was placed required more than ever the general diffusion of those principles which first tended to promote the happiness and prosperity of Ireland. The second, that he conceived he would add, in a great and eminent degree, to the many valuable works of this kind which are daily issuing from the press, and gratify that taste for eloquence which has been so much the object of every man's *attainment* and ambition. The only claim which the editor of this volume has to public patronage is, that he has spared no labour in endeavouring to give to the public the most faithful reports of the Speeches which he has collected—and that he has diligently examined the various records where the best and most faithful reports could be found.

“ In collecting the productions of that mind which so eloquently poured forth its treasures—in compiling with industry and care the labours of that man whose talents raised his country from slavery to freedom, the editor, hopes, if he shall not enjoy the praise, he may at least escape the severity of the critic ; and that he shall have gratified the friend of literature and the man of taste, the admirer of genius and the advocate of liberal principles and enlightened legislature, by rescuing the Speeches of Mr. Grattan from the mouldering records of newspapers, and the widely extended surface of parliamentary debates ; and it is a debt which the editor owes to the fame of this distinguished senator, to state, that those and similar records are the *only* sources from which he has taken the Speeches now given to the public.”

There is a laudable honesty in this plain acknowledgment ; at the same time it would obviously be very unlikely he *should* have any other authority than the printed reports for the substantial materials of his compilation ; nor is there any other imaginable mode of verifying even the forms of expression, unless the orator himself could have been induced to revise these reports ; and even if he had, it is probable such a compilation would have received no assistance from

his memory. His judgment might very probably have pronounced on many passages of reported Speeches that he did not, because he could not, utter them so; but what the expressions really were, it would now be, in a thousand instances as impossible for him to recollect as for any of the survivors of those that heard them. Indeed, it would often have been impossible even on the day after the Speeches were delivered. A train of sudden, original, and tumultuous conceptions, starting up in brilliant, arbitrary, and infinitely versatile forms of language, and as it were impetuously chasing one another away beyond the confines of the mind, will defy all the power of even that mind itself from which they sprung, to recall them in their native living expression. In attempting it the orator would find himself in a situation considerably like that of a man who having yesterday beheld a grand mountain-torrent, should to-day go with the intention of delineating it, but should find little more than the channel down which it was flung in so many picturesque forms and with such power.

It seems that the Irish reporters, till so lately as a considerably advanced stage of Mr. Grattan's parliamentary career, were miserable performers. Insomuch that the editor has been reduced to commence the regular series of Speeches in the year 1785, ten years later than Mr. Grattan's entrance into parliament, though it was about the middle and towards the latter part of this ten years that the orator made those ardent and splendid exertions, which contributed so much towards obtaining for his country a free trade and an independent legislature. It was during that period that a great self-created army arose in Ireland, and ultimately dictated to the appalled government. It was a season of national elevation and enthusiasm, by far the most splendid that Ireland ever saw, and very rarely equalled in all history.

Mr. Grattan's genius at once contributed to inflame the enthusiasm of the people, and was kindled to greater intensity itself by the reflected fervour of the national spirit. It may well be believed that in a season so extraordinary, under the mighty stimulation of a very great passion for very great objects, that genius exploded, if the expression may be allowed, such luminous and striking forms of thought and diction, as to rival the highest eloquence of any age or

country. It may even be believed, though the editor does not exactly say so, that in subsequent periods, under an excitement less approaching to preternatural, and in the prosecution of objects less magnificent, this great patriot's eloquence can only now and then, at considerable intervals, have rivalled its own former triumphant energy. This season of national ardour and eloquent effusion passed away without leaving anything in the slightest degree approaching to a satisfactory record of the mental exhibitions that animated and enlightened it; and the editor of this volume has been unable to furnish anything more than a few fragments, for the most part evidently taken down in a most clumsy and discontinuous manner, of those orations of Grattan which left on the minds of their auditors the permanent impression of something reaching nearly to the limit of human genius. These slight and mutilated relics, however, the editor justly deemed it wrong to resign to oblivion, and he has introduced them at the proper places in his historical introduction. Poorly and crudely as most of these fragments are reported, they nevertheless bear very palpably some of the marks of their origin. We shall transcribe a short passage or two from the longest of them, the only record preserved of a most memorable speech on the 16th of April, 1782, a period of the most ardent national emotion, when the Irish were exulting, yet with mingled anxiety, in the immediate prospect of that legislative independence towards which they had been advancing with so much zeal, through so many sufferings.

"The people of Ireland have proceeded until the faculty of the nation is bound up to the great act of her own redemption. I am not very old, and yet I remember Ireland a child. I have followed her growth with anxious wishes, and beheld with astonishment the rapidity of her progress, from injuries to arms—from arms to liberty. I have seen her mind enlarge, her maxims open, and a new order of days burst in upon her. You are not now afraid of the French, nor afraid of the English, nor afraid of one another. You are no longer an insolvent gentry, without privilege except to tread upon a crest-fallen constituency, nor a constituency without privilege, except to tread upon a Catholic body;—you are now a united people, a nation manifesting itself to Europe in signal instances of glory. Turn to the rest of Europe, and you will find the ancient spirit has

everywhere expired ; Sweden has lost her liberty ; England is declining ; the other nations support their consequence by mercenary armies, or on the remembrance of a mighty name ; but you are the only people that have recovered their constitution, —recovered it by steady virtue. You have departed from the example of other nations, and have become an example to them. You not only excel modern Europe, but you excel what she can boast of old. Liberty, in former times, was recovered by the quick feelings and rapid impulse of the populace, excited by some strong object presented to their senses. Such an object was the daughter of Virginius, sacrificed to virtue ; such were the seven bishops, whose meagre and haggard looks expressed the rigour of their sufferings ; but no history can produce an instance of men like you, musing for years upon oppression, and then, upon a determination of right, rescuing the land.”—P. lxxxii.

“ This nation is connected with England not by *allegiance* only, but *liberty* ; —the crown is one great point of union, but *Magna Charta* is a greater : we could get a king anywhere, but England is the only country from which we could get a constitution ; and it is this which makes England your natural connexion. Ireland has British privileges, and is by them connected with Britain—both countries are united in liberty. This island was planted by British privileges as well as by British men ; it is a connexion, not as Judge Blackstone has falsely said, by conquest, but as I have repeatedly said, by charter. *Liberty, we say, with England ; but, at all events, Liberty.*”—“ This right is so interwoven with your nature, that you cannot part with it though you were willing ; you received it from God, and you cannot yield it to man.”

The English readers of these fragments will be arrested, and perhaps not a little confounded, by the boldness of some of the expressions, and the very small degree of superstitious reverence anywhere manifested towards very lofty authorities. The orator was looking full in the face of the British government when he exclaimed to his fellow-countrymen :—

“ God has afforded you an opportunity to emancipate yourselves and your posterity ; wait not the issue of a general peace, when the direction of her [England’s] power on this fated island may again lay you in bondage. For the honour of your country—for the honour of human nature—by the memory of your sufferings—by the sense you feel of your wrongs—by the love you owe your posterity—by the dignity and generous feelings of

Irishmen—I beseech you to seize the auspicious occasion, and let this be the hour of your freedom !”

“The oaths made to the House of Stuart were broken for the sake of liberty, and we live too near the English nation to be less than equal to it. Insulted by the British Parliament, there is no policy left for the English, but to do justice to a people, who are otherwise determined to do justice to themselves.”—“There is no middle course left ; win the heart of an Irishman, or else cut off his hand : a nation infringed on as Ireland, and armed as Ireland, must have equal freedom ; anything else is an insult.”—“The British nation, if she consults with the head, or with the heart, will not or cannot refuse our claims ; or were it possible she could refuse, *I will not submit.*”

It was because sixty or seventy thousand of the people were in arms, and could not be disarmed by the government, that he could adopt such language without temerity or vain flourish. And the effect, as against government, of that most memorable armanent, is a striking illustration of the influence of *success* in securing the sanction of general approbation to what, if it should fail, would incur almost as generally the character of iniquity, and perhaps infamy. There can be no doubt that had the government had power enough to dissolve this armed association of politicians, they would have been made guilty of treason for attempting to persist in their objects with menaces and brandished arms ; and sedition would have been the lightest crimination on Mr. Grattan's eloquence.

About fifteen of Mr. Grattan's Speeches constitute the substance of the volume. It will easily be apprehended, that a number of them must be short, when it is mentioned that more than a third part of the space comprising the whole is occupied with one Speech, on the subject of tithes, which it will require several hours to read. The Speech next in length, though much shorter, relates to an important set of commercial propositions made by the English Ministry in 1785, to the Irish Parliament. The other Speeches are on National Economy, Pensions, the Navigation Act, a Riot Act, the Regency (in 1789), and a “bill for disabling revenue officers voting at elections.” Four or five Speeches, not of great length, of other speakers, are inserted in the series, partly to give a clearer view of the subject of debate, and partly

on account of the excellence of two of the Speeches by Mr. Curran.

It is proper to give those who may be desirous of possessing this volume, a few points of fair warning. And first, it appears to us very strange that so sensible a man as the editor, after taking such commendable pains to collect and compare the reports of the Speeches, should suffer his compilation to be so carelessly printed. It abounds with errors of a kind for which he is accountable. The division and pointing of the sentences is wretched. Not seldom a sentence is turned into contradiction or nonsense by the omission or interlopation of particles, or by the substitution for some principal word of another word utterly foreign to the meaning. Sometimes, by a partial resemblance in sound or typography, and the consideration of what the connexion seems to require, the reader can restore the right word. And these palpable instances of carelessness lead him to impute it to the editor that many other sentences defy all conjectures of correction. How unaccountable is such negligence in the respectably endowed editor, and warm admirer, of pieces which are likely from other causes to appear under many disadvantages! For it is, in the next place, too apparent that the art of reporting was in a very imperfect state, or that of mutilating the reports in the publication in a prosperous one, at the period of these Speeches. This is evident in the incomplete, inexplicit form in which many of the thoughts are here denounced; and still more in the disorderly abruptness of transition, and the want of consequence in the connexion too often manifest in the series of ideas.

It is to be observed that Mr. Grattan's is precisely the oratory to which such an imperfect exhibition does the greatest injury. It is obvious that an eloquence distinguished by vast and daring conception, by rapid transitions, by a logic sometimes not a little refined, though not attenuated by length in its trains, and all this conveyed, or rather projected or flung, in a diction most original and peculiar, requires the utmost accuracy in the reporting, and will otherwise often appear extremely obscure. Great splendour may indeed be apparent, but in fragments and disconnexion,—the splendour of a luminary reflected in agitated water.

Again, many of the topics belong so exclusively, not only

to Irish affairs, but to temporary postures and incidents of those affairs, that the present race of readers, in England especially, will often feel both a deficiency of interest, and a very great difficulty even to comprehend. Various brief allusions to matters of consequence to the argument, and which would be instantly understood by the auditors, are, now and here, obscure. If from the same brevity of reference to the speculations and theories agitated among the leading Irish politicians, we might judge of the intelligence of the mass of those auditors, we should be led to entertain a high idea of their quickness and their acquirements.

After all, this volume will be found to contain a large measure of clear, powerful, and brilliant eloquence. It is an eloquence most eminently distinguished by an intelligence comprehensive, sagacious, and incomparably active. That intelligence has such a velocity, vividness, and keenness of action, that the reader's imagination is continually haunted with the trite but noble simile of lightning. The fine passages do not, in the Ciceroian manner, regularly swell and expand into magnificence. Instead of this, the mind emits itself in powerful sudden impulses and flashes which strike and instantly vanish. Propositions the most abstracted, and metaphors the most splendid and original, are uttered with an almost unequalled brevity. This orator was assuredly never surpassed in the power of putting the whole essence of an argument, the main *rationale* of a subject, in the concentrated form of a single thought or image. There is also a great *moral* force in his eloquence, from the infallible signs of sincerity which constantly distinguish it, and from a certain lofty character of austerity.

ON INSTRUCTION BY ALLEGORY.

The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God. Svo. 1813.

PERHAPS no unpardonable sin against good taste would be committed by a man who should wish that the method of instructing mankind by protracted and complicated Allegory.

might be laid aside for ever. Indeed, separately from any judgment dictated by the laws of good taste merely and literary merit, there is a moral consideration, not entirely inapplicable to the subject.—it is, that the period and state of the world in which we are fallen should have some influence on the choice of modes of written instruction. And if there is any fact in the character of the present times that peculiarly claims to have such an influence, it is this, that the attention and the time of the community are pressed upon by an extraordinary combination of urgent circumstances, which force people to be, for the most part, very busy and very anxious. We think that, in consideration of this fact, those who write to convey instruction, will do well to adopt, generally, the most direct and perspicuous methods, instead of obliging their readers to expend their efforts in following it through circuitous courses—to toil in pondering and guessing the import of visions and allegories—and often to feel that their labour has resulted, after all, in nothing like a clear addition to their knowledge, or beneficial effect on their will. If there be some readers disposed to be content on these terms, it is at least certain that the class for whom such a work as that before us would seem intended, cannot afford to be so employed.

This moral view of the matter assumes the inferior merits of extended Allegory, as a mode of instruction. And in truth we suppose that almost all readers, so far as they reflect, have one conviction on this point. Every one's experience testifies that it is inefficient and unsatisfactory, whether, considered in reference to the laws of allegorical writing, it be executed well or ill. Well executed, we suppose a long allegorical work will hardly be allowed to be called on easier conditions than these: that the story shall be mainly constructed of objects and facts, and not be a mere dialogue of qualities personified; that almost all the constituent matters of it, whether persons, actions, or scenery, shall be figurative and emblematical, the interior meaning being, to a considerable extent, carried with analogical proportion, into even the ramifications and minutiae of the fable; and that, at the same time, it shall be quite as complete, taken simply as a story, as if it had no such interior meaning. Now, to say nothing in this case of the writer (though it would be

much to be deplored that a better employment had not been found for the prodigious genius and labour indispensable for the successful execution of this double and parallel work, each part of which is to be complete in itself, while the two parts are to maintain a perfect correspondence, so that wherever the reader stops to take an observation, he shall find himself to be at precisely the same point of the sensible world and of the speculative or moral world), to say nothing of the vast difficulty of such a performance, and the consequent probability of failure in almost every new attempt, it is evident that, supposing the attempt to be successful, in as high a degree as it is possible to conceive, the pretended moral purpose will be but slenderly effected. For one thing it is a perfectly known fact, that extremely few readers are of a disposition to be at any considerable pains to discover the supposed import of allegorical types, either where it is more recondite or where it is more obvious. But supposing them ever so intent on ascertaining it, and following it on, no undertaking on earth can be more hopeless, than that of detecting distinct moral significances in the indefinite multiplicity of particulars necessarily included in the construction of a complete story,—of getting acquainted with the rational souls supposed to be latent in the endless variety of forms presented in the fictitious creation. By what previous exercises and proofs of his sagacity is any reader to assure himself, in entering on a long allegorical fable, that he shall readily and unerringly apprehend the moral import of, for example, the variety of the landscape views in the fabled region—of each of the enumerated kinds of trees, flowers, animals—of every edifice and its respective parts—of the diverse modes and colours of the draperies of the personages—and of all the actions of the animate and the rational beings represented? If it should be said that this is greatly overstating the requirements on his sagacity; for that very many of these particulars are not meant to be allegorical, that the author has not pretended to put any moral or speculative soul within a great portion of the sensible objects represented for the sake of the mere completeness and verisimilitude of the story;—the reader's unfortunate situation is not at all mended. He now cannot know,

probably in nine instances in ten, whether the forms presented to him are mere shadows or painted shapes, meant only to amuse, in passing, his eye and fancy, or veritable philosophers and moralists, whom it becomes him to approach and salute with deference and inquiry. It will seem to him hardly a due respect to the genius and wisdom of the writer to assume, without consideration, that this, and the next, and that ten successive images, though he cannot discern any glimpse of the interior significance, are the mere play of poetry, or the proprieties or embellishments of picture. Yet, on the other hand, nothing could be more ridiculous than for him to be gravely detecting a hidden sapience of which the writer himself, the creator of the whole affair, never dreamed. Think, then, what a facile and enviable task this reader has on his hands. He has, at one and the same time if he pleases, or if he pleases it may be in succession, to contemplate the fable in its palpable and foremost quality of a complicated scheme of action and scenery; to ascertain which of the vast multitude of particulars great and small are allegorical, and which are not; and to draw out in a precise form the respective moral significance of each and every one that he has discovered to have an important secret to tell. It is evident that if all this, or something near it, is not done, the pretended purpose of allegorical writing is not, as to the reader, accomplished; it is equally evident that all this, or anything near it, will not be done by one reader in ten thousand; it is therefore evident, finally, that extended allegory, when executed even in the best manner, is, at least comparatively, a wretched misapplication of the writer's talents and labour. The "Fairy Queen" is beyond all question or comparison the grandest work in this department; and we may appeal to its readers whether they ever think of studying it as a system of moral philosophy. They would almost all confess that they read it for its marvellous adventures and exquisite descriptions; pleased, undoubtedly they will say, and perhaps profited, by the moral reflections momentarily presented here and there through an interval of the imagery, but so occupied and satisfied with the obvious and superficial magnificence of the scene, as rarely to think of any attempt at digging into the precious mines reported to be underneath. Now and then perhaps they

are visited by a rather ungracious consciousness that they are not obtaining all that the work might yield to them; that they are even failing to obtain that which grave commentators, if not the author himself, may have professed to regard as the most valuable thing contained. They are perhaps excited to a slight attempt to develope the included wisdom; but they find that this breaks the fascination of the story, and that, besides, there is something in every stanza to baffle this moral inquest. They are uncertain whether the object before them is an emblem or not, or, if it be, what it means; they reflect, in excuse for their indolence, or in consolation for their dulness, that they can learn morality with much more precision at all events elsewhere; and they then return to the mighty performer, in a disposition to give him all due credit as a philosopher, but confessing that it is not for his lectures but his magic that they attend him.

If such be the inefficacy, for moral instruction, of Allegory in the most perfect state of execution it is ever likely to attain, it is hardly worth while to say a word about it as exemplified in a numerous tribe of clumsy performances; excepting indeed that in such performances it is often much more intelligible, as to its interior import, than it is in the "Fairy Queen," and than it would be in *any* work of that high rank of genius; from this plain cause, that men of little genius or none are not masters of refined analogies and remote relations. A mind of Spenser's kindred perceives so many relations real while not grossly palpable, between moral truth and the material world, as to be able to invest that truth, when putting it in the form of Allegory, with a vast combination of various and unexpected symbols, all having some true relation to the subject, but not a few of them having so refined a relation, that their import cannot be obvious to the generality of readers. Inferior allegories, on the contrary, will be likely to take their emblematical figures from the narrow tract of coarse and obvious relations—with the exception of now and then a far-fetched absurdity, obtained by a desperate effort for boldness and originality. Thus the reader is saved an immensity of trouble; he is forced into none of those wanderings of conjecture and exercises of ingenuity to which he would be

doomed, in prosecuting the abstract import of a superior work, through its wilderness of visionary fancies, its endless crowds of emblematical forms. But then, he is precluded from that delight of the imagination, by which it is pretended to be the very purpose and value of Allegory to recommend the otherwise too austere instructions of truth. He is to receive these instructions under the guise of a few ordinary figures, which instead of giving those truths the attractions of a new, and variegated, and animated vehicle, only force them into a less distinct, while it is not at all a more pleasing, mode of exhibition than their naked plainness would have been. Indeed, a main device of ordinary allegorists, has been, as we have already hinted, to invest doctrines, virtues, and vices, with a personal being, by the great and creative process of giving them a personal denomination, and then without more ado to set them a-talking; and Spenser amidst the arduous toils of his great performance, might have enviously fretted, if he could have foreseen with what facility *we* should be able to work an allegory to any required extent, by means of Mr. Proud-Spirit and Mr. Humble-Mind, Mr. Liberty and Mr. Self-Interest, and a countless generation of personages of all dispositions, occupations, sexes, and sizes, created with as much ease as Deucalion and Pyrrha made men by flinging pebbles backward over their heads.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," a work of real though confined genius, partakes somewhat of the higher, and doubtless much of the inferior style of allegorical invention. Among religious readers it has obtained an established favour which no criticism would much contribute either to confirm or impair. It has acquired so much of a certain venerableness of antiquity and prescription, and is the object of a partiality so kind and extensive, among even children as an amusing story, and among their pious elders partly from its having been a favourite of their childhood, and partly because it supplies much religious instruction, that all modern works of similar object and construction necessarily appear under the greatest disadvantage. They are unavoidably brought in contrast with the old favourite, and the consequence is easily foreseen;—so easily that we exceedingly wonder it does not deter all attempts at imitation. We think a little reflection would surely have convinced the well-meaning writer of the

work before us, that if he had serious instructions to impart on different topics of religion from those exhibited in so lively a manner in the "Pilgrim's Progress," it would be much better to offer them in a plain didactic form than in an humble imitation of that work. The imitation is not merely of that general kind, unavoidable in pursuing the figure of a spiritual pilgrimage. It is quite intentional and particular. There are the author's dreaming, the City of Destruction, Evangelist, the Wicket Gate, the Slough of Despond, the Castle of Giant Despair (now descended, we are informed, by inheritance to Giant Infidelity), the House of the Interpreter, the Delectable Mountains, &c., &c. We cannot enumerate these designations, so familiar to the readers of "Christian's" famous adventures, without repeating the expression of our disappointment that any person can have expected, in forcing these particulars into a new position and application, to preserve for them anything like that interest which they have so often excited in their original places. And if the writer did not expect this, he ought to have considered that old friends, rendered unacceptable, are ten times more unwelcome than perfect strangers.

It must not be inferred from this servility of imitation, that there is absolutely no invention displayed in the work. There are a considerable number of new emblematical spectacles; and our impression of the commendable intention of the writer is so strong, that we should be very glad to be able to say that the elements and the construction of these emblems are according to those laws which must continue, in spite of the benevolence of criticism, to tyrannize over the art of writing. The adjudgment according to those laws, we fear, would be, that the figurative devices are constructed and connected without much ingenuity, and in neglect of all the rules of congruity and proportion. For instance, the Shepherds (representing Christian ministers) are summoned by blast of trumpet to come instantly in arms, and expressly for the purpose of war, to the top of the Mountain of Revelation. Why? Because a volcano (the French Revolution) has opened on the nearest land beyond the sea. We need not give any other example. A total want of perception with respect to figurative consistency is apparent throughout the performance. Some of the emblematical contri-

vances are puerile, and some are monstrous. Some of them are of such perfectly obvious conception, that they hardly throw the grace of a figure over the idea intended to be conveyed, and some are of such uncouth invention that the idea is absolutely concealed and lost in them. The story is composed of such materials that, taken literally as a descriptive narrative, it has little resemblance to any real or possible series of facts and situations. Even the conversation parts, which might have been plainly doctrinal, have a certain sort of figurative crudeness which renders them almost as defectively instructive as the allegories, and the large portions of Scripture forced in, are often rendered as little significant as divine language can be made to appear, by the awkward connexion, and in places where there does not seem to be any very specific doctrine for them to establish or illustrate.

The work furnishes a strong exemplification of the indiscretion of a man's too readily attributing to his mind the chameleon's faculty of looking distinctly in two directions at the same moment. He unwittingly undertakes to carry on two concerns of very different natures, but which are to be constantly advancing in a parallel progress, and, though distinct, are at every instant to correspond in a refined conformity, and, as it were, reflect each other in perfect analogy. But, unfortunately, he can attend to only one of them at once; and while that is elaborating, the other falls into utter confusion: thus, there is on the one side an incongruous series of pictured representations, and on the other, a crude ineffective course of thinking. How much better would have been a short, plain, direct illustration of those evangelical sentiments, and those points of painful or happy Christian experience, which have evidently so deeply interested the writer's mind. It is the varying experience of a renovated spirit that is chiefly intended to be shadowed out, with an accompanying train of consolatory and cautionary instructions.

ZOLLIKOFEK'S SERMONS.

Sermons on Prevalent Errors and Vices, and on various other Topics; from the German of the Rev. GEORGE JOACHIM ZOLLIKOFEK, Minister of the Reformed Congregation at Leipsic.
By the Rev. WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S. 8vo. 1812.

THIS is the last portion of Zollikofer's Sermons intended to be offered in English by the industrious and respectable translator. We suppose, though it is not expressly said, that there remain no more in German. The English reader has now the benefit of no less, we believe, than ten volumes of this preacher's Sermons, besides a volume of devotional exercises; a measure of instruction larger than that left us in a similar form by our Taylors, our Barrows, and our Stillingfleets. How much instruction they *did* leave, however, in the form of sermons, and what may be the amount in quantity of the whole accumulated contributions of all our distinguished sermon-writers, might not have been an impertinent inquiry at the commencement, or at some of the stages, of the translation of Zollikofer.

Some of those who are apprized of the state of the Protestant churches in Germany, and know how near many of their ministers approximate to deism, might have felt a little apprehension respecting the influence of so vast an importation of German theology on the religious opinions of our people. But happily all disquietude on this account may, we think, be safely dismissed; for, without meaning to pretend any great favour for this preacher's divinity, we must confess that in point of efficacy we should deem his compositions to deserve in a high degree the character of innocence. To what specific points of excellence they may owe this laudable general quality, we may presently venture to suggest.

We cannot help wondering that the translator's taste did not decline, with even a strong nausea of aversion, the employment of turning into English the prefixed panegyric in a "Speech addressed to a company of Zollikofer's friends met together in commemoration of his death, January 1778," by C. G. Spranger. It evidently was intended, and very

possibly it was by the "company" received, as an irresistible explosion of eloquence; but by a taste formed in the best English school, or, we think we might say, on the very best models of antiquity, this long harangue cannot fail to be regarded as one of the most disgusting pieces of cold and pompous rhetoric that ever tempted and provoked us to the unseemly levity of sarcasm and derision on grave and funereal subjects and occasions. We should not augur well of any man who should set out on a very long oration with an evident absolute resolution to be grand or pathetic through every sentence, from the first to the last. A performance desperately worked with this determination might fairly be expected to contain many frigid exclamations and apostrophes, and much artificial, fine language, sometimes quaint, and often tumid. But it would be difficult to imagine by anticipation anything nearly equal to this German eulogium. It affects all sorts of fine writing at once, the sublime, the profound, the pathetic, the elegant, the picturesque, and sundry others; and it has the rare complication of qualities constituted by a failure in them all. It is not that the writer can be pronounced totally devoid of talent, but that his taste must have been bad to the last possibility of depravation, and his mind totally destitute of whatever can be deemed the vital principle of eloquence. All must be wrong in the intellectual constitution or habitude of a man who cannot utter one sentence with simplicity, but is constantly affecting the stateliness of majesty, or the commotions of agony, or the gaze or the glare of rapture; a man who appears to be personating the tender pensive Philomel, whenever he gives out a sentiment of affection, and will exhibit a truism with an air as if it were something he had brought from the bottom of the sea.

There are several amusing passages where the orator adverts, in language too of the most oratorical and affecting formality, to the effects produced at the time on himself by the subject, and on his auditors by his speech. He notices the floods of tears in which he is bathing them, and is himself dissolving. If this were the fact, it was a curious and lucky coincidence that the copious, and as he describes it "warm" effusion, should take place just at the moment at which the orator had reached, in the delivery of his pre-

composed and conned speech, the part adverting to this fact, in language of affected sympathy and soothing. This appears to us a very remarkable instance of fortunate literary temerity. But we would earnestly dissuade from all imitation of what was so *merely* fortunate in its success; for we think it was a thousand to one against the orator, unless men be differently compounded in Germany from what they are here. The only supposition by which the success may be attributed to any cause less uncertain than luck, would be, that the orator turned to good account the old prescription *Si vis me flere*, &c.; that in writing that part of the speech he felt confident he could himself weep at the proper place, and trusted to sympathy to bear him out in his coolly prepared description of the emotions of his auditors.

The most curious part as connected with this topic, is where, when apparently about to proceed to a still more overwhelming exercise of his power over their feelings, he suddenly restrains himself, as if in compassion to his victims, and kindly soothes them, in a tone of condescending dignity and pity, with an assurance that now he will forbear, that he really has not the heart to go on till their anguish shall become absolutely insupportable.

In various places and forms the egotism of the oration comes in opportunely, for augmenting the ludicrous effect of the whole performance.

Its merits as an exhibition of eloquence are quite equalled by those it possesses as an estimate of character. With the single exception that Zollikofer did not stand on the very loftiest eminence of abstract speculation (a position, it seems, occupied, perhaps monopolized, by Kant), he possessed the universality of intellectual and moral excellence. The orator hung up on the wall beside his desk, like a map, the whole German scheme of fine qualities, and declaimed all the items over, personifying them into a being called Zollikofer, a gaudy, indiscriminated, factitious combination of attributes, in which no reader will deservy the defined form of a real individual. If we should transcribe any passages from this long piece of eloquence, it would be nearly indifferent where the extracts should be taken: the following are neither better nor worse than the rest of the composition:—

"I anticipate the pleasure you will feel while I enlarge on the numerous amiable points of the character of our venerable Zollikofer. Yet how can I talk of pleasure, seeing this subject will overwhelm me with grief? How impotent is man! The instant I spoke of pleasure, I lost all sentiment that Zollikofer is departed; and in the same moment my imagination depicted to me in such glowing colours the exquisite pleasure my soul once enjoyed—ah, wherefore not still enjoys!—in his instructive and profitable converse, as to make me forget that that great man is no more. Oh, were the death of Zollikofer only a dream! Or could my imagination but continue the illusion whilst I go on to make him the theme of my discourse, that neither my own grief nor yours might interrupt the delineation of his excellent character.

"The more copious the matter afforded me by the exposition of our Zollikofer's amiable character, the more pungent will be the sorrow and pain as we proceed. Judge to what a height our sorrow and our pain must swell, since I but too sensibly feel that the subject I am ambitious to treat is so prolific, and may be contemplated in so many different points, that I shall infallibly fail in the attempt. What method shall we adopt? On what track shall we best succeed? One consolation, however, is left us; as it is impossible to treat the subject in a manner adequate to its dignity, so impossible would it be long to support the anguish to which our feelings, by the adequate treatment of the subject, would be wrought up."

This rhetorical and feeble frigidity may be compensated by something a little more swelling and emphatic.

"But if you would mightily increase this already so great amount of his glorious achievements, add to it the unspeakable good which Zollikofer effectuated by his excellent works in so many parts of Europe, and you will readily own that you are almost in want of numbers for that purpose. How much good has he done only by his celebrated dissertations on the physical and moral evil in the world! How clearly in them has he convinced mankind of the existence of an all-wise and all-gracious Providence! How victoriously he justified all its ways! How evidently demonstrated to them the preponderance of good over evil in the present world! How powerfully addressed their best affections, and how persuasively excited them to acquiesce in a wise and kind superintending Providence! And who has ever more affectingly and plainly convinced them of their native dignity, and their high appointment and destination, than Zollikofer in his exquisite Sermons on the dignity of man! Who has ever disseminated juster and more per-

spicuous notions of this no less certain than refreshing and consoling dignity among mankind! Who has written more elegantly on that dignity than he? And who is sufficient to calculate the sum total of godly and virtuous sentiments, which Zollikofer, by his ingenious and excellent prayers and hymns has produced among the numerous classes of Germany?—He taught men how to pray. He made prayer and devotion the most agreeable, instructive, and profitable of all employments; whereas other divines, his predecessors, had so deformed it by their gloomy apprehensions, by their stupidity, by their pride, by their arrogant attacks on the rights of man, and by their intolerable and deplorable want of condescension, that it was generally transacted with anxiety, dread, disgust, and aversion.”—P. xxxiii.

There is one remarkable paragraph, containing a deposition (which we will believe if we can, on the deponent's authority), to a part of the preacher's character, and describing a correspondent and derived quality in his compositions :—

“Zollikofer's character had still other brilliant points, and one of them is this. He was always consistent. He was not one thing to-day and to-morrow another. No; he was ever the same, ever the sedate, serious, reflecting, amiable man. That uninterrupted equability reigned not only in his temper, but is discoverable in all his writings, in all his sermons. . . . He knew nothing of any temporary mood, the tone of his temper was not anyway dependent on outward impressions, such as fine or bad weather, meats and drinks, hard study, works of difficulty that demand strenuous exertion, fortunate or untoward occurrences; no; his mind was able to resist almost all these impressions. Scarcely any particular humours were discernible in him. Never have I found him sullen or displeased, not even when he had entangled himself in a web of ideas, through which not one in a thousand of the learned would have worked his way. Read every one of his excellent Sermons, compare them with others—in every one will this almost inconceivable equability appear. Not even one will you find in which you fail of perceiving the thoughtful, sedate, benevolent, enlightened man, producing his stores of useful argument. All, in respect of the plan, the division, the elegance, the diction, the eloquence, the sentiment, consistent and equable. Not one will you find which only borders on mediocrity—they are all masterpieces. On reading them the idea has often occurred to me, as if their immortal author had composed them all in one single day.”—P. li.

As to these general praises, that not one of the multitude of Sermons descends into any neighbourhood of mediocrity—that “they are all masterpieces,” they need no observation; they are sufficiently in character for a panegyrist. But the specific criticism that precedes them is very curious, and, we should think, original; for it surely must be the first time that an eminent merit has been made of a quality in writing, which is peculiarly infallible in securing the death and oblivion of a performance.

If we could have seen this criticism on Zollikofer's writings before reading any of them, it would have furnished a leading idea, by the aid of which, when we afterwards came to read them, the short period of indecision in estimating their literary merits, would have been rendered still shorter. On reading a small portion, we were sensible of a deficiency or a fault, which we were not immediately able to define. It was evident there was a good deal of sense, especially in the observations on human characters. And though they were conveyed in a manner which the efforts of the translator had not been able to divest of a very repellent cast of Frenchified rhetoric, and though this would in any instance do much to counteract a favourable impression, yet some of the distinguished Continental sermon-writers had compelled the admiration of Englishmen and English critics, by the force of their genius, in spite of a full measure of this disgusting accompaniment. The Leipsic minister, however, did not acquire any power over our minds, and made no advance towards it by prolonged acquaintance. Indeed, after awhile it became a considerable effort to fix our attention on what he was saying, and that which perhaps most assisted us to do it was what we deemed the exceptionable nature of his theology. After some perseverance and reflection, and trying again in various parts of the volumes, we ascertained the grand cause in that self-same quality, of which the eulogist, in the passage above quoted, has expressed his admiration,—the “equability,” as he calls it, of the composition. Whatever it is called, it is in truth a monotony, altogether unequalled in any writer, so much above the level of mere common-place as Zollikofer. It is a monotony perfect, dead, and vast, flat in all directions, quite to the horizon, and *that* not relieved or decorated by so

much as a beautiful cloud. Everything is like everything else, to an absolute miracle. No intellectual form rises behind the rest with an aspect of majesty, or is suddenly presented to view at the turning of an angle, with the effect of an agreeable surprise. Though it would be presumptuous to make any assertion, we should really not think it very daringly rash to hazard a doubt on the question, whether, throughout the series of no less probably than five or six thousand pages, now in the hands of the English public, one could be marked as a high example of either the sublime or pathetic.

This "equability," to apply the panegyrist's term, which prevails to a marvellous degree in the tenor of the thoughts, is rendered still more perfect by that sustained, artificial, oratorical diction, which never suffers anything to be expressed with the easy varieties of natural and colloquial enunciation. Had it not been an impossibility, or perhaps a crime, for an orator by profession to allow a little of this freedom and dissimilarity of dress, the ideas of so equable a thinker as even Zollikofer, would at least have not *appeared* so exactly of a stature as all, in endless succession, to reach and prop a horizontal bar without stretching or crouching.

The sameness of the style, which contributes to maintain so mathematically the level of the thoughts, is quite astonishing. When a declaimer of genius has so bad a taste (a very possible case), as to parade in a diction of artificial and affected construction, he will nevertheless, in that very affectation, create some diversities and sinuosities, some novelties of phrase and brilliant sort of quaintnesses, some such antics of rhetoric as would tell how fine his movements might have been if he had not been spoiled. But our German orator (if we may assume what there is no reason for doubting, the fidelity of the version), in the unnatural, stiff exhibition of style which he everywhere maintains, is bound as by some spell to such an invincible uniformity, that if an auditor should fall asleep at any one sentence of the discourse and awake at any other, he might think, in awaking, that he was hearing the end of the very same sentence, though he had been as long a visionary journey as Mahommed, since he heard the beginning. The whole of the phraseology is the perfect opposite of every-

thing like vivacity, ingenuity, felicity, or versatility. It stands as inflexible round the ideas it contains as the case of an Egyptian mummy. How lucky for the thoughts that they are themselves shaped in such artificial stiffness as not to feel the inconvenience!

A cold declamatory rhetorician, who has not invention enough to diversify his phraseology, will generally have certain favourite tricks and catches of expression, in affectation of the impetus and rebound of energy. The orator would appear, for instance, to give a momentary check and retraction to his eloquence that it may dart and career away with the more ardent and irresistible force. He is like a ram, that retires a few steps in order to impinge the more violently. The unlearned might not suppose, what is however the fact, that the most sovereign expedient for this purpose is found in the monosyllable—*No*;—and this, when it is not wanted as an answer to any question. It must be quite superfluous for meaning to be effective for eloquence. It recurs a countless multitude of times in this latter and more dignified service in these Sermons,—in some such manner as the following: “That is the piety and sanctity of the hypocrite, who thinks to atone by exercises of religion and devotion for his offences against humanity. *No*; to the truly pious man, who honours and loves God in all his works, his children on earth, all mankind, are likewise dear.”—“By so doing they would act in direct opposition to their destination and their duty. *No*; eminently intelligent and well-meaning persons may by their converse and example,” &c.—“If you neglect for amusement the affairs of your calling, and plead in excuse that you should enjoy life and be merry, the excuse is extremely preposterous and absurd. *No*; that is not to enjoy life; it is to doze, to trifle, to idle it away.” But the whole energy of this great contrivance is not brought into action till the potent *No* is made to return upon us, like a great battering engine, with a repetition of tremendous knocks. Or, shall we be forgiven one more change of figure (and really it may be taken as the strongest possible proof and illustration of the existence of powers hitherto little suspected in the *No*, that starvelings like us cannot dwell on it without becoming prolific of fancies and analogies);

—shall we say that the quick repetition of the oratorical *No* produces in eloquence an effect resembling, in the beauty and grandeur of energy, what is beheld where a torrent, in a very rapid descent, is met on the one side by the projection of rock, which throws the stream with oblique fury against a projection of rock a little lower on the opposite side, whence again it springs and roars with slanting impetuosity against a third. The *foam*, at least, of eloquence may be seen in the passage below :—

“*No* ; wouldst thou control thy passions, O man, abdicate thy depraved habits ; thou must attack the business with courage and earnestness, thou must think not so much on the obstacles and difficulties, as on the indispensable necessity of encountering and conquering them. *No* ; thou must say to thyself, no, this envy shall absolutely no longer envenom my heart ; this foolish, childish vanity no more disgrace my rational immortal mind ; this anger no more degrade me to a slave or a barbarian, this terrestrial cast of thought no longer obliterate from my eyes the characters of my high destination. *No* ; I will no longer, hampered and entangled in the bands of custom, do again and again, what I myself acknowledge to be wrong and bad, or omit what I myself must account right and honourable.”—Vol. I. p. 477.

In those passages (and such do really occur) where the show and artifice of the declaimer appear a little while to give place to the simple seriousness of the preacher, the style, as might be expected, is left to make a slight approach towards a more natural and easy form. But the effect of the bad habit is apparent even where the perverse labour is intermitted.

In any impartial attempt at a general estimate of the talents of Zollikofer, we should think he would be decidedly assigned to a division somewhat within the extreme limits of the space belonging to the several degrees of mediocrity. For mediocrity is always understood to comprehend more writers and works than are exactly equal to one another. As to reasoning, there appears to be but little in these volumes that can be strictly so denominated. The reader is seldom led to either understanding or conviction by a series of ideas, each one so connected with the preceding ones that its force depends on their being recollected, and

the last forming the point of concentration of their combined force. The paragraphs are formed by accumulation of sentiments, of dictates, of exclamations, of anything rather than deductions. The assent of the understanding is assumed as a thing that will be thrown in gratuitously, under the persuasive influence of the sentiments; a sort of intellectual gallantry, by which the thing that would perhaps have been stoutly contested with such a hard rough claimant as an argument, is instantly conceded to the attractive softness of a sentiment. We think a Christian preacher in such a country as Germany, so much followed as he is represented to have been by even the cultivated classes, would have done well had he endeavoured to give his hearers and disciples a less silken, and, if we might so express it, more metallic hold on their religious principles.

The imagination of Zollikofer appears to have been of extremely moderate compass and vigour, little more than competent to bring out in ordinary light and colours, the descriptive portion of his representations; quite incapable of "bodying forth" original and beautiful forms as striking and attractive vehicles of moral ideas. We cannot say that he offends very grossly in the way of violent abortive attempts at this indispensable constituent of complete eloquence. He does not force the reader on any invidious recollections of Jeremy Taylor.

As an observer of mankind, and as an inspector, to a certain depth, of the human heart, he has very considerable merit. In this way he has done the utmost that could be done with his defective instruments of investigation, his Socinian principles of theology, and his half Pagan principles of morality. He has strongly exposed the fallacies of self-love, and the modes of deception and depravation by which *sin* (this term does actually occur in the translation) operates on the heart and character. There is often a great degree of accusatory sternness in his examinations of the moral condition of the mind, and his addresses to the conscience; so that allowance being first made for his principles, there is no cause for charging him with culpable indulgence in their application. He often inculcates faithfulness, to a degree of severity, in self-inspection and self-judgment. In the Sermon entitled "Rules to attain Self-knowledge," there

is a somewhat ample and very instructive sketch of a process of trial at the bar of a man's own conscience. The whole of it deserves to be transcribed, but we will take only a few passages :—

“Be not satisfied with asking yourself, what sins have I committed. Of what failings am I most frequently guilty? In which of the virtues am I entirely deficient? In which am I still farthest behind? Such general and comprehensive interrogatories are seldom accurately answered, and even if they be accurately answered, being so general they make only faint impressions on a man; and he commonly forgets both the question and the answer the very moment they are pronounced. In order to avoid this, my pious hearers, put at once these questions more definitely; apply them to certain particular events of your life; recollect the principal conjunctures, occurrences, transactions, scenes of the last week, the preceding month, the elapsed year, when you had either powerful, dangerous allurements and solicitations to the commission of particular sins, or urgent demands for the exercise of certain virtues, particular opportunities for answering or neglecting certain obligations,—and then ask yourself: How did I act in those cases, those conjunctures? What were then my sentiments? Accordingly, for instance, how did I behave in that company where slander and backbiting, where riot and wantonness were uppermost? What share had I in all this? How did I show my acquiescence or dislike? How did I behave towards that friend, or towards that stranger, who affronted me, who flatly contradicted me, who provoked me to anger? Was I then actuated by the spirit of meekness or the spirit of revenge, the temper of Jesus or the temper of the world? Did I find it difficult or easy, to moderate my just indignation, to stifle my resentment, and to forgive my offending brother? And with what eyes do I behold him now? How am I disposed towards him? How was it with me when some wanted to persuade me to join with them in a bad action, or when I saw means and opportunity before me of enriching myself, in a method, not indeed absolutely forbidden, although not quite legitimate, or by certain artifices and cunning tricks to gain considerable profit? Did I immediately reject those proposals, those views as unjust, and detest them as vile and infamous? or did I remain some time doubtful and undetermined? or was I forced to struggle with myself ere I could relinquish this apparent advantage? And have I since been sorry or glad that I adopted this and no other mode of proceeding? What were my feelings on being summoned to partake in a kind, beneficent, public-spirited act, when others wanted me to join them in the pleasure of relieving

a distressed object, or founding a useful institution? Did my heart expand or contract itself? Did I thank my friend for his offer, or did I secretly murmur at his troublesome officiousness? What impression did the account of that misfortune which befel some of my brethren, make upon me? Did I remain cold and unmoved at it? Did I even censure them as men who were wicked beyond others; or did I take a sincere and cordial interest in their disaster? Did I embrace them in my mind with true brotherly affection, and so weep with them that wept? What impression did it make upon me on seeing that the enterprises of my neighbour, my friend, my enemy, had succeeded, that his affairs had gone on prosperously, that he excelled me in abilities, that he was come nearer to the mark than myself? Did I hear, did I see this with complacency? Did no spark of envy, of displeasure, of jealousy, kindle within me? Did I not somehow think that I was more deserving of this good hap than he? Did I not somehow endeavour, by disparaging surmises about him and his motives, and his merits, to impede him in his further progress? Were not my esteem and affection for him somewhat diminished thereby? How did I behave in that company, where God, and religion, and virtue, were derided? How bold or how timid was I then in the defence of rectitude, of truth, and of virtue? What influence had weak compliance, or the vain desire of being thought of consequence, upon my judgment? How did I behave once, when I found myself, from deep and continued reflection, from reading, and from particular incidents, perplexed with difficulties which shook my faith in God and his providence, which made me suspect Christianity? Was I glad to have discovered this pretext for throwing off the yoke of religion, and indulging more freely my sensual appetites? Did I, without further examination, reject it altogether, because I could not get over these stumbling-blocks? or did I elevate my mind to the Father of lights, and implore his illumination and guidance? or did I adhere the more firmly to those evidences of the truth which had already so often improved and consoled me? Was I thereby incited to modesty, and to fresh, more diligent inquiries, or to pride and to indifference? When I was attacked by such a disease, met with such a misfortune, was menaced by such a danger, did I surrender myself to impatience, murmuring, and complaint? Did I think that wrong was done me? Did I presently begin to doubt the utility of a good and virtuous life? Or did I then look to God and his decrees?"—Vol. II. p. 115.

There is a large portion of instructive moral reflection, discrimination, caution and precept, in these Sermons.

Many perversions of the affections, injurious modes of conduct, and improprieties of manners, are exposed and strongly reprehended; so that he must be a vastly perfect, or a criminally careless man, that should not become the better in point of practical correctness, for a few days' attendance on the preacher in these volumes. His morality, though it certainly makes handsome allowance for human tastes and defects, and for the world's customs, is yet, we think, of somewhat more comprehensive scope, and rather more rigid injunction than might have been expected from his locality and his divinity. But any commendations of his morality must be understood as regarding it merely as a concern of practical exterior fact; for in its *principles*, it is so secular and philosophic, as to involve very little of what is peculiarly distinctive of Christianity. It has such an awful reverence for human reason, that it accepts comparatively little sanction to its authority, and little prescription in rules from divine revelation. It talks largely about the order and fitness of things, refers incessantly to some imaginary perfection and grandeur of human nature, which a man ought to be proudly solicitous not to dishonour by such a mean, shabby, beggarly thing as vice. Let the demigod keep himself clear of dusty, dirty accretions, and he will soon become ethereally buoyant, and mount to the sky. Meanwhile, in his labours after moral excellence, a vast deal of regard is to be had to respectability in society. Assuredly, we think many of our divines, in their moral inculcations, make rather too little use of the arguments from what may be denominated, without meaning money, secular advantage; but we would, all things considered, rather retain them in this fault, than send them to Zollikofer's school, to find so large and vital a portion of the motives to virtue in human approbation and temporal convenience.

As to the preacher's *theology*, strictly so called, there would need very few words, even if we had not formerly had an occasion of expressing an opinion.* If in the present article we have denominated it Socinianism, we should observe, that it is of a cast considerably different from English Socinianism. It is of a more philosophic character. We do not mean in any lofty and complimentary sense of

* *Eclectic Review*, Vol. II. p. 885.

that epithet: but it appears less like a last tenth-degree depravation of what had originally been a sound theology, than a thing quite distinct and independent, essentially and in its origin formed from other regions of speculation, from the best parts of ancient and modern Paganism, and then subsequently a little modified and coloured by a slight infusion of what was least incongruous with it in Christianity. The style does not taste like the dregs of what had been once the approved dialect of orthodoxy.

We should observe also, that there certainly occur here and there, some terms and phrases respecting Jesus Christ, which, if employed in their strict sense, are by no means compatible with the tenets of modern Socinianism. But these expressions really appear like things that have fallen casually, or at least, unaccountably, on the surface of a substance to which they do not belong; like those stones that sometimes descend on our fields, or roads, or roofs, from the sky. There are, perhaps, a few apparent references to the efficacious merits, or even the atonement of Christ; but the general body of the composition disclaims, by complete estrangement, and by a multitude of sentiments of an opposite nature, any doctrine really corresponding to such expressions. The doctrine also of divine influences and assistance is sometimes slightly intimated; but the cultivator of virtue will soon find, substantially, that he must endeavour to do without rain or dew.

Yet let him not despair, for there is still a God at hand, and not afar off. *Man* is really the god of this German theology. The "dignity" of man, of human nature, is displayed with devout and endless repetition. And this sublime quality is a present available and permanent one, not merely a character of "original brightness," long since departed. This enthroned excellence is worshipped with innumerable prostrations; we are, in effect, exhorted, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to its glory; we are to look to it as the tutelary power to make us invincible to temptation. "Forget not the dignity of your nature," is the potent amulet against the fascinations of gold, and nectar, and syrens! Vociferate the "perfection and grandeur of the human mind," and away goes the Devil with all his legion, like the Midianites at the cry

of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Alas! that any mortal man, pretending to instruct his fellow-sinners, should be so silly. And yet this very man was not an inattentive looker on a world steaming up to heaven with slaughters, impieties, and all the immeasurable boiling madness of the human heart; a world in which a great majority of the imperial dignities of reason were worshipping stocks and stones, to which they were ever and anon offering one another in sacrifice;—a world in which a hundred or two millions of ferocious duped bigots would have been glad of the power to shed the blood of all the rest of the bipeds in honour of a detestable impostor, and his paradise of seraglios and wine-rivers; a world, in the more enlightened and refined part of which, a compost of impious delusions and vicious practices had usurped the name and place of Christianity, and professed before heaven and earth to exhibit the genuine character and signs of that religion in a combination of everything farcical with everything infernal, baubles, mummeries, and pageants, relieving the grave piety of the sacrifices of the Inquisition;—a world in which it would be the preacher's own ready acknowledgment that a most immense majority of the rational beings have no genuine habitual sentiments of either awful or affectionate devotion towards the Supreme Governor and Benefactor;—a world in which every good cause and enterprise has to struggle against a multitudinous combination and a pertinacity of opposition, and attains success, if successful, as by miracle, while schemes of iniquity, the enterprises of conquest, devastation, or imposture, can soon draw the concurrent action of augmenting myriads, and mark a broad track, spread absolutely a zone, of crimes and miseries across a great portion of the earth;—a world in which tyranny is exercised by the greatest number of those that *can* exercise it, through the whole descent of ranks, from the emperor down to the master of chimney-sweeping dwarfs, and the owner and driver of a lame and starved ass;—a world in which the principle of selfishness is so general and so actively powerful as to force mankind to the maintenance by compromise, of a vast, complex, and costly system of defensive precaution and retribution to prevent their devouring one another;—a world in which perhaps no

man knows any other ten men in whom he could honestly justify himself in placing, if it were indeed possible for *him* to place, an unlimited confidence relatively to any point that would be a severe trial of their integrity;—a world in which even the honest assent to the most important truths relating to goodness and happiness, fails, in a multitude of instances, of any material practical effect;—a world, in fine, in which the best men (Zollikofer excepted), have deplored and hated a great deal of what they have been conscious of in the moral constitution of their own minds. All this overwhelming flood of evil has its source in the “fountains,” the perennial “fountains of the great deep” in the human heart; and yet this Christian philosopher and doctor, with this scene obtruding on his view, and the Bible presenting a solemn commentary on it, could dream away about the dignity and native excellence of man, and has not wanted for a respectable Englishman, himself also a divine, to relate in another language those dreams for sober divinity.

The short prayers which precede all the Sermons, each affectedly beginning with the bare, abrupt application, “God,” correspond very remarkably to the feature we have been noticing in Zollikofer’s theology. The being addressing is so full of the lofty prerogatives of his nature, that the Being addressed, with pretended adoration, is never allowed to hear the last of the subject. Really, it seems to be the ambition of the worshipper to appear in the Divine Presence as a gentleman. And whether he will be more blamed for entertaining such a purpose, or for failing in it, we cannot tell; but at all events we think he has decidedly failed; inasmuch as we have always understood it as not comporting with that character for a man to recount, in explicit and consequential terms, his own respectable qualities.

We can have nothing to say in recapitulation. According to any scheme of religious doctrine that we are able to draw from revelation, the theology is anti-Christian. The morality will in its principle necessarily be so likewise, so far as it involves a recognition of religious doctrines, and depends for its rectitude on the correctness with which they are conceived. But, so far as morality may be taken on a ground purely and exclusively practical, we readily repeat

that there is a great deal of sensible and useful, though not argumentative or eloquent instruction in these volumes.

The translator has employed a number of words which, to say the least, are very unnecessary; as *vegete*, *flexuous*, *deciduous* and *indeciduous*, *covetable*, *disaccustom*, &c. His language has the merit of great perspicuity.

IRISH SOCIETY.

A View of the Society and Manners of the North of Ireland, in the Summer and Autumn of 1812. By J. GAMBLE, Esq., Author of "Sketches of History, Politics, &c., taken in Dublin, &c., in 1810." 8vo. 1813

IF the makers of books have no kind and grateful sentiments towards the tribe of critics by profession, the latter must cling the more strongly to the faith, that virtue is its own reward. They have the consciousness of much benevolent interest for their brethren of the paragraph vocation, for which they would perhaps, hardly obtain credit with any class in this selfish age. Their friendly cares often take a direction, and proceed a length, which ordinary good-nature could never surmise. We ourselves, for example, cannot glance over a map of the globe without one gratifying consideration which we think, we might put it to the conscience of the oldest philanthropist, out of our tribe, to say honestly whether he ever fell upon in his musings of charity. This benevolent idea is, what a vast field this terraqueous planet will afford for making books about. For authors' sake we rejoice the place is so wide and diversified. How happy for them, we are tempted to exclaim, that it is not some trivial satellite, from which they would have been doomed to look through trackless space at the bulky principal with desponding envy to think how much mightier a quantity of continent and island has been *there* got together for the express purpose of making books about and upon. Placing out of view the vast scope, the almost infinite possibilities, furnished by this huge assemblage of matter for the scientific writing which labours upon the general principles and qualities of its con-

sistence, rather than its local divisions, we are delighted to cast our eye over the ample squares marked out by the intersections of its geographical lines, over the noble spaces of mountain and plain, over the mazy definition of so many thousand leagues of coast, and the scattered multitude of its islands, with the consideration that there is no terrene spot of sufficient extent to appear as the smallest point on the map, but what is capable of being made, and probably waits to be made at some future time, the subject of a book. What a stupendous quantity of money and fame is safely treasured under the surface of all these regions, to be got out in due time by the legion of active book-making spirits destined to traverse them during the remaining ages of the world!

So eminent is the good fortune of this class of authors, that, should they be ever so numerous, the world that they have to divide among them for their subjects is big enough to afford every one a competent share; besides that, almost every one spot may legitimately be made the subject of a long succession of books by as many adepts at the quill as can afford to explore or even visit it. But it will be proper to suggest a cautionary consideration relative to the progressive quality of such a succession of works. The foremost, in point of time, of these travelling workmen, have a grand advantage. Those who bring the first descriptions of foreign regions, with any tolerable indications of honesty, have a good chance of obtaining attention, however indifferent may be their claims in the precise capacity of authors. The rudest journal of a hunter, or a fakir, or a shipwrecked sailor, that could just write and could not spell, if it described a country before absolutely unknown to us, would be read with an interest which a vast portion of elegance, or wit, or some other fine quality would be required to excite in reading a trip to Edinburgh, or to Paris—if indeed France had not relapsed into the number of nearly unknown countries. And almost the same welcome would be given to the humblest contributor's authentic report of a country of which we have previously learnt but just enough to excite our impatient curiosity. Drury's account of Madagascar was, in its day, a more stimulant work than ever was Addison's Travels in Italy. And let any honest man, who

would give proof of his having the use of his eyes, obtain the good luck of living twelvemonths in a state of freedom in the interior of Japan, and then steal out and come to England with his notes, or even recollections, and he may be very sure of reducing a dozen contemporary classical tourists to wait unopened on the shelf till he has told his story quite to the end.

But as the series of works, illustrative of any one piece of the earth, advances, and all pretensions to novelty of fact must be laid aside, readers naturally come to make great and growing demands on the publishing traveller for such qualities in his book as it can derive only from his own talents and accomplishments. When they think they know very well already what sort of a country it is, they become rather too proud to let him assume all the airs of being a superior man to themselves, on the mere strength of his having eaten a certain number of dinners, and having been conveyed, by his own or better feet, a certain number of miles, in a district of ground that they had never been disposed to pay the required fares of coach, packet, or hotel, in order to see with their own eyes.

Now, it may perhaps be allowed that Ireland has been till very recent times, one of those parts of the world of which we consciously knew so little, that a small portion of honest information, even though loaded with insignificant personal details, would be matter of stronger interest with us in a new book of travels than the finest show of authorship, and that therefore a rather coarse or trifling performance might command our attention by the advantage of its subject. Acknowledging this strange fact of our comparative ignorance, till lately, of Ireland, in both its physical and moral character, we at the same time think that the case is mending so fast, and that at length so considerable a measure of information has found its way into this country, that the time is quite come for putting an end to that suspension of the more rigorous laws of criticism with respect to the writers of travels in that island. They have had a good long day of indulgence for ostlers' and post-boys' jokes, tavern adventures, geographies of two or three great towns and the roads between them—civilities and dinners, or pretended dinners, at my Lord's or Sir Patrick's

—sweepings, to the veriest dust, of the traditions of Dean Swift—drolleries about the community of men, pigs, and fowls in the occupancy of the same apartment—and the gambols of ragged or ragless brats on the roadside to amuse the passengers. They must now begin to try at writing well, in some sense of the word, or reckon on being thrown into the rubbish of this division of literature. Mr. Gamble's ought to be the very last book of the old series. Indeed, it would be very like defrauding not only the law, but the equity of criticism, to put his work on the protection of those precedents of lax adjudgment which have tended so much to encourage and increase an evil that will not now be repressed without such rigorous execution of critical law as will be loudly accused of harshness and malice.

The performance is of the scampering careless class, though it contains some matter of amusement, and as good a share of illustration of national character as we can expect from travelling reporters, till we can afford to send men of patient observation and enlarged minds. The preface describes the work as a mixture of gloom and levity, and mentions, in explanation and excuse, a fact we are sorry to learn, the doubtful state of the author's sight, which has for some time suffered a distressing alternation between light and darkness. There might, however, have been a pensiveness or an elevation in the gloomy passages which would have more awakened the reader's sympathy, and a rectified spirit in the gaiety which would have given it a vivacity of effect which, the author may have yet to learn, it can never have by coarse jocularity.

The book has the advantage of a spirited beginning, in the relation of the voyage from Liverpool to Skerries, an adventure of dreadful peril. The captain, "a drunken ruffian," having put to sea, persisted in going on in spite of the most unequivocal omens of tempestuous weather, which came upon them in all its violence towards the close of the second day, when they knew not where they were. The captain conjectured they could not be far from Drogheda; and though, in a night so utterly dark it would have been, even without a storm, a desperate hazard to drive thus blindly against the land, the measure was resolved on as the least hopeless thing in their choice. In the latter part

of this fearful night the ship struck, but happily did not go to pieces till after all the persons on board had been conveyed to the shore by a large fishing boat. The author has given a very lively display of the moral scenes of the vessel during the storm and when it struck. There was a general and decided expectation of perishing; and he describes the course of his own thoughts, and the manners, the cries, and the devotions, of the rest of the condemned company, under the impression of this expectation. The most remarkable figure is made by a military Hon. Captain K——, a gay, intrepid, generous, and licentious young fellow, who had been in a number of the battles of the Peninsula. After the dreadful tumult and agony produced by the striking of the ship had somewhat subsided:—

“I observed,” he says, “a very general disposition to kneel down and pray; there appeared to be no hope from man; they therefore sought it from heaven, and, prostrate on the deck, snatched the few moments they could call their own, to recommend their souls to God. Captain K——, after kneeling a few moments, got up, and putting on his great coat, which he carefully buttoned up to the chin, said to me (I shall never forget the words), “now, I thank God, I am as ready to die as ever I was to go to hunt.”

Mr. Gamble gives not the slightest hint whether he judged this an adequate preparation and a rational confidence, nor whether he thought even this short ceremony necessary for *himself*. Indeed, from various expressions in his book, we should be led to conclude that he would deem any sort of preparation little better than a waste of the time which he employed, or affects to have employed, in speculating on the scene around him. But why cannot we have the story from some other relater, to tell us whether this unbeliever in a future state did not play the same useful game as the redoubtable Volney in a nearly similar situation. We think it is very likely that even this Mr. Gamble did this once utter a prayer of emergency and fear, though he might congratulate himself on soon recovering to a tone of feeling as little akin as possible to any such exercise; and no doubt he still reverts to it as a manful and spirited thing, that a few hours after this deliverance from what he pronounces

the "most terrible of deaths," he could conclude the relation in the following sort of style:—

"Sorrow has been always known to be dry; but besides drought, it gave us an appetite. We swallowed large potatoes of whisky till the breakfast was ready. It was so delicious—that breakfast—long before that hour I had expected to be at one 'not to eat, but to be eaten.'"

As to the devotions of the Hon. Captain K——, it will be easily judged how far they were indicative of anything habitual in his mind, when our author tells, and without much appearance of disapprobation, that on the evening of the day of this extraordinary escape, he endeavoured to entertain a grave clergyman and several ladies with boasting stories of his vicious gallantries, claiming the merit of a much greater degree of profligacy than Mr. Gamble affects to believe he could have been guilty of.

Our author's rambling began without delay, and was briskly prosecuted, in sundry modes of animal mechanism, through a succession of villages and towns, several of which have not yet become familiar in Irish tours. The narration dashes on as fast, except where it is suspended by a long story. It has considerable liveliness; not by means of wit or energy, but of a rough daring freedom of expression, a sort of impudent assumption to talk about any thing, in any manner, any where; a rude reeling sort of versatility, that frolics and flounders this way and that, without design or rule, or ceremony, or civility. He jokes, and moralizes, and rants, and sings, and jigs, and kicks, all in the space of five minutes.

There is an almost total want of literary good taste. His language has almost every kind of fault but heavy regularity; it is incorrect, unpolished, grotesque, sometimes motley and bombastic; though generally perspicuous, and not seldom considerably vigorous, expressing with unstudied ease a sentiment strongly and explicitly conceived. He will often make a furious dash into a crowd of metaphors, and bring out a quantity in torn pieces of dissimilar kinds, that even magic could not force to coalesce. He thinks himself never the worse company for that sort of vulgarity in which a gentleman may indulge by choice, without being mistaken for one

of the vulgar by necessity. He does not, like some tourists, hunt and watch for occasions of coarse allusion; he will not give himself so much trouble; but if they occur, they will do as well as anything else.

Perhaps we ought to believe that *every* thing done and said in Ireland, is distinctively characteristic of the country. Very properly, therefore, we have it all over about breakfast and dinner, and wine and punch, and all the other odd customs and things that are so perfectly unknown in our own country; and our author will be gratified to receive the expressions of respect for his opinion in this department, which may not be so readily given him in that of literature, morals, and what is called sentiment—for want of some better term.

The charge of defective taste, is very commonly applicable where that of irreligion may be justly made. A mind that makes light of religion, is generally disposed to degrade its peculiar topics, facts, and images, even from that venerableness which they possess in virtue of their sublimity, their antiquity, and their infinity of solemn and poetical associations—a character which fine taste strongly recognizes in them, with a perception distinguishable in some degree from the precise conviction of truth and divinity. Irreligion, that will not *let* them be thus acknowledged by taste, in so far depraves and debases that taste, which, therefore, thenceforth perceives no *incongruity* (we say not a word of *impiety*), in placing the marvellous, the doctrine, or the language of the Bible, in the meanest or most ludicrous associations. This is repeatedly done by Mr. Gamble; and we have no doubt he would think it all the better, for wit, sense, and good taste, if every page of the venerated volume could have such low associations profanely fixed on it. We will cite only the first example we noticed. In mentioning a village where a “brewery is thrown down, or converted into a distillery,” he says, “whiskey, like Aaron’s rod, seems to swallow up every other liquor.” (P. 17.) He has a very considerable knack of biblical quotation, which he employs sometimes indeed gravely, but is, at the very least, as much pleased with himself when he can hit it off in the way of humour and parody.

We should take some little notice of the course of the

ramble. At Dundalk, he begins talking French with the family of an inn-keeper who had lived long in France; and in his delight to find himself able to keep up a little dialogue in the language, he must maintain, and illustrate by examples selected, evidently with deep research, though he pretends at random, its infinite superiority to English for the expression of the affections.

"While others admire the light graces of this beautiful language, to me its great charm is its overflowing tenderness. Innumerable instances might be given. I take two at random. How cold seem in our mouths the expressions of Father, Mother, Daughter, Brother, compared to the sweetly affectionate ones of *Mon Père, Ma Fille, Mon Frère, Ma Mère*; and unfeeling would be the heart which did not vibrate in unison with the soft and dulcet sounds in the lips of a French woman of '*Je vous aime.*'"

A diction as "dulcet" as this, is not unfrequent in the book; and we may remark that the affectation of the language of exquisite sensibility by those who do not understand it, is commonly marked, just as this is, by an overdone quantity of sweet words. It is overlaid, like a wedding cake, with a mawkish preparation of sugar.

But though our author cannot make trifles of sentiment interesting, nor create, as some writers have done, by means of tender forms of fancy and refined touches of sensibility, an interest out of nothing, he is more successful when he comes, in the progress of the book, to the relation of some facts of such a nature as to command the reader's feelings by their own essential quality, and in spite of the writer's coarse, dashing, and sometimes jocular mode of telling them.

The first story of considerable length is that of the extraordinary circumstances attending an early attachment of the wife of a gentleman to whose hospitable house the author was introduced a few days after the commencement of his excursion. He understood her to be then in a state of dotage, though not very aged. The history is distinctly said to have been given to him by her daughter, to whom he apologizes for having repeated it with perhaps less effect than she would tell it. This very formal reference (though indeed no name is given) seems a sufficient authentication. The most striking circumstance was, that when the desired

union, which had appeared an altogether hopeless object, had been brought into a happy train by events quite like the forced improbabilities of a romance, the deserving object of her affections died at the very moment the clergyman was pronouncing the matrimonial benediction. The catastrophe was proved to be in consequence of an injury of the brain, caused by his having a few days before received a blow on his head, in rushing in to shield a venerable and most generous benefactor (the chief agent in the train of events apparently so happily complete) from an iron crow which a sailor was unwittingly in the act of swinging round.

Such a history will in a considerable degree excite its appropriate emotions in defiance of almost any possible mode of telling it; but nevertheless the reader will be forced to feel how much it suffers in the hands of the relater. The brother of this lady's husband had been an officer in the American service, during the war for independence, and greatly amused our author by the singularity of his appearance and his most passionate enthusiasm in favour of the Americans.

"He actually shrieked at the idea that, in what I must deem the most unfortunate struggle about again to commence between them, the mercenary slaves of England should prove a match for the freeborn sons of America. I thought he would have suffocated, nor was I relieved from my apprehensions until I saw the tears of affliction roll down the poor man's furrowed cheeks, as in imagination he beheld the future greatness of his beloved adopted country. 'And oh,' exclaimed he, 'that I may be permitted to look down a hundred years hence, and to see her greatness extending from the rising to the setting of the sun! I warrant ye, her low-minded enemies will then be as low-lod.' His dress bespeaks his fondness as forcibly as his conversation. He wears upwards of two dozen of silver buttons on his blue coat and waistcoat, on each of which are engraved some great American statesman, general, or event. General Washington occupies the upper button of the coat, and Mr. Hancock, President of Congress, the same station on the waistcoat."—P. 101.

He here observes that many Presbyterians, actuated chiefly by aversion to an aristocratical and episcopal polity, had emigrated to America, and that "they almost universally took part with her in her struggle for freedom, as they would consider it." He represents the present Presby-

terians of the north of Ireland as generally and unalterably possessed by this evil spirit, the love of liberty; an evil spirit, for he declares he cannot give it room in *his* mind. It is impossible to read this kind of avowal, now so frequent, and uttered with so little apprehension of disgrace, without recalling to mind the time, not so long departed but that the termination of it is within the remembrance of even middle age, when they were deemed fit only for the Thirtieth of January sermons, and in the general opinion exposed the makers of them as persons of narrow understanding or corrupt principles. According to the general opinions of thinking Englishmen in that age, it would have been, on the ground of either politics or philanthropy, pitiful enough if any one would have been found delivering with honest gravity such a paragraph as the following —

“In every country, and under every government, a few will revel in luxury, a few will work with their minds, and the many (the happy many, would they but think so) must work with their hands. And, notwithstanding all the bustle and disturbance that have been made about modes and forms of government, there is hardly any truth more incontrovertible than that they have worked in almost all countries with nearly equal security. Luckily for mankind, Providence has not trusted their happiness to statesmen or speculators. The great business of life goes on under despotism as well as under free governments — corn grows in Thence as well as in Middlesex, and the vintager of the Rhine or the Moselle gathers his grapes (in ordinary times) as quickly as the man of Kent does his hops.”—P 45

It should follow from this, that the labouring part of the community, that is the bulk of the population, in this and the other countries of Europe, have no real interest in the great business for which their toils and their blood have been so largely and so long in requisition, of resisting the grand tyrant of the age, and that therefore it is most iniquitous and cruel to impose on them any exertions and sufferings for such an object, and most dishonest and deceptive to represent it to them as their interest or their duty. If it is of trifling importance, as to their substantial welfare, under what government they live and labour, it cannot be their duty to resign a large share of the benefit of their labours, or to expose their lives in battle, for the mainte-

nance of the government they happen to be under, or any other principle than that they are absolutely its property. This principle, we suppose, Mr. Gamble is hardly prepared to avow. He might as well avow it, however, if he holds it. He will be in too much good company to have any occasion to be ashamed.

The people, he says, will be enabled under almost any sort of government to follow their work in tolerable security, and will find they obtain its natural comfortable results in corn, wine, &c. &c. How false and foolish is such an assertion it is needless to observe to any one who has but in the most cursory manner read the accounts of the condition of labour, and the state of cultivation and manufacture, throughout the greatest part of the Turkish empire—in India previously to the English conquests there—in a considerable portion of the American dependencies of Spain and Portugal—even in France under the old government (how the case is now we have no adequate means of learning), and in many parts of Ireland. Those accounts present a vast and melancholy picture of poverty, indolence, despondency, and sterility, caused by a vexatious and repressive direct interference with the people's labour, an interference which both harasses the labour itself through all its stages, and watches and immediately devours its results. But we might contemplate a much more favourable condition of a laborious people, without much diminution of our contempt for such doctrine as that of the paragraph quoted above. It would be easy to imagine the case of an industrious and ingenious population really protected, in a good degree, in the prosecution of their labours, aided in them by intelligent co-operation, distribution, and the new inventions of art, and *apparently* empowered to appropriate the profitable results: but there would be little to envy in the lot of that people if they were doomed to find that with all their exertions and auxiliary inventions they were still becoming poorer; if they had a government boundlessly and incorrigibly lavish in expenditure—which consumed in direct corruption as much as the produce of innumerable myriads of industrious hands—which was unremittingly furious for wars, and scornful of all sober calculations as to the means of carrying them on; which, in short,

kept its enormous taxation faithfully attendant on every labourer in the vast national workshop, and instead of suffering the labourers to improve their condition, or relax their toils, pressed them, amidst alternate threats and cajoleries, with a continual aggravation of their tasks, perhaps at the same time, in the true Egyptian style, adopting, in the indulgence of its pride, measures tending to make the performance of those tasks in many instances impracticable. To such a population Mr Gamble's congratulations on their privilege of working in security, and on the means of their welfare being independent of statesmen, would be an insult, if they were at leisure to notice or feel it, or if they would let themselves take as an insult anything such a talker could say.

It is but fair to observe that he does not pretend to be deep or systematic in politics, but he nevertheless flings down his remarks on this, as on all other subjects, in the manner of great confidence and self-complacency. We should not wonder if he were even particularly vain of the following mixed allusion of cant and rant as a piece of wisdom and fine writing. Speaking of the "innovating" spirit in politics —

"I must confess" says he ' though I am 'native here (in the north of Ireland), and to the truth to be said it is a spirit in which I am in no degree a participator. I think mankind in general have fully as much feeling as they know how to make good use of, and I dislike untried and untried ways. Like Hardcastle in the play I love everything that is old—old customs, old religions, old constitutions and old governments. And should my head at times feel this as a delusion, my heart ever recognizes it as a legitimate one. For what can novelty or new created greatness command of respect or veneration, compared to that which has its origin in past ages? and I do not hesitate to declare, that I should prefer the decaying frame of ancient greatness when viewed in the yellow light thrown on it through the stained casement of the sanctuary of the Gothic cathedral in which it has lain so long to a constitution just issued from the hand of the Fatherless of wisdom did it even come into the world as perfect and full grown as she did herself."—
P 69

By the way, we must here deny the universality of Mr Gamble's preference of what is old. The good old

sober constitution of the English language is not within the compass of his affections. He is on this ground a furious and practical revolutionist, and if his example were to be unpunished and become infectious, there would be a frightful anarchy in the provinces of grammar and rhetoric. In grateful return for his benevolent willingness to consign us and other handicraftsmen to a political despotism, we wish him, and all such as he, to be put under the most rigorous despotism of criticism. He has had more liberty than he "knows how to make a good use of." He has taken up the most mischievous form of the doctrine of literary liberty and equality. He is clearly unfit for the exercise of the elective franchise, or any other function of a free citizen in the community of paragraph makers. With a remarkable perversity of fancy and whim, his democratic turbulence and refractoriness, as a subject of the state of letters, are combined with a violent passion for gaudy magnificence. It is the fancy of a man who cannot satisfy himself he is a freeman unless he may blazon the royal arms on his carriage or his cart, and harness eight cream-coloured horses. We will give two or three slight samples of his painting, gilding, and livery:—

"About the same time was reared in France that fatal Columna Bellica, from which was thrown the burning spear which has caused such conflagration on earth. The spirit of Ulster innovation became sublimated, and blazed with borrowed violence. The sober Presbyterian drew infection from the boiling cauldron of French atheism, and while the livid fire gleamed on his visage he could hardly be distinguished from the blood-stained demons who with shouts and yells, in uncouth and unseemly garb, were dancing round him."

In relating an instance of the influence of love, he finds occasion to generalize in the following strain:—

"A man can dissemble to the object he loves; or rather, he is in her presence a different being, on whom her likings and dislikings, her feelings and affections, are impressed; and he may be said, without much exaggeration, to be endued with a new and ethereal existence, floating in the cerulean dew of her creation."—P. 141.

Adverting to the early history of a now very old friend, a

Presbyterian minister, he describes a disputation that was held by formal appointment, between that gentleman and a Catholic priest, just fresh and hot from Salamanca :—

“The first point was the often-enough disputed doctrine of transubstantiation. This is a vast Sorbonnian bog, in which whole armies of controversialists have sunk. It is, of all the tenets of the Romish church, the most incomprehensible—which was precisely the reason why the young Salamanca pedant chose it. The more unmalleable it was, the more credit he thought he would have in hammering it into the hard head of his Presbyterian antagonist.”—P. 255.

Again :—

“A people who are accustomed to the gratifications of the imagination, are rarely politicians, and as rarely sots or gluttons. How calm and unruffled, even unto this day, would probably have flowed the stream of Italian government, had it not been disturbed by the French Revolution, which, like a ponderous millstone fallen into a lake, extended its circles to the remotest parts. And what a people were the Italians—so gentle, so sober, so animated, so intelligent, so affectionate. Is that wonderful? when the finest paintings, the most exquisite statues, when heavenly music and sacred incense, and spectacle, and show, and procession, daily seen and hearkened to, turned their natures to corresponding harmony, and caused their souls to float in a kind of celestial dewiness, which raised them far above the dark and murky shadows which sordid care, and barbarous ignorance, and paltry rivalry, and mad-brained politics, throw on the characters of men.”—P. 297.

The merit of the fine composition, though that is not small, is infinitely surpassed by that of the truth and sense, of this matchless piece of raving, which asserts, in the face of the history of the civilized world, and of the biography of artists and men of taste, the incompatibility of vice and a high cultivation of the fine arts; and, with a felicity that never can be equalled, cites modern Italy, the very sink of morals and reason, as the proof and illustration! It is perfectly worthy of the judgment and the style of such a writer to run wild in rhapsody on the charms and glories of Popery; and the following sentences may complete the display of eloquence and intellectual sanity :—

“How delightful, too, is the Catholic religion—solemn in

music, fragrant in incense, splendid in decoration, graceful in ornament; the beads, the scapular and cross,—it may be said, like the Pagan religion of old, to deify life, and to reflect only in its fair bosom the beneficent author of creation; while the gloomy spirit of Calvinism, like a stern enchantress, waves her wand over the bright landscape of the imagination and gives in its stead the dark cavern of a ferocious tyrant.”—P. 31.

“I see little reason why it (the ascendancy of Protestantism in India) should be desirable. There is nothing in the Catholic religion more than any other to make worse men, worse subjects, or worse members of the community; it addresses the heart as well as the head, it pleases the fancy, it captivates the imagination, it throws a ray of glory round the skeleton head of theology. It is no upstart, it is an ancient religion; it has all the grandeur and venerable aspect, though it has some of the weaknesses of age,” &c. &c.

And then he goes forward in loud eulogy of the Catholic clergy and gentry; who, if they have but even a small portion of that noble and lofty and magnanimous spirit which he ascribes to them, will spurn and nauseate a pretended tribute to their religion from a man who is prepared, in other company, to laugh at that and all other forms of religion.

It has often been imputed to religious, *alias* methodistical, censors of books, that not being able, in any other effectual way, to vent against an author who thinks too freely for them, the malignity of which they are supposed to be always full to overflowing, they resort to an easy commonplace of mischief, and call him an infidel. This charge will not be made in the present instance. The light, and sometimes sneering or burlesque manner in which religious topics are alluded to, and facts and phrases of Scripture cited, in the more lively parts of the book; the sceptical cast of the philosophic reflections (as we suppose we are to call them) in the graver parts; and the repeated affectation of considering the various modes of religion, excepting Calvinism, as all nearly equal, hardly left it necessary, for deciding the reader's estimate, that the author should have thrown in such a sentence as this: “The grave is the isthmus which unites eternity to time—when once our eyes are closed in it, we do not know whether we shall ever wake again, or if we do, in what state we shall wake.”—P. 375.

This ignorance, nevertheless, appears competent to be a foundation for pride. For, in speaking of the very aged and venerable Presbyterian clergyman alluded to before, who is described as enjoying in his conscious approach towards the close of life the calm confidence of a life to come, our author says, in a tone of kind condescension partaking of compassion—the tone of a man who must have the merit, forsooth, of being too good to wish to banish the fond fancies that console a weak mind, “I have never heard him express a doubt on these subjects (the ‘truth of revealed religion, and the immortality of the soul’) *‘and very cruel would be the man that suggested it to him!’* This arrogant sort of kindness is the more silly and nauseous as this very clergyman is described as having been uniformly distinguished by an uncommonly sound understanding, and by a freedom and liberality of thinking and taste which had sometimes been greatly inconvenient to him in his connexion with a very frigid sect.

Mr. Gamble has frequent occasion to revert to the rebellion and the United Irishmen; and it is done in much more tolerant language than might have been expected from so complete an enemy to political innovation. He affirms that the *active* energy of the conspiracy was in a great measure confined to the Catholics. So long, he says, as its employments were those of deliberating, and planning, and writing, the Presbyterians bore an ample and most animated share. But when the design was matured to the great crisis, they began to shrink; not for want of courage, but from the intervention of conscience and humanity, from a moral and religious horror of the crimes of civil war, combined with their long-established partialities and prejudices. In consequence, the Catholic portion of the insurgents regarded themselves as basely betrayed by these Protestant co-operators in the schemes and councils which had led them into the war. And there is, it seems, a deep and extensive feeling of indignation and hatred cherished by the discontented Catholics on this account. There is, therefore, in Mr. Gamble’s opinion, no possibility of any future political relation between the two parties. The Catholics could not trust, and the Presbyterians will never seek to be trusted.

Among the remarkable facts attending the conspiracy, the author relates at great length one most extraordinary history. But we really cannot tell whether he means it to be all believed or not. He assumes most fully indeed the manner of a person relating what he knows or believes to be facts, only concealing names under initials; but he begins and ends without saying anything precisely on the subject of the authentication of the story, while he might have been sensible that a more established name than he can suppose his to be, would have been requisite for such a narrative, if it was to be given without any of the formalities of evidence. Indeed, he will expect every reader to challenge the authenticity of a history so full of romantic incidents of surprising changes of feeling, of tragical and overwhelming misery, and of retired circumstances and communications which it is impossible to conceive how the relater could know. It is an account of a young Protestant gentleman who entered the league of the United Irishmen, was implicated in the melancholy transactions of 1798, and became a prisoner, and a victim to the law. It includes two tender and ardent attachments, the former of which ended in a manner hardly less melancholy than the fatal catastrophe which resulted from and closed upon the latter. This interesting and ill-fated youth had for a time completely withdrawn himself from the dangerous political connexion, in consequence partly of having found on what pernicious moral principles it was prosecuting an object which in itself he deemed good, and partly of the solemn injunctions of his father when on his death-bed. He devoted himself to retirement and rural employment, from which, though oppressed with languor and melancholy, he was little likely to have returned to the political fraternity and its schemes and enterprises, had he not fallen, or rather been led by design, into the company and irresistible enchantments, as he found them, of a beautiful young woman, who was so enthusiastic a republican and United Irishwoman, that though she became as much attached as he, she refused to marry him but on the condition of his first rejoining the formidable fraternity. He did so at a moment very near the crisis of their designs, led a small division of the insurgents to battle, was wounded, and after a number of escapes, apprehended, condemned, and

executed. His female friend attended him in his last melancholy hours, and accompanied him to the place of execution.

HORNE TOOKE.

Memoirs of John Horne Tooke, interspersed with Original Documents. By ALEXANDER STEPHENS, Esq., of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. 8vo. 1813.

THAT eager desire which the decease of very distinguished men so commonly excites among the inquisitive part of the community, to obtain ample memoirs of their lives, and illustrations of their opinions and characters, must have been greatly repressed with respect to the very extraordinary individual who is the subject of these volumes. There cannot but have been a very general conviction that it was as much in vain to expect a really faithful history and impartial estimate of him as of Oliver Cromwell or the French Revolution. Even if such a book were to appear, it is probable it would have but few approving readers. In the minds of a very large proportion of reading Englishmen, the name of Horne Tooke awakens ideas of almost everything hateful or dreadful in politics and morals. A more moderate class, though giving him some considerable credit for honesty of intention, and superiority to the lowest sort of self-interested motives—adopting too, to a limited extent, the principles on which he waged his political wars, and regarding him with something of that kindness which we are disposed to indulge towards men in adversity—feel nevertheless such disgust at some of the connexions in which he acted at some periods of his career, at the inconsistency of his character with his spiritual profession while he exercised it, and at that later licentiousness of which his irreligion tended to secure him from being ashamed, that they cannot with any complacency hear him praised, while they see and despise the injustice of that undiscerning and unmixed opprobrium with which they hear him abused. There may be a small party ready to make light of all his faults

and vices, and to extol him as the mirror of integrity, an apostle of liberty, a model of orators, a prince of philosophers. Not one person, probably, of these different classes will ever alter his opinion of this remarkable character. The subject is old, the impression has long been made and settled, and just according to that impression will the biographer's performance be pronounced upon, instead of the impression itself being changed by the biographer's representations.

Though we should be glad, certainly, that there *were* any chance of our ever obtaining, however unavailing it might be for rectifying public opinion, a perfect life of this extraordinary man—a work written by a contemporary, endowed with great sagacity, a rational lover of liberty, a zealous friend of learning, and a true disciple of Christianity, and privileged, if such a man could have been so, with a long personal acquaintance with his subject—yet we can make ourselves tolerably content under the certainty that such a work will never appear. The subject in question will not long continue to excite any considerable interest. There is a vast number of things the world can afford to forget. The train of events and of transiently conspicuous personages is passing on with such impetuous haste, and the crowd of interesting or portentous appearances is so multiplying in the prospect, that our attention is powerfully withdrawn from the past: and there is something almost melancholy in considering how soon men of so much figure in their time as Horne Tooke, and even his greater contemporaries, will be reduced to the diminished forms of what will be regarded with the indifference almost of remote history.

In the meantime, we might be tolerably satisfied with the information conveyed in the present work, if it were not so unconscionably loaded with needless matters. The author, though too favourable to his subject, is, however, much nearer to impartiality than probably any of the enemies of that subject will ever be, in recording the life, or commenting on the principles.

The work begins with the introduction of names which some ingenuity might be thought requisite to connect with the subject, if we were not aware that writing biography is

an undertaking of such very questionable legitimacy, as to make it, in setting off, highly politic, in order to get fairly and unobstructed into the course, to stun and quell the prepared cavillers with the imposing sound of such names as Plutarch, Tacitus, Bossuet, and "our own Bacon Lord Verulam."* Several pages are then employed on the object, apparently, of showing that the rank to be assigned, in biography, to distinguished talents, should not depend on the aristocratic or plebian descent of their possessor. The author manages this topic so laboriously as to excite some little suspicion that he would, after all, have been better pleased to tell that his subject, John Horne, was the son of a duke, than that he was the son of a poulterer in Newport Market. A paragraph like the following does not exemplify exactly the right way of effecting what it appears intended for:—

"A tradition still exists in the family, that their ancestors possessed great wealth, and were settled on their own lands at no great distance from the metropolis. A more ingenious biographer, by a plausible reference to county histories, might have been able, perhaps, to have traced their origin to a pretty remote period, and, with a little reasonable conjecture, it would have been easy to have ascertained the loss of the patrimonial estates during the wars between the rival Roses. Or the industry of a modern genealogist might have contrived, from the identity of names, in addition to some trivial and incidental circumstances, to have shed the lustre of episcopacy on their race, and, by means of Dr. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich, reflected a borrowed renown on his new relatives. But such arts, even if allowable, are unnecessary here; for the grammarian, who forms the subject of the present volumes, is fairly entitled to be considered as a *noun substantive*, whose character and consequence might be impaired, rather than increased, by the addition of any unnecessary adjunct."

As to the latter of these supposed expedients for conferring adventitious consequence on that proud "substantive," we should have thought that no one who had been a personal observer of his moral temperament could have entertained the idea long enough to put it in words, of importance being added to him by even a real relationship.

* When will writers learn to sweep their pages clear of idle expletives?

to the Bishop of Norwich, without being rebuked by the image of that bitterly sarcastic look with which the said "substantive" would have heard any such suggestion.

He was born on the 25th of June, 1736. Whatever other reasons he might have for complacency in his parentage, there was one that could not fail to be always peculiarly gratifying to him. His father's premises were contiguous to those of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of the present King. The officers of the Prince's household thought it would be a great convenience to them to have an outlet to the street through a certain wall which belonged to the poulterer. Without ceremony, therefore, they ordered a door-way to be broken in it, and paid no attention when he went to remonstrate. He at last boldly appealed to the law, and found its administration upright enough to defend him against the encroachment. Being, however, zealously attached to the house of Brunswick, he had no sooner obtained this decision than he handsomely gave the Prince the desired accommodation.

John, being a favourite and a boy of promise, was placed at Westminster School, and afterwards, for five or six years at Eton; where, however, it has not been discovered that he gained any literary honours, or made any efforts to gain them. There are traces of evidence, nevertheless, of great prematurity. "On interrogating," says our author, "an old lady, with a view of discovering if anything remarkable had occurred during his childhood, I happened to ask, whether she had known Mr. Horne Tooke when a boy." "No!" was the reply, "he never was a boy; with him there was no interval between childhood and age; he became a man all at once upon us!"

He is believed to have become a diligent student at college, where he passed several years; and whence he removed to undertake, to the great surprise and regret of his biographer, the office of usher in a school at Blackheath.

It was at the "earnest request of his father, who was a zealous member of the Church of England, that he entered at length into holy orders, and was ordained a deacon. It was not till a subsequent period that he qualified himself for holding preferment by passing through the usual

ceremonies incident to the priesthood." And in the interval between the two points in his progress, and after he had made a commencement as a curate, he entirely abandoned all clerical intentions, and determined to enter on the law.

At the Inns of Courts he had for contemporary students and familiar associates Dunning and Kenyon, the one of whom was afterwards to be his defender and the other his judge, but whose more prosperous fortunes in subsequent life could not then have been prognosticated on any ground of family, or talent, or literary attainment. In this last particular both are asserted to have been very greatly his inferiors. And, to judge of their command of money by their *almost* rival frugality, we may conclude they were all under an equal necessity of submitting to calculate their future successes solely on their abilities and exertions. In the point of frugality it should be mentioned that there was a small difference in favour of the individual who was so very eminent for that virtue in latter life.

"I have been repeatedly assured by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together during the vacation at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane, for the sum of sevenpence halfpenny each. 'As to Dunning and myself,' added he, 'we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise!'"

But in spite of his strong inclination to the law, the singular adaptedness of his powers for the most successful prosecution of it, this formal preparation for it, and this companionship with some of the most fortunate of its young proficient, Horne was the captive, beyond redemption, of another destiny.

"His family, which had never sanctioned this attachment [to the law], deemed the church far more eligible as a profession, and he was at length obliged to yield, notwithstanding his reluctance, to the admonitions, the entreaties, and the persuasions of his parents. It seems not at all improbable that a friendly compromise took place on this occasion; and that an assurance was given of some permanent provision in case he consented to relinquish his legal pursuits.

"Accordingly in 1760, Mr. Horne was admitted a priest of the Church of England by Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Sarum; and in the course of the same year he obtained the living of New Brentford, which was purchased for him by his father."—"It is said to have produced between £200 and £300 per annum. This income he enjoyed during eleven years, and in the course of that period he not only did duty at Brentford, but also preached in many of the churches of the metropolis."

In 1763, he was prevailed upon to become what he was accustomed to denominate a *bear-leader*, that is, the travelling tutor of a young gentleman. With a son of the famous Elwes he passed more than a year in France, with vastly higher gratification, no doubt, than any that could have been afforded by the occupations of a parish priest. It is not, however, to be understood that he scorned all the proprieties of his profession. We may transcribe without being bound to feel any great reverence for the biographer's judgment in theology, his account of Mr. Horne's clerical ministrations:—

"During his residence at Brentford, he seems to have laboured to prove useful to his parishioners and all around him. His sermons were plain, perspicuous, and practical discourses, tending to remind his audience of their duties to God, their neighbours, and themselves. While he explained the tenets of Christianity, and insisted on their decisive superiority over those of all other religions, he is said to have carefully abstained from controversial points. Chiefly intent on producing beneficial results, he never extended his researches beyond the truths contained in the Scriptures, and the received opinions of the Anglican church. Like the learned and pious Dr. Jortin, he perhaps thought that 'where mystery begins, religion ends;' and in this point of view he always bore ample testimony to the excellence of that faith in which he had been educated. No one, however, was ever more ready or more eager in private to oppose and refute the doctrines of the Catholic church."

We need not remark on the extreme ignorance betrayed in a passage which represents a man as avoiding controversial points, and keeping clear of mystery by—confining himself to "the truths contained in the Scriptures, and the received opinions of the Anglican church!"

But whatever may be thought of that portion of Horne's services to his people which he performed under a solemn

ecclesiastical obligation, he claims the most animated praise for what he did *beyond* the terms of this obligation: "He actually studied the healing art, for the express purpose of relieving the complaints of such as were unable to pay for the assistance of an apothecary. To attain this end he carefully studied the works of Boerhaave and the best practical physicians of that day; and having learned to compound a few medicines, he formed a little dispensary at the parsonage-house, where he supplied the wants of his numerous and grateful patients." It is added, that "he was accustomed, at times, to plume himself on the cures he had performed, and often observed, 'that though physic was said to be a problematical art, he believed that his medical were far more efficacious than his spiritual labours.'" Sufficient care, however, was taken that these occupations should not trench on the time and attention due to the "Rule and Exercise" of gentility and fashion. He was fond of gay company; and as some slight drawback from the praises earned in his theological and medical capacity, it is in the softest, gentlest form of blame acknowledged, "that he was at one period accused of being too fond of cards, and of spending too much of his time at ombre, quadrille, and whist." The biographer did not think himself called upon to tell that the clergyman used to spend the Sunday afternoon in this canonical employment, with a preference, for honesty's sake, of a room looking to the street, and with every kind of blind removed from the windows. But then, what an excellent chance we have of knowing from biographers all that is material to an estimate of men's characters! Friends will not make plain confessions of things which we know not whether we ought to believe when asserted in the accusations of enemies.

Our author observes that a man of Mr. Horne's opinions might perhaps have been expected to "lean to the Dissenters," on account of the more republican cast of their church economy, and their entertaining a spirit favourable to civil liberty. No. He deemed the gradation of ranks in the national establishment well calculated for the production, as well as the reward, of "merit and virtue;" and,—

"Notwithstanding the charges afterwards adduced against him on the score of orthodoxy, no one was *more violent against schismatics* of all descriptions."—"Out of the pale of its faith,"

(that of the Established Church), "he never was very ready to admit of any ecclesiastical desert whatever."—Vol. I. p. 39.

*Mr. Stephens could perhaps have explained on what theory of the subject the Established church could have a strenuous advocate in an utter contemner of its creed. But that a man holding such notions concerning religion as Mr. Horne Tooke notoriously did, should be violent against schismatics, is one of the most scandalous inconsistencies in the whole records of human perversity. To think that a man so fierce (and surely we do not censure this animosity), against meanness, hypocrisy, time-serving, and treachery, could also find an object of antipathy and reprobation in that conscientiousness which would not dishonestly and treacherously profess and take the emolument of an adherence to a church, while seriously disapproving its tenets or institutions! and that he could, the while, give himself all manner of credit for rectitude of judgment and moral feeling! But it is thus that irreligion is very apt to become an occultation of common sense in matters where religion is concerned.

Possibly, however, there was somewhat more sense in this than may be obvious just at first sight. It would not be very strange if a man who rejects religion should be very desirous to obtain that sort of countenance to his rejection, which he would seem to receive from the character of those who professed to espouse it, while they were all found devoid of principle. He may, therefore, very naturally be vexed there should be men to prove by example that Christianity is a promoter of integrity of conduct.

Reverting to the biographer's assertion, that Mr. Horne Tooke thought the hierarchy "well calculated to incite to," as well as "reward, virtue and merit;" we may very fairly make it a question whether we do not get nearer his real opinion in the following extract from a letter he wrote to Wilkes from one of the stages of his first journey in France:—

"You are entering into a correspondence with a parson, and I am greatly apprehensive lest that title should disgust; but give me leave to assure you I am not *ordained* a hypocrite. It is true I have suffered the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over me; whose imposition, like the sop given to Judas, is only a signal for the devil to enter.

"I allow, that usually at that touch—'fugiant pudor verumque, fidesque. In quorum subeunt locum fraudes, dolique, insidiae,' &c. &c., but I hope I have escaped the contagion; and, if I have not, if you should at any time discover the **BLACK** spot under the tongue, pray kindly assist me to conquer the prejudices of education and profession."—P. 76.

We have little doubt that this indelible record may be taken as the genuine expression of his estimate of the institution to which he belonged, and was always mortified to belong; and, therefore, as a measure of the honesty, the equity, and the decorum, with which he could be "violent against schismatics." He boldly declared there was nothing in this letter which he should be ashamed to have generally known, when he understood that the worthy friend to whom it had been addressed threatened to publish it, in revenge of some offence he had chosen to take at the writer. But nevertheless, he must have been excessively vexed at his own indiscretion, even though he had not entertained (it does not appear whether he ever did entertain) any ambitious designs on the higher stations in the church—designs to which the public disclosure of such sentiments would inevitably be fatal. He would be more mortified at being exhibited in this attitude of humiliation. A proud man, an able man, a learned man, and a knowing man, thus almost prostrate before such a piece of human nature as Wilkes' indignantly but impotently endeavouring to tear off his sacerdotal vestments; making a bitter but poor jest of ceremonies which he had been obliged to maintain the utmost gravity while undergoing; earnest to divert the anticipated sneer from himself to his fraternity and sacred vocation; eager to prove that though he *had* professed to be "moved by the Holy Ghost," he was not, he really and in good faith was not, unworthy of the friendship of one of the most abandoned profligates on earth; entreating to be allowed to make a sacrifice of whatever in his education and chosen profession might be displeasing to this regent of doctrines and morals; and hoping to be at length, through his auspicious influence, redeemed from the degradation at least, if he could not be delivered from the fact, of being a priest!

His feelings with regard to his profession would be combined with many other sentiments to make him exult in

the prospect of another travelling adventure, which was to extend through the most interesting parts of France and Italy. He went again in the capacity of tutor to a young man of fortune. He left his canonicals at Dover, and "assumed the habit, appearance, and manners of a private gentleman." "Nor ought it to be omitted," says the biographer, "that, on both this and the former occasion, the young gentleman entrusted to his care, never once dreamed that he was under his inspection, but deemed himself highly honoured, as well as obliged, by the permission to accompany him in the capacity of a friend." Wilkes, in one of the letters in which the grand quarrel between the two friends was publicly fought out, alludes to Horne's residence in Italy, with strong intimations respecting his morals, and challenges him to venture a reference on that subject to an "Italian gentleman now in London," a challenge which the clergyman does not notice in his reply.

However this may be, he seems, on his return, to have taken to the pulpit with a considerable degree of activity, and with a distinction which might soon have grown to popularity and celebrity.

"There is abundance of proof, indeed, that Mr. Horne was now considered an admirable preacher, and that his eloquence only wanted cultivation to place him among the most successful of our English divines. But it was in orthodox and doctrinal discourses that he chiefly excelled, and he is accordingly reported to have distinguished himself greatly by his exhortations before confirmation, on which occasion, by mingling sound argument with kind and affectionate persuasion, he never failed to make a suitable impression on all who heard him. In short, he might not only have been greatly respected as a popular pastor, but was still in a fair way to become one of the pillars of the Anglican church, when a memorable event occurred in the political world, and proved an insurmountable, though not, perhaps, an unexpected obstacle to his future preferment."

This event was the famous Middlesex election, in which the government was braved, encountered, and defeated by a daring mock patriot, of ruined fortune, obnoxious to the laws, and of infamous morals.

The leading facts of that transaction are sufficiently known. Wilkes, though he carried the election, was rejected by the House of Commons. He had the same success

a second, third, fourth, and fifth time, in quick succession, and still met the same repulse. Colonel Luttrell was his opponent in the fifth election, and was declared duly elected, though he had only about a fourth part of the votes. It is stated that the mob became so furious on this, that the Colonel would have lost his life but for the personal interposition of Mr. Horne, who rescued him and conducted him to a place of safety. Our author observes :—

“This generous conduct must surely be allowed to have been worthy of applause ; but, such is the deadly enmity of political contests, that it rendered him ever after suspected by many of that party, and, on a future occasion, was frequently quoted against him as an indelible disgrace.”

Horne put forth the whole force of his mind in the preparation for this great contest, and in the management of it ; and to his able and indefatigable exertions the biographer mainly attributes the energy and success of the popular cause. His courage, which was of the coolest and firmest kind, shrunk from no hazard ; his resources of argument and declamation were inexhaustible ; his personal applications had every diversity of address and persuasion ; his very moderate pecuniary means were freely devoted ; and his measures and exertions to preserve good order, and prevent all violence, beyond that of language, on the popular side, proved how well he was qualified to manage the populace, and how much influence he must have previously acquired over their minds. This care to prevent violence was strongly contrasted with the conduct of the government party, who hired and embodied a gang of ruffians for the purpose of perpetrating it. In consequence, several unoffending persons were desperately wounded, and one man was killed. Horne's zeal and intrepidity were eminently displayed in his unsuccessful efforts to bring to justice the criminals in this and one or two other deeds of partly similar nature. Why such efforts should be unsuccessful, when those criminals were ascertained, it is not difficult to conjecture.

The share he took in this contest would be to him of the nature of an experiment on his own powers ; and the manner in which he had borne himself through so various and turbulent a warfare, would greatly confirm and augment his consciousness of extraordinary strength. While

this would tend to impart a tone of provocation and defiance, the exercise of so ardent, and in his constant opinion, so virtuous a hostility, excited a passion for war which could not in a mind constituted of such "stern stuff" as his, become extinct as soon as the particular occasion was past. A heated piece of iron retains its power to burn longer than slighter substances. The passion was prolonged in a keen watchfulness to find an enemy, and a fierce promptitude to attack him. When we add to this that from his childhood his hatred had been directed against the sins of governments, we shall not wonder to find him, from the period in question, the unrelenting persecutor of statesmen, and their corruptions and their adherents. Among the first objects of this inextinguishable spirit of war was a Right Honourable person of the name of Onslow, a member of the administration, who was publicly called to account for an imputed delinquency in so peremptory a style, that he was provoked to make his ultimate answer by a prosecution. Horne, defeated at first, stoutly fought the matter through the courts to a third trial, in which he was completely victorious; and it was a victory over a much greater personage than his immediate antagonist, for he defeated Lord Mansfield, and in a manner so marked and decisive, that it must have caused that personage extreme mortification. This was a proud commencement of that series of interviews which Horne was destined to have with his lordship, under the relation of judge and culprit, and might contribute not a little to his maintaining ever afterwards such an attitude of intrepidity and equality as no other man did, in the same relation, to the great despot of law.

There awaited him, however, a much more vexatious, and less eventually prosperous contest, in his public correspondence with Wilkes. It will depend on the various degrees of interest felt by readers about Horne's history and character to be grateful to the biographer, to forgive him, or to condemn him, for inserting nearly the whole of this correspondence, occupying about a *hundred and forty pages*. We profess to place ourselves, not without a very great effort, in the middle class of these three. We think a short analysis might have competently exhibited the merits of the question, and would have satisfied at least half of the readers of the work. If it was presumed that a consider-

able number would really wish for more, the entire correspondence might have been printed separately for their sake. But probably it is a better trade calculation to load every copy with the additional cost of this republished correspondence, than to sell the work for so much less, and leave it to the option of the purchasers to send also for this supplemental part.

It contains a great deal of able writing, but is so completely of a personal nature as that it would require the combatants to be of much greater historical importance to give it any permanent interest. It explains why they became virulent and implacable enemies, and exhibits a graceless picture of strong talent on the one side, and alert talent on the other, earnestly exerted and delighted to tear, and stab, and poison, and ready, apparently, to join in a most devout prayer to the nether world for more efficient implements of offence. Horne's letters are composed with a grave, intense, argumentative acrimony. Wilkes's, with still more deadly rancour, are more volatile, satiric, affectedly careless, and captiously smart; they display the boldest impudence of depravity, with wit enough to render it both amusing and mischievous. In point of success, relatively to the main matters in dispute, there is no manner of comparison between the two. Horne's part of the correspondence, though it may not completely vindicate himself in all points, perfectly explodes his opponent to atoms. It proves this noisy demagogue, who scorned the people as much as he gulled them, and hated men in the proportion in which he had received any favours from them, was one of the most worthless articles ever put in the human figure. Nevertheless, it seems that, in general estimation, Wilkes was the victor.

We cannot comprehend on what ground "superior skill" is attributed to Wilkes in this conflict; nor should we have known where to seek a proof of his "more intimate knowledge of mankind," if something like such proof had not presented itself in the circumstance of his confidence, that he should be able to maintain himself in favour with the multitude in spite of those exposures by which his adversary probably expected, though, perhaps, with less confidence, to destroy his popularity. Indeed, Horne did himself, a little while afterwards, almost acknowledge

that his enemy was the more knowing man when he said, in one of his letters to Junius, "I am sometimes half inclined to suspect that Mr. Wilkes has formed a truer judgment of mankind than I have." But really, in glancing through the controversy now, in the indifference of feeling with which matters so long past and comparatively unimportant are regarded, we think, almost every reader will allow that Horne might, without forfeiting much of his high reputation for shrewdness and knowledge of the world, have presumed that his statements could not fail, at the least, greatly to moderate the popular idolatry of his opponent. Unless they regarded the series of allegations as a string of absolute fabrications and falsehoods, and that too in spite of the evidence by which many of them would be substantiated, it is impossible to understand how the public could resist the conviction, that this champion of liberty and justice was destitute of conscience and shame; that he was selfish and ravenous to the last possible excess; that he cared for no public interest but so far as he could turn it to his own advantage; that in virtue of his acting the patriot he arrogantly demanded, of a party of public-spirited men who were associated for political objects, to be supported by subscriptions, in a sumptuous style of living, while his immense debts also were to be liquidated from the same source; that he was indignant when any portion of the pecuniary liberality which had from the first been intended for more purposes than merely aids to him, was proposed to be applied to any one of those purposes, however urgent and important; that he had thus become a burden and nuisance to his generous supporters, as intolerable as the magician or demon that fixed himself on the shoulders of Sinbad; that his capacity and fame for daring exploits did not preclude the meanness that could descend to the most paltry tricks; that, in short, the sooner the public cause could be totally dis severed from his interests and character the better. To convince the people of the necessity of this separation we can believe to have been really the leading object with Horne in this ferocious controversy; though his own vindication and revenge came in, of course, for a considerable share of his concern.

Perhaps it is allowable to receive with some degree of scepticism Horne's declarations that he had never lent his

aid to the mock patriot from any personal partiality to him, but always exclusively on public grounds; having, he says, very early in their acquaintance, been led to conceive "an infinite contempt for the very name of Mr. Wilkes." If, however, he did, almost from the first, estimate the man at his true worth, we know not how it is possible to excuse him for being content, during so considerable a space of time, that the public cause should be identified with the character and interests of such a man. It is true that the man, however bad, had a just quarrel against the government; the nation also had its just quarrel; and the prosecution of both these quarrels coalesced into one action. But it was of little consequence what became of so profligate and worthless a person: and one really should have been glad if the nation could have found out any other possible means of asserting its rights, than by identifying those dignified and sacred objects, justice and liberty, with a compost of vices that proclaimed itself for their apostle and martyr. Doubtless it must be acknowledged that such a case would, to a man of public spirit, and at the same time refined and religious conscience, present a choice of two evils. It is on the one hand, a great evil for a nation to suffer, for a year or a month, an infringement of any one of its rights. It is a very great evil, on the other hand, that the most momentous national interests and political principles should, in order to their being defensively maintained, be suffered to be, as it were, personated by a character that will throw and fasten upon them all the associations of vice and dishonour, a character strongly tending to give the scrupulous and the virtuous a loathing of politics and almost a disaffection to the very name of liberty, and to supply the advocates of arbitrary and slavish principles with a topic, or rather a whole volume of topics, by which to give their children, their neighbours, and countrymen a degraded representation of the doctrines of liberty. Either Horne or Junius, we really forget which, somewhere says, that if the very Devil himself could be supposed to put himself in the place of advocate and vindicator of some point of justice, he ought to be, so far, supported. We cannot agree to this, for the simple reason, that the just cause would ultimately suffer greater injury by the dishonour it would contract, in the general estima-

tion of mankind, from the character of its vindicator, than probably it would suffer from the wrong against which it would be vindicated. It must be a case of a most perilous urgency indeed if it will not be more politic to wait a while, and ransack the whole nation for an honest man to be put to the service, rather than employ an agent, whose qualities make even ourselves sick of the very business in the prosecution of which we support him.

The power of an infamous character to defile and depreciate whatever is associated with it, was exemplified in the case of Horne himself, in the permanent injury which his moral and political reputation sustained from his temporary connexion and co-operation with Wilkes. Whether he was aware of it or not, the fact was, that the suspicious and undervaluing estimate—we may say, in plain terms, the bad opinion—entertained of him throughout the sequel of his political life, by the more moral and cautious part of society, was in no small degree owing to this association. His declarations were perhaps accompanied by evidence enough to entitle them to credit, that his co-operation had been exclusively for public interests, and not a step beyond what he thought those interests demanded. He rendered some unquestionable services to public justice and public rights. He gave uncommon proofs of disinterestedness, at least of superiority to all the sordid kinds of self-interest. He was free from some of Wilkes's vices. But all this was unavailing. The stain was indelible. And the fatal mischief thus done to his character extended to his political doctrines: insomuch that they had the less chance of being listened to with candour and respect, and of convincing in proportion to the force of argument, as they came from him;—and others taught them with less success because he taught them too.

There was, however, as we have already noticed, a short season of fermentation in the public mind, during which he suffered the most violent opprobrium, not for having co-operated with Wilkes, but for having renounced the connexion, clearly not with any desertion of principles or public objects, but for the very sake of those principles and objects. We do not wonder that we find him afterwards rating popular favour very low, and uniformly holding forth, that, if he had not stronger and better motives than any

wish to obtain it, he should be a fool to undergo any more political toils, or expose himself to any more political dangers. To be sure one does think very meanly of whatever portion of the popular mind could be enthusiastic for Wilkes after Horne's plain statements of facts concerning him. But the most scandalous thing of all was that *Junius*, whatever he might have a right to think of Horne's integrity, should make light of the facts proving the utter want of it in Wilkes. If that mysterious personage had been universally accepted as the oracle of morality, we should by this time, have been sunk even much deeper than we are, in that political corruption which raised so great a tempest of his indignation. He *might* perhaps have contrived to keep on some decent terms with morals, in attempting to maintain that the national politics were in such a crisis as to reduce the people to the alternative of supporting, to every length, a very bad man, or surrendering their own rights for ever,—had he, with all, expressed the strongest reprobation of the man's profligacy, and deplored this wretched necessity of "rallying round" so worthless a principal. But instead of such a proceeding, we behold this austere censor flinging away with scorn a grave indictment which proved the incurable depravity and worthlessness of the person in question, and railing at the equal folly and malice that could pretend to make the man's personal vices a disqualification for the office of champion of public justice.

The whole correspondence between Horne and Junius is inserted, though it is to be found in every copy of *Junius*, that is, in the hands of almost every reading person in the country. This is a glaring specimen of book-making assurance.

There is, we suppose, a general agreement of opinion with the biographer, that Horne had decidedly the advantage in the substantial matters in dispute, that is, the merits of himself and Wilkes; while as to Junius, there could not well be a stronger testimony to his powers, than to say that in the general force of writing he as decidedly appears the superior man. One or two of his retorts, particularly, are deadly and irresistible.

About the time of Horne's public quarrel with Wilkes, and in the interval between that and his combat with

Junius, he was rendering considerable service in matters of national right and privilege; first in resisting what, if quietly suffered, might soon have grown to a most iniquitous and star-chamber practice, the attempt to compel a man arraigned as a culprit to answer interrogatories tending to make him criminate himself. This attempt was made by Lord Mansfield in the case of Bingley, a printer, who was prosecuted for a libel, and whom the evidence was not sufficient to convict. Horne at once continued to excite the national attention to this alarming innovation and its natural consequences, and confirmed, and procured to be ultimately rewarded, the courageous obstinacy of the printer in refusing to answer the interrogatories. The haughty judge had the mortification of discharging at last the man whom a considerable length of imprisonment had not in the smallest degree intimidated from defying him. Horne was extremely and very justly zealous and anxious that this man should, for the sake of example, receive the most marked tokens of public favour.

His next effort was to maintain the right of the nation to be made acquainted with the proceedings of the legislature. By many of those who can never hear his name without some reproach of his factious spirit, it would nevertheless be deemed a great violation of public rights, if the debates in parliament were to be suddenly forbidden by authority to be published. They are probably but little aware, how much the nation, in obtaining the practical concession of this as a right, is indebted to him. No such thing, except under some fictitious form, of little real use to the public, had been allowed before the period of his political activity. The House of Commons indignantly and pertinaciously resisted the attempts to assume it as a right: and though the prohibition *must* have been taken off some time, it was owing very much to his management and energy that it was effectually broken through about forty years since. It appears to have been, in a considerable measure, in consequence and in execution of a plan laid by him, that several spirited printers dared, nearly at the same time, to bring the question to issue by boldly publishing some of the debates: and in consequence of his influence with the city magistrates that these delinquents were enabled to brave or elude the utmost exertions of the House

to punish them. And ever since, that liberty has been held by the people so much in the form and spirit of an absolute right, that there has been no material effort to take it from them.

Mr. Stephens informs us that at length, at the age of thirty-seven, Horne "resigned his gown;" which we can well believe he had for a good while worn with sensations but little more enviable than those inflicted on Hercules by the Centaur's shirt. In throwing it off he assured and congratulated himself that he was escaping into an unlimited freedom, the first luxury of which would be to adopt, without any further interference, a profession congenial to his taste and ambition, and in which he had apparently very good reason to flatter himself he should attain the highest distinction and emolument. The latter of these, indeed, was very far from being an object of eagerness in any part of his life; but so many expenses incurred in prosecuting public objects, and in resisting or sustaining the effects of political and legal revenge, often gave him cause to feel the narrowness of his pecuniary resources.

We have a somewhat entertaining account of his frugal domestic economy, while preparing himself for the bar, after the resignation of his vicarage of New Brentford—the highest ground in official rank, strictly so denominated, which was destined to be attained by one of the strongest and most ambitious spirits of the age, whose juvenile and inferior associates were seen scaling, and taking a firm position on the heights of ecclesiastical and legal dignities and wealth. In this state of seclusion and severe study he was, nevertheless, always ready at a moment's warning, to spring like a royal tiger from his thicket, on the agents and abettors of any public delinquency. Mr. Tooke, a moderate wealthy political friend, whose name he was afterwards authorized to assume, sought his advice in a case that appeared desperate. In consequence of purchasing an estate called Purley (from which Horne's great philological work took its title), he had been involved in a vexatious litigation about manorial rights with a neighbouring gentleman of great influence, who had betaken himself at last to the decisive expedient of an act of parliament. The bill which was in progress was highly

unjust; but through some such fatality, as would never have happened before or since in such a place, it was going forward with the most perfect success, in contempt of every effort made to place the matter in its true light; and appeared certain of the final sanction of the House of Commons on the third reading—appointed for the very next day to that in which the case was despondingly stated to Horne. His answer was, "If the facts be as you represent them, the House shall not pass that bill." He immediately suggested an expedient which would perhaps have occurred to no other man in England, and took on himself the execution at a hazard which very few would have been willing for the sake of either friendship or public justice to share. He immediately wrote, in language the most pointedly offensive, an attack on the Speaker of the House of Commons, the noted Sir Fletcher Norton, with reference to the bill in question; and obtained its insertion in the newspaper rendered so popular by the letters of Junius, on the condition, of course, that the printer, when summoned to account, should produce the author. The object of this proceeding was, to compel the House to a much more full and formal attention to the subject of the bill, than it had previously been induced to give; and at the same time, as an equally necessary thing, to give its virtue the benefit of having the censorial attention of the public strongly fixed on its conduct. He was confident that by doing this he should frustrate the parliamentary measure, and then, for the consequences to himself, he had courage enough to take his chance. The next day a great sensation was manifest in what might be called the political public; and, as he had foreseen, the attention of a full House was called, in precedence to all other business, to the flagrant outrage on its dignity—a dignity so vulnerable by a plain *charge* of misconduct, though it had not been injured in the least by the misconduct itself. After a fine display of generous indignation, a summons was sent for the instant appearance of the printer. He obeyed, and, as he had been directed, immediately gave up the name of the criminal in chief, who had taken care to be already in the House, prepared to confront, probably with very little trepidation, the whole anger of the august assembly. A

momentary silence of surprise and confusion followed the announcement of his name, which was come to be almost synonymous with that expression of recognizance, "the enemy." On being called forth, he disavowed all disrespect to the Speaker whom he had libelled, calmly explained the motives of the proceeding, and then made such a luminous statement of the case of his friend, that the schemers and advocates of the injustice were baffled, the obnoxious parts of the bill were immediately thrown out, and several resolutions were moved and carried "to prevent all such precipitate proceedings for the future." There is no punishing conquerors, however offensive may have been their conduct. After a very slight formality of detention in custody, he was set at liberty, on some pretended inconclusiveness of proof against him.

The next thing that brought him out again conspicuously before the public, was an advertisement in the newspapers, signed with his name, proposing a subscription for the families of the Americans who were slain at Lexington, a fact which he pronounced, in the most explicit language possible, (and which he repeated in a second publication), a *murder* committed by the king's troops. He wished and hoped by some such act of daring and notoriety, to rouse the attention of the nation to the mistreated proceedings of the government with respect to the American colonies. For a good while no vindictive notice was taken of this wicked libel, as it was found to be when the minister was become stronger in the parliament. In the second year after its publication, the writer suddenly and unexpectedly found himself within the iron grasp of the attorney-general, Thurlow, with his information *ex-officio*, and had another opportunity of evincing his courage and resources in a trial before Lord Mansfield, and a personal contest with him. The speeches in defence are given, and characters of the judge and attorney-general.

There could be no manner of uncertainty as to the result of such a prosecution against Horne. Though he was, it seems, the only man in the country that incurred any punishment on account of opinions avowed against the American war, he could not in the least wonder that in his case they were to be expiated by a fine and twelve months' residence

in the King's Bench Prison. He *might*, however, notwithstanding all he had seen of the management of public concerns, feel some degree of surprise, as we suppose most of the readers of the description will, at the benevolent care which had been taken that the imprisonment should not involve a complication of evils unknown to the laws, and beyond the purposes of justice

"Conversant as he was in the ordinary transactions of human life, his surprise cannot be supposed trifling when, after being consigned to this jail by the special command of the Chief Justice of England, he had still a habitation to seek, for, after stopping a few minutes in the lodge, he was conducted to a vacant space within the walls, and there left, in utter ignorance of his future fate, and an entire stranger to all around him! It may be supposed perhaps, by the sons and daughters of affluence, who reside in splendid apartments, and repose every night on beds of down, that even for the most wretched prisoner there is due provision in respect to a decent lodging, where poverty, sorrow, or misfortunes may be secluded from the gaze of mankind, and find an asylum at least if comfort be denied them. But this would prove a grand mistake for the captives being generally more numerous than the apartments, it is by seniority alone that the unhappy inmates succeed to the occupancy of a small bed-chamber, totally devoid of any furniture or convenience whatever. All this, as Mr. Hoine solemnly assured me he learned, for the first time, on the parade whither he proceeded in charge of two tipstaves who took their leave without condescending to give him any information whatever. On his distress being made known to the spectators, a person, who proved to be a Jew, offered, for a sum of money to accommodate him immediately, Ten guineas were accordingly deposited in his hands, but it was speedily discovered that this son of Israel had not any apartment at his command, being only the joint-tenant of a miserable little room, in common with four or five other debtors. To the honour of the prisoners, however, they immediately interposed, and obliged him to restore the money to the stranger, who, being charmed with their love of justice, and determined not to be outdone by them in point of generosity divided the sum in question among the poorer sort of the inhabitants. The clerk of the papers, on learning this anecdote, immediately made his appearance, and offered, for *five hundred pounds*, beforehand, to accommodate him with a small house, situate within the rules, during the whole period of his confinement, but as the payment of a weekly sum was preferred, the negotiation was instantly concluded on that basis."

He sustained very material injury, both in his property and his health, from this imprisonment; but the most vexatious circumstance of his whole life was to be encountered soon after his restoration to liberty. He had kept the number of terms requisite as a qualification for being called to the bar, and proceeded to make his application for this formality of admittance, without, it seems, the slightest suspicion that an insuperable obstacle was to rise up suddenly, as if from the ground, at his approach. The first and a second application were resisted by a majority of the benchers of the Inner Temple, and with such circumstances as to convince him that any further prosecution of the object would be vain. "This refusal," says the biographer, "was a cruel and severe blow. Indeed, it was struck at a vital part; and I am persuaded, contributed not a little to sour and embitter the remaining portion of his life." The repulse is attributed in part to the "mean jealousy of some practising lawyers, who were afraid of being eclipsed by a new competitor."

Some other reason, however, for the rejection was to be pretended; and the only thing that even lawyers could found an exception upon, was the circumstance of his having been a clergyman.

Thus rejecting one profession—rejected by another—injured in his small fortune—but elate with the proudest consciousness of talent, he was to commit himself, under inauspicious omens, for the remainder of his life, a very protracted remainder, as it proved, to the course of events and chances in a turbulent and changing state of the times. He was, however, certain that no man could have greater promptitude and courage in seizing events, and he might be acquitted of any great excess of vanity if he even flattered himself he could sometimes create them. No disappointments, nor the comparatively humble rank in society in which he was condemned to continue, could, in the smallest degree, repress the tone in which he had assumed to be the censor of the conduct of the uppermost people in the state, whether taken as individuals, or in the imposing pomp of official or legislative combination. Probably no man ever did, on the strength of what he possessed in his mere person, and in the destitution of all advantages of birth,

wealth, station, or connexions, maintain, with such perfect and easy uniformity, so challenging and peremptory a manner towards great and pretending folks of all sorts. This arose from the consciousness that at all times he dared to fight any of them, on any subject, at a moment's warning, in writing, in personal dispute, in courts of law, or even, we fear, in that unlawful mode which it is the disgrace of this nation to tolerate.

In 1780 he wrote, in conjunction with Dr. Price, a tract against the American war, which is here represented as having contributed materially to its termination, by hastening the downfall of the wretched statesmen who were carrying it on. When the nation was restored to peace, he seems to have felt an unusual desire to taste it himself. He purchased a small estate near Huntingdon, and applied himself zealously to the study and practice of agriculture, to which he had long had a partiality, as what he regarded as "a useful and liberal science."

A violent ague compelled him to a speedy retreat from the reclaiming of marshes, and threw him back on the great town, where he recovered his health, took a house, and fairly closed with his destiny to be for life a wit, scholar, philosopher, and politician, without affluence or power, or any effectual favour of those who possessed them.

He soon entered with great ardour into the cause of parliamentary reform; by coming forward as the champion of which, in 1782, William Pitt attained little less than the highest pitch of his father's popularity. Horne published a curious and ingenious scheme of a reformed representation and mode of election, of which an outline is here exhibited. But he was so really intent on the substantial object, that he made no difficulty of dismissing any peculiarity of his own speculations and projects, and coalescing in the apparently more practicable ones of Mr. Pitt—"ingenuously preferring," says Mr. Stephens, "that gentleman's plan to his own."

He became an intimate, earnest, indefatigable co-operator with this youth of promise, in the preparation of the plans and means of purifying the legislature; and entertained the highest respect for his political integrity so late, at least, as 1788, in which year he published, under the title of "Two

Pair of Portraits," an extended and very pointed contrast between Pitt and Fox, greatly to the disadvantage and depreciation of the latter, who was never forgiven by Horne for that decided hostility to popular interests with which he had begun his political career, and his subsequent coalition with Lord North. "While others objected to the inexperience of Mr. Pitt," says our author, "Horne referred to his talents, his candour, his ingenuousness, and augured the happiest results from his labours. He never, it is asserted, carried his principles of political reform beyond those avowed by that statesman, and constantly opposed the doctrines of annual parliaments and universal suffrage,* which were maintained by some of the zealous advocates of the cause, and which, Mr. Stephens says, contributed to defeat that cause by exciting an excessive alarm in the aristocratical part of the nation. It appears that the subject of these Memoirs was for some time, notwithstanding all his knowledge of men and politicians, very sanguine in his confidence of its substantial success. It sunk into languor, however, even before the paragon of political virtue ascended into the better light which shines on the high places of the state. How it fared then, and ever since, nobody needs to be told.

"*The Diversions of Purley*," a book of very moderate size at its first appearance, was published in 1786. We have in the Memoirs a whole needless chapter, in the form of an unsatisfactory analysis, instead of a brief general explanation in two or three lucid pages, of the object of the book, and of that peculiarity of its theory in which its acknowledged originality consisted.

In the following year he resumed his pen on a subject which made a great noise in its day, though now gone to its place among forgotten trifles. He vindicated, on the ground of law and general propriety, the reported marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert, assuming the fact of the marriage as undeniable. His next production was the "*Portraits*," already noticed, which concluded with these two questions:—

* At a somewhat later period it is said that he "hesitated as to the propriety of annual parliaments."

First Question.—Which two of them will you choose to hang up in your cabinets, the Pitts or the Foxes?

Second Question.—Where, on your conscience, should the other two be hanged?"

The author remarks what a prodigious alteration there would have been in at least one of the delineations, if the artist had brought the subjects again under his pencil a few years afterwards.

The celebrated trial of Mr. Hastings is mentioned as, within the whole extent of Horne's active life, the only great national concern in which he was content to be neutral; and even in that he strongly censured the mode of proceeding,—the multitude of the charges, the long speeches, the appeals to the passions, and the ruinous protraction. He thought if guilt existed it might be ascertained by a very short inquiry; and in that case he was "for punishing the receiver, and restoring the stolen property to the right owners." This might be very excellent doctrine: and, therefore, it was for owners *de facto* to beware of even permitting, much more of hastening, any decisive proof of the guilt.

A pleasing circumstance is related of his being applied to for advice relative to an Englishman taken by a corsair and detained in slavery at Algiers, but liberated in consequence of Horne's benevolent exertions. This very circumstance was the cause of his being brought into a certain degree of connexion with the famous and obnoxious London Corresponding Society, of which the biographer relates the very humble origin and the early history.

He made a distinguished figure in the year 1790, by contesting, with Mr. Fox and Lord Hood, the election for Westminster, with the greatest ability, and with no small measure of popularity, which he augmented by turning to the utmost account the refusal of his eminent antagonist to give a pledge for parliamentary reform. His failure, however, was a matter of course, and which he foresaw from the first; but he made it contribute even more than success would have done to his fame, by means of that memorable petition to the House of Commons, which contained certain bold and contemptuous expressions of crimination that have ever since been employed as the most pointed common-

places in the censures of its corrupt constitution. The petition was read to the assembly, and received with as much displeasure as it is becoming and dignified for conscious and lofty integrity to manifest, under calumnies which it can calmly defy. The petition was readily voted "frivolous and vexatious;" but it is perhaps to be regretted, nevertheless, that it could not comport with the insulted dignity of the House to vouchsafe, in a very few words, such a notice and specific falsification of the following passage, as to prevent its being so often triumphantly repeated by the factious and the wicked:—

"The said scrutiny was, by the direction or approbation of the House of Commons, relinquished, without effect, after having lasted ten months, and with an expense to Sir Cecil Wray of many thousand pounds more than appears by some late proceedings in Chancery to be the allowed average price of a perpetual seat in the House of —, where seats for legislators are as notoriously bought and sold as stalls and standing for cattle at a fair."—Vol. I. p. 91.

The expense occasioned to the other candidates by this petition brought on Horne an action for debt, in which Mr. Fox was successful, notwithstanding the singularly able and animated exertions of the defendant, who could not fail to take full advantage of such an opportunity of throwing out a number of bold and important observations on the rights of juries, and on the flagrant corruptions in the representation, particularly of Westminster.

In 1792, he became impatient of the pure breezes and exhilarating odours of the metropolis, and removed his residence to the village where he continued all the remainder of his life.

It is not, to be sure, a very lengthened apology, and deprecation of loyal and aristocratical anger, that the biographer is disposed to make for the animated interest taken by Mr. Horne Tooke* in this prodigious event (the French Revolution); but even still fewer words might have sufficed. Previously to it, the unanimous voice of Englishmen, in notes alternately of scorn and commiseration, had

* He had assumed this additional surname in 1782, at the request of the gentleman of that name, whose heir he was now understood to be.

pronounced the French people a nation of slaves; and nothing on earth could be more palpable, than that the slaves of a government have no chance for freedom but through the energy and assertion of their own will. When such a grand national assertion was successfully taking place, to have been otherwise than gratified in beholding it, would have betrayed, in any pretended friend of liberty, a meanly constituted mind—unless he were a prophet; and we have no faith in any man's intelligence having been, at the commencement of that Revolution, so prophetic of the sequel as to justify him in refusing, on the whole, his congratulations. Doubtless a man who could form no judgment on such a subject without the intermingling and influence of religious ideas, and the most refined order of moral principles, would have had, on this great occasion, some perceptions and fears to which our ex-clergyman was a stranger. Such a man might at some moments have feared it was too much to hope, that so depraved and irreligious a people should suddenly receive an immense and unmixed favour from the Divine Governor. He might have surmised with alarm some possible consequences of the sudden breaking loose of millions of ignorant Papists, and oppressed indignant semi-barbarians, incited, directed, represented, by thousands or myriads of infidels. His exultation, therefore, would have been greatly modified; but still the appearances were such as to justify a preponderance, for a season, of the hopeful and complacent feelings, in a mind confident that a grand amelioration of the human condition, in these latter ages, is among the appointments of the Divine Goodness.

Though it is probable Horne entertained, notwithstanding any unfavourable omens from the quarter of religion and religious morality, an almost unmixed confidence in the happy results of this portentous movement in the civilized world, it uniformly appears that he had no wish for the revolutionary part of its agitations to be extended to this country. Amidst all his zeal for reforms he had invariably, and we believe sincerely, declared for our old constitution; and that not under any illusory shape of approving certain abstract principles, supposed to be embodied in that constitution, and yet capable of taking a very different practical form; but with the most explicit approbation of an effective

royalty and aristocracy. He was even solicitous that the approving good wishes, and the congratulations, conveyed to the French Revolutionists from the friends of liberty in this country, should not go unaccompanied with some expressions of satisfaction with our own political system. When, in a meeting convoked to celebrate the event, Mr. Sheridan moved a resolution,—

“Highly complimentary to the French Revolution, Horne expressed a strong desire that some qualifying expression might be added to this general motion of approbation, and insisted ‘that the English nation had only to maintain and improve the constitution which their ancestors have transmitted to them.’ This position, although at first opposed, with tumult and vehemence, in consequence of his arguments and perseverance, was at length carried unanimously,—in the following form: ‘We feel equal satisfaction that the subjects of England, by the virtuous exertions of their ancestors, have not so arduous a task to perform as the French had; but have only to maintain and improve the constitution which their forefathers have transmitted to them.’”

It would be possible for captiousness to go the length of affecting to discover in all this an artful contrivance for beguiling away loyal suspicion and vigilance from his deep-laid and pernicious designs. But we believe every one of the few candid and impartial readers of his life will be fully convinced, that this most abhorred and pestiferous anarchist held most firmly the principles of a constitutional patriot, and never formed any projects inconsistent with that character.

As much candour, at the least, as this would require, is displayed on the other side by our author, when, in approaching the memorable period in Horne Tooke's life in which he himself anticipated a speedy surrender of that life on the gallows, the following admission is made in favour of the main mover of the famous prosecutions for treason in 1794:—

“It is not to be supposed that Mr. Pitt, whose father had been the original author, and himself the prime mover, of a parliamentary reform, would have been so lost to all sense of shame, as to attempt to commit a legal murder on those who had followed his own example, and merely persevered in those plans which he himself had broached, matured, and abandoned! That minister

never conceived the idea of a public prosecution, until he was firmly persuaded that a treasonable plot existed for the overthrow of the state, and that, under a popular pretext, a revolution was actually meditated, on the same principles, and with the same designs, as had been so recently effected in France."

'Mr. Stephens gives a very curious account of a proceeding of Horne Tooke at this period of loyal alarm and almost frenzy; a proceeding which formed, certainly, a most capital joke, but which, just at that crisis, involved some possibilities of mischief which would have been a greater price than even so excellent a joke was worth. The ministry employed and entertained a multitude of "reporters,"—a genteel denomination for spies; and a proportion of these were persons not of the meanest class, in the ordinary sense of that description:—

"Some of these were actuated by zeal; while others, who would have spurned the idea of pecuniary gratifications, were influenced solely by the hopes of offices and appointments. One of the latter had for some time attached himself to Mr. Tooke, and was a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. His station and character were calculated to shield him from suspicion, but his host, who was too acute to be easily duped, soon saw through the flimsy veil of his pretended discontent. As he had many personal friends, in various departments of government, he soon discovered the views, connexions, and pursuits of his guest; but, instead of upbraiding him with his treachery, and dismissing him with contempt, as most other men in his situation would have done, he determined to foil him, if possible, at his own weapons."—"He accordingly pretended to admit the spy into his entire confidence, and completed the delusion, by actually rendering the person who wished to circumvent him, in his turn, a dupe. Mr. Tooke began by dropping remote hints relative to the strength and zeal of the popular party, taking care to magnify their numbers, praise their unanimity, and commend their resolution. By degrees he descended to particulars, and at length communicated confidentially, and under the most solemn promises of secrecy, the alarming intelligence that some of the Guards were gained; that an armed force was organized; and that the nation was actually on the eve of a revolution. After a number of interviews, he at length affected to own, that he himself was at the head of the conspiracy, and boasted like Pompey of old, that he could raise legions merely by stamping on the ground with his foot."

All this the miserable dupe, whose name we presume Mr. Stephens could have given, eagerly reported to his shrewd patrons, who could estimate so correctly the faculties of the two men, and were doubtless, among their other cares, beginning to consider which of the sinecures was likely to fall, or what new office they could invent, to reward so honourable a patriot.

What was a joke at Wimbledon was a serious and awful thing at Whitehall. The gull's stories came in thicker and darker. Other ominous signs were reported by other expectants of places, or earners of fees. A trivial note, containing the query, "Is it possible to get ready by Thursday," was intercepted on its way to Catiline. The accidental scrawl of a child becomes portentous if an assembly of conjurors is convened to decipher it; the alarm grew to terror; and a few days afterwards the house of a friend where Horne was sitting at dinner, was invested by a section of the British army, and he was carried to the Tower. After several months of confinement, with all the rigour compatible with the absolute demands of ill health, he was transferred to Newgate and the Old Bailey, to act a more conspicuous part than even in any former period of his life. During his imprisonment he did not know what was to form the matter of the charges against him, or what would be the mode of proceeding; but was persuaded that his destruction was determined on, and that means would not fail to be found or made to effect it with a semblance of legality. He was prepared, therefore, as he said, to enter the court with the spirit of a tiger; to throw off all restraint, and to fight the administrators of law and their superiors in the manner of a man who has but once to fight, and is resolved to signalize his fall by an exemplary and deserved vengeance on his persecutors. As a commencement of this last of his labours, he composed, in the interval between the charge by Lord Chief Justice Eyre to the grand jury and his arraignment at the bar, a speech to be addressed to the court. Of this speech "a correct copy," says Mr. Stephens, "is here inserted from the only document now in existence." This very extraordinary composition is a most daring and almost savage assault, with the charge of political and legal iniquity, on the Lord Chief-Justice "and those by whom he

was employed." The most deliberate and unfeigned defiance sustains the writer through every part of it.

It was his intention to have inserted a copy of this speech in each of the London newspapers; previously, we suppose our author means, to the trial; but on due reflection he was induced to forbear so flagrant a provocation; it may well be believed that his spirit did not at any moment sink below the pitch of intrepid defiance; but it would have been a wanton display of bravery to aggravate unnecessarily every prejudice and danger he had to confront; and it even might occur to him, that such an eager commencement might seem to betray something like a defect of confidence in himself to retain the full command of his powers of offence through every part of the subsequent proceeding, and at its expected fatal termination. He slightly moderated down his spirit to the convenient temper for action. It was but an inconsiderable reduction, however, and his first interlocations in the court were quite in the tone of a man ready for battle. But early in the proceedings his highly stimulated and completely armed hostility was somewhat mitigated by the complaisance and respectful attention shown him by the court; in their progress it was almost beguiled away into wit and good humour; and at the conclusion he expressed himself in the strongest terms of grateful acknowledgment to the court, to his defenders and to the jury. The pacific feeling was very much promoted by his gratification in perceiving with what a predominating vigour and decided success his cause was advancing, under his own exertions and those of his advocates. It was so bland a mood that even Mr. Pitt, though he did not, our author says, escape through the "fiery ordeal" quite "unscorched," was treated with comparative lenity.

"After his [Pitt's] examination, it was observed by Mr. Tooke's nephew, on their return from the court, 'that he had got Pitt down, and might have done more with him' 'Yes, I might, John,' was the reply, 'but never in my life did I choose to trample on a fallen foe.'"

We are not called to make any remark on those celebrated state prosecutions, in which a haughty, arbitrary, and vindictive administration were so notoriously deceived in

their calculation and baffled in their design :—a defeat, however, which they took care to repay to the country and its liberties by a pernicious innovation on the fundamental laws relative to political crimes.

As to Horne Tooke, who was important and obnoxious enough to be, on a subsequent occasion, legislated against as an individual, nothing could be more complete than the triumph he obtained in this prosecution over all the calumniators who had charged him with anarchical principles. But, though gratified by this opportunity of taking his right ground in sight of the nation, and pleased, in one view, to find that the administration of the law retained so much justice even towards men suspected and detested by the ruling powers, it appears, nevertheless, by the testimony of his biographer, and is sufficiently probable from the character of the man, that his satisfaction was not unmingled with an opposite sentiment with which very few persons will sympathize. Mr. Stephens says :—

“I was assured by him, more than once, ‘that he had been ever anxious to offer his life up as a sacrifice to his opinions;’ and he appeared to me, towards the close of his existence, to be disappointed at the event, wishing rather to fall gloriously in what he considered to be the cause of the public, than perish ignominiously by the lapse of time or the pressure of disease.”
—Vol. II. p. 53.

We cannot follow out the narrative of his life, which was perhaps somewhat less eventful, though the account of it is still more interesting, in what may be called its last though very protracted stage, from about the age of sixty to that of seventy-seven. Its most marked events were another most vigorous contest for the representation of Westminster, rendered famous in the records of political warfare by his humorous but most biting comments on the phrase “domestic enemies,” employed by his opponent Sir Alan Gardner,—and his short occupation of a seat in the House of Commons for Old Sarum, an honour from the repossession of which he was precluded, as is well known, by all the warlike formality of an act of parliament, which was levelled solely at him though it did not mention his name. During the short period of his privilege he was distinguished by the moderation, as much as by the good sense, of his speeches. And

indeed, though in his addresses to the people at the Westminster election, and in the printed address in which, after being debarred any further admittance into the sanctuary at St. Stephen's, he seemed to fling that high honour with bitter scorn in the teeth of those who had decreed him incapable of it, there appears not the smallest diminution of the accustomed invective and boldness,—our author affirms that his trial had the effect of permanently modifying his language.

The latter half of the second volume is a very entertaining miscellany. There is a rather long series of brief notices of distinguished men, of various ranks, accomplishments, and professions, who held an acquaintance, more or less intimate, with Mr. Horne Tooke. It contains some curious anecdotes: but none, perhaps, more curious than the ugly one of Professor Porson threatening, at Tooke's own table, to "*kick him and cuff him*," and Tooke's insisting on their fighting out the quarrel in a "*couple of quarts of brandy*," a kind of duel sufficiently to the Professor's taste, but which soon laid him senseless on the floor.

"On which the victor at this new species of *Olympic game*, taking hold of his antagonist's limbs in succession, exclaimed, 'This is the foot that was to have kicked, and the hand that was to have cuffed me' and then drinking one glass more, to the speedy recovery of his prostrate adversary, ordered, 'that great care should be taken of Mr. Professor Porson;' after which he withdrew to the adjacent apartment, in which tea and coffee had been prepared, with the same seeming calmness as if nothing had occurred."

A number of the particulars in the philosopher's domestic arrangements are strongly illustrative of what was peculiar in his character, while the details concerning the painful diseases which oppressed him severely during many of his latter years, give the highest possible idea of that most extraordinary strength of mind which would maintain in spite of them an animated and generally cheerful temper.

Horne Tooke was unquestionably one of the half-dozen best talkers of his age; but Mr. Stephens was a very inferior Boswell; though he has given a few tolerably good things from the notes which he says he was several years in the habit of making of conversations in which he heard

Horne Tooke display himself. It is not so much, however, the smart or fine sayings that he seems to have recorded, as his grave opinions on questions, books, and men. Judgments are pronounced on several distinguished writers of this and other countries; brief notices are recorded of discussions or dictates on points of literature, politics, law, history, agriculture, and a still wider extent of subjects, on which it would have been highly interesting and improving to hear this powerful thinker exert his acuteness and display his knowledge. A number of these fragments and relics retain a measure of the luminous appearance which we can well believe to have been very striking in the complete original exhibition.

If in conversation Horne was oftener allowed to dictate than compelled to argue, it was not his fault, as no man ever more promptly welcomed a challenge to debate; and the more powerful his opponent the more he was gratified. He had a constitutional courage hardly ever surpassed, a perfect command of his temper, all the warlike furniture and efficiency of prompt and extreme acuteness, satiric wit in all its kinds and degrees, from gay banter to the most deadly mordacity, and all this sustained by inexhaustible knowledge, and indefinitely reinforced, as his life advanced, by victorious exertion in many trying situations. Such a man would be made a despot whether he would or not, by the obsequiousness of those who were either by choice or necessity placed in his immediate sphere; and it would depend on his temper whether he would be a tyrant.

He had a manner, it seems—a Sultanic look—which could instantly impose the silence of death if he willed any matter of inquiry to be made an end of. There is one instance of this which appears somewhat mysterious and somewhat foolish. The conversation had been about Junius. He had laughed at some of the claims to the honour of being that personage.—

“One of the company now asked if he knew the author. On the question being put, he immediately crossed his knife and fork on his plate, and assuming a stern look, replied, ‘I do!’ His manner, tone, and attitude were all too formidable to admit of any further interrogatories.”

We are at a loss to conceive what there could be in the

question to bring up all this majesty, and it seems rather a pitiable pusillanimity that durst not say one word to maintain the innocence of asking it, and even following it up with a second.

Mr. Stephens allows that, notwithstanding his hero's zealous habitual love of truth, he would sometimes, in disregard of it, fight for mere victory; a very superfluous expense of ammunition, it may be thought, to give it no worse character, in a man whose actual belief and unbelief included so many things to be maintained in hostility to prevailing opinions. A worse thing, however, than the folly of the practice was its immorality; and yet it is this, we presume, that the biographer means to extenuate by adding, as if it were an unquestionable proposition, this most thoughtless solecism: "the ablest and *BEST* of men frequently fight, like gladiators, for fame, without troubling themselves much as to the justice of the cause."

It would be but impertinent, however, to affect to call such a character as that of John Horne Tooke to account for this or the other particular culpability. It would be something like attending to criticize the transactions of a Pagan temple, and excepting to one rite as ungraceful, perhaps, and to another practice as irreverent; like as if the *substance* of the service were of a quality to deserve that its particular parts should be corrected. His whole moral constitution was unsound, from the exclusion, as far as can be judged from this work, or as there are any other means of judging, of all respect to a future account, to be given to the Supreme Governor. Towards the conclusion of his life, he made calm and frequent references to his death, but not a word is here recorded expressive of anticipations beyond it. The unavoidable inference from the whole of these melancholy memorials is, that he reckoned on the impunity of eternal sleep. Not, however, that he was willing to acknowledge any obligations to that protective economy; for he is known to have insisted, in a tone of the utmost confidence, in a very serious conversation not very long before his death, that if *there should* be a future life and retribution, he, of all men, had no reason to be afraid of it, for that he had even greater merit than could be required for his acquittal before a just Judge. The grand rule of

moral excellence, even according to the gospel, he observed, was, to do to others as we would they should do to us; but he had gone much beyond this.

From Mr. Stephens's record it would not appear that he would very often formally and gravely talk on religion, though he would advert to it in the incidental way of *satire* and *swearing*. One particular conversation is alluded to in which his opinions were more disclosed than on any other remembered occasion. But with the nature of these avowed opinions the readers were not to be entrusted, further than some trifling hints, by implication, that he was not a polytheist! In one conversation, not long before his death, he enlarged on the divine goodness, as manifest in the constitution of the world, and as having been amply experienced by himself. He maintained a wonderful serenity, a very signally philosophic tone, amidst his complicated and often oppressive bodily sufferings. At one time, however, it appears he consented to live only in compliance with the entreaties of his friends, having, as it seems, determined to withdraw himself from the burden by declining all sustenance.

He advanced to the close of his life with a self-complacent mixture of pride and gaiety. A thoughtful religious reader will accompany him with a sentiment of deep melancholy, to behold so keen, and strong, and perverted a spirit, triumphant in its own delusions, fearlessly passing into the unknown world.

In closing this article, and wishing we knew how to apologize for its unpardonable prolixity, we are bound to repeat that, as a political man, we think it evident that Horne has experienced the utmost degree of injustice; that his speculations and projects were moderate, that they uniformly aimed at the public good, that they were maintained with a consistency which put most of his distinguished contemporaries to shame, and that this very same inflexible consistency was a principal cause of the opprobrium with which time-serving politicians loaded him, in their own defence.

ON BIOGRAPHY.

An Essay on the Study and Composition of Biography. By JAMES FIELD STANFIELD. 8vo. 1813.

It should seem that there is to man something amazingly bewitching in human nature; since an individual, while he knows that he comprises in himself a full set of the essential constituents of that nature, and may examine and contemplate them distinctly or in their combination as often and as long as he pleases, yet cannot be content without having hundreds or thousands of other individuals brought within the reach of his speculation. He has a far more restless and capacious curiosity relative to this than to any other part of mundane existence. Is it that, from a sentiment of idolatrous homage to the nature of which he is a sharer, he wishes to have the object of his adoration presented to his view in the more imposing magnitude by means of amassing, and thus forming into a sort of human pantheon, the greatest possible multiplicity of the particular and diversified forms comprehended in the grand substance of his complex divinity? Or is it, that in this extended contemplation he enjoys something like a conscious enlargement of his own individual being, by a certain sympathy which seems to make him in some degree live and act in the various human agents he thus contemplates? Or is it that, while he feels a profound interest in human nature, he finds nevertheless that he cannot apprehend and take hold of that nature, as an object of either sympathy or speculation, excepting by means of its specific exhibition in individual characters? Or is it rather to be suspected, after all, that this insatiable inquisitiveness about the beings of his own species is little better than the prompting of pure self-love, incessantly seeking and hoping for some matter of flattering comparison between himself and the others of his race? Most certainly, at any rate, it is not, in general, excited by any wish to amend himself by means of what he may learn concerning other men.

But though this last object has so little share in exciting the passion for inquiring into so many other men's lives and characters, it is nevertheless very desirable that lives could

be so written, as to convey some corrective instruction into the minds of the readers, almost whether they care about it or not. It is also very desirable that this department of writing could be brought a little within the economy of literary good order, could be subjected to some reasonable laws of selection, proportion, and good workmanship. From the way in which this class of works is very commonly executed, we might be tempted to conclude that all such laws are inapplicable, or suspended, or abrogated. For, almost any man, who has acquired a little skill in putting sentences together, accounts himself qualified to write a life. Almost any life, if the person has had any sort of public or even local distinction, is judged by one or other worker in ink to be a proper subject for formal record. Whatever subject is taken for a memoir, everything relating to it is considered as worth telling, even down to the fate of a wig or a gold-headed cane. Materials constructed in any manner seem all equally legitimate,—narrative, letters of the man and his friends, long register documents, extracts (if he was an author) from his works. Any sort of method may, indifferently, be adopted, or better still if none at all; any bulk is allowable in recording the most insignificant subject; any matter that the writer is disposed, or fancies himself particularly qualified, to talk about, may be introduced without scruple, and especially he may take the opportunity of saying a great deal about himself.

Who would not be glad if this vicious state of an important literary province could be reformed, by the establishment of a system of principles and rules that should have the effect of reducing Biography to the strictness of a science, or at least of an art. The recognized establishment of such an authoritative set of principles, would not secure us against all intrusion of impertinent operators and subjects, but it would go a considerable way in prevention of the mischief, by making readers better judges, by dictating decisively the law to the writers, and by arming critics with an unquestioned rule and sanction for the punishment of offenders.

It appears to be Mr. Stanfield's object to facilitate, by some preparatory discussions, this rectification of an ill-ordered province of literature, while, with commendable

modesty, he declines to assume the office of peremptory and final legislator. His intentions and method are explained in an introduction, which gave us the impression of so much good intention and so much thought, that we sincerely wished not to perceive the marks of indistinct conception, and of a diction correspondently inefficient for giving out the ideas with fulness and precision. With a feeling that half imputed the fault to our own defective apprehension, we read this preface several times over in order to get into more satisfactory possession of the information it is intended to convey. A rather unfavourable omen appeared to meet us at the very beginning, in the statement of the end, the means, and the motive. These are formally put as distinct things, and yet the first and the last are explained either in terms of identical meaning, or in such a way that the former necessarily includes the latter.

"The *end* proposed to be attained by this Essay is—to take such a view of Biography as may assist in developing the principles of man's active and moral nature; and in applying that knowledge to his practical improvement."

"The *motive* which impelled both to the Essay, and to the resolution of laying it before the public, was and is—a sincere desire to promote in students as well as writers, through the medium of Biography, a more attentive examination of the principles of the human character, and a very ardent hope that the effects of such investigation may be actively applied to the improvable points of education and conduct."

The sentence with which the Essay itself was found to commence, was not adapted to remove desponding anticipations :—

"Man's natural faculties, his education, the progressive intercourse and mutual impression between him and surrounding circumstances, with the habits, course, and conduct of life resulting therefrom, offer the principal materials to the discerning biographer."

But we must endeavour to give a slight sketch of the scheme and contents. The work is thrown into three parts. I. Biography as it has been treated, and the disadvantages it has laboured under. II. Materials of Biography, with improvements suggested. III. Composition. No reader can fail to perceive how little this division is adapted to

bring the several sides of the subject, if we may so express it, distinctly into view. But it has this advantage to the author, that almost anything relating to the subject may, without an actionable transgression of the laws of method, be introduced, as it happens to occur, in any part of the book. And the benefit is taken. There is all the intermixture and confusion of topics which such an indiscriminating form of distribution may be supposed to warrant.

The First Part begins with a representation of the imperfections incident to biographical writing from some of the disadvantages often accompanying the subjects; such as the obscure, inexplicit, or inconsistent character of the person; the scantiness or unfaithfulness of the records concerning him; and the various kinds of uncertainty and perplexity caused by remoteness of time. The second chapter enlarges on the imperfections chargeable on deficiencies in the writer, from neglect of preparatory studies, and want of the "biographic spirit," by which phrase Mr. Stansfield will have us to understand a state of feeling peculiarly and specifically appropriate to the business of writing and studying Biography. There is then a long chapter under the title of "Disadvantages arising from the relative situation of the Subject and the Writer," comprehending a multiplicity of remarks on partiality and resentment, credulity and scepticism, and on "unfavourable method and execution,"—a topic, the introduction of which, as a part of the matter designated by the title of the chapter, may serve, as one instance, to show how little arrangement there is in the author's ideas, and how little definiteness in the specification of the several heads of his disquisition.

The Second Part enters on "Requisites and Preliminary Studies." A very virtuous state of mind, animated with a passion for all that is just and excellent, is demanded in the first instance, in such terms as to excite a little surprise at something very like a virtual admission in the very next page, that the mere *knowledge* of the distinctions of virtue and vice, which a very depraved intelligent man may possess, will do nearly as well, if he will only have the policy to observe the decorum of correctly applying that knowledge of moral principles in his record and adjudgment of characters. Sallust is cited as an example of this prudent sense

and official virtue. High qualifications of the thinking kind come in requisition in the next place, "a native or acquired clearness of intellect, in order that, for the just decisions of the will, genuine materials may be presented by the *perspicuity* of the understanding. The powers of apprehension should be strong, the imagination vivid, and the attention steady." These dispositions and faculties are to be matured and enriched by an ample compass of preparatory studies.

Whatever man is concerned with, becomes a proper study for the person who proposes to delineate the features of human life. Natural philosophy in all its varied points of application, will form the basis of these studies. Man's place and condition in the universal scale of things must be regarded, and his general nature developed and determined. The principles of the law of nature and of nations claim a due attention, and the philosophy of the human mind completes the investigation.

The aspiring student is urged to acquire a determinate theory of human nature, or, as the author expresses it, "theory of mankind," by means of an extensive and minute survey of history and of the existing race, aided by the works of the philosophers, and much patient self-inspection. A part of this comprehensive and onerous task is to be the practice of framing doctrines on the nature, symptoms, and operation of particular qualities, whether virtuous or vicious, by the inductive process of bringing together the several phenomena in which the quality in question has manifested itself in some one individual, the doctrine so obtained being then confirmed and extended by taking into view the parallel facts in the lives and characters of other individuals of the same class. As an example of this exercise, the nature and the characteristic agency of ambition are generalized in a long series of propositions, founded chiefly on the conduct of Julius Cæsar, while Mahomet, Cromwell, and Kouli-Khan, are suggested as parallel and corroborative studies. This specimen of generalizing is professed to be in humble imitation of Bacon, whose name perhaps had better not have been mentioned on the occasion. It evinces, however, a very careful and reflective attention in reading history, and in some parts a considerable share of sagacity. The general principles thus deduced, it is pre-

sumed, will give the student and the writer of Biography a most prompt and commanding insight into any of the human characters belonging to the class of which the properties have thus been reduced to a theory.

The next pre-requisite qualification is the "bigraphical spirit" This is described as a state of the mind produced by the combination of a lively natural sensibility, and a long and earnest addiction to the study of the moral and philosophical Principles of Biography, regarded as a science, and to the contemplation of the most interesting subjects and the finest performances that have been exhibited in the department. It is represented that a spirit thus originating, and thus cherished and cultivated, will endow the student and the writer of Biography with a certain marvellous quickness and accuracy of perception, and a certain animated feeling of concern in the character, and all that belongs to the character, which he is investigating or displaying, in short, a sympathy so profound as to go near identifying him with the personage whose history is meditated

This topic is followed by a chapter containing many just remarks on impartiality, and "moral power," a phrase employed to denote the right of censorship, the biographer's authority to sit in judgment on, and to justify or condemn, the characters and actions which he would not have completely discharged the duties of his office by merely exhibiting in a correct matter-of-fact record. We presume our author did not attempt to make out, even to his own understanding, the consistency of the strain of precept in this chapter, with the notions about the "biographic spirit," in the preceding one. But he should not have relied on the reader's ability to do this for himself

The last chapter—a long one—of the second part, is entitled "Matter and Auxiliary Objects." It contains an enumeration, proceeding according to the succession of the periods of human life, of all the imaginable points of the biographer's inquiry; a zealous reinforcement of, what has been insisted on, times without number, in the preceding parts of the Essay, the necessity of paying the utmost attention to the connexion and dependence of the divers particulars that make up a man's life and character;

suggestions on the use of analogy in deciding on the questionable evidence or the apparently unaccountable nature or cause of extraordinary phenomena in human character, and observations on the various sources from which the biographer may draw his information, and the respective value of each.

The Third Part comes down to the technical scheme for executing the grand work for which there has been such long and operose preparation, and it begins with the exordium, and the preliminary character. This expedient of prefixing to the history a formal delineation of the character is commended, and is exemplified by several instances quoted from biographical works, and the author has himself sketched the following portrait of Bacon, to show the method of practice —

“Francis Bacon Lord Verulam a statesman and a philosopher. In the former character servile, selfish, and inconsistent, in the latter, luminous, liberal and comprehensive. A pliant education, slavish times a timid disposition and early disappointments—and proceeding from the influence of these circumstances, an unchangeable resolution of obtaining power without much regard to the nature of the means impressed his character with meanness, prostitution, and ingratitude whilst a vigorous intellect, a daring genius and a self depending perseverance animated and enabled the powers of his mind to open the vast prospect of true philosophy displaying in one view the whole of natural science, at the same time inspecting the minutest divisions of the particular parts examining in each, all that had been already known and pronouncing with intuitive decision, what yet remained to be discovered.” —P. 196

To us it would seem that, with a few excepted cases, this officious way of anticipating and actually prescribing, at the very commencement, the judgment which ought rather to be formed by a progressive exercise of thought in viewing the gradual display of the character as the history of the person proceeds, vitiates the order of study. If indeed this preliminary estimate is very general and vague like the specimen we have just now quoted, it may leave the reader independent enough in forming his own judgment, but then it is merely impertinent if, on the contrary, it should be very specific and definite, it will prepare an indolent or an indecisive mind to interpret everything presented

in the progress of the history just, acquiescently, according to this oracle consulted, at setting out; while it may provoke the pride of ingenuity and free thinking to work out a plausible estimate in falsification of the biographer, in mere perverse assertion of intellectual independence. In either case, the reader's mind is the worse for this so complaisantly obtruded help to his understanding.

Our author has now a natural order and distribution of topics placed before him, in the stages of human life; which he follows, in sections on parentage, birth and infancy, childhood, adolescence, youth, manhood, and age. This series is followed by chapters entitled Character, Professional Biography, and Summary and Conclusion. It is an inexcusable defect that no table of contents should be found either at the end or the beginning of the book.

The periods of human life appear to be brought under survey nearly as much for the purpose of showing or trying what can be said about them as subjects of description and reflection, as for that of instructing the biographer how to take, in his narrative, proper account of the characteristics and circumstances of those stages. There is something strangely like the ludicrous in the gravity with which the Essayist cites, on the authority of Sir W. Temple, the example of the ancient Brahmins in recommendation of commencing the education of human creatures before they are born; and with which he enjoins the biographer to go back to the very birth of his hero, and to any recorded or reported circumstances which, even before that event, might have made impressions on his incipient existence tending to determine his future character.

In reference to the modification which character may receive from the state of the physical constitution in infancy, there is this most curious assertion, boldly made and confidently left, as if it were of a nature to make its way instantly, without assistance, into the rank of self-evident truths. "A temperament of ease and health, like the savage state, opposing no obstacles, or presenting few objects, will give the mind little opportunity for exertion or enlargement!"

The section on childhood is written with more perspicuity and liveliness than are usual with our author. It is a sen-

sible miscellaneous exhibition of the ways in which impressions are made on opening minds, in which their preferences are fixed and their characters take a determinate form. The direct task, however, of instructing the biographer, is kept in hand with so little strictness in these amplified illustrations, that the writer's own perceptions admonish him into a kind of apology, in the form of professing that a main object of the book is to make suggestions for the improvement of education. The leading purpose, that of forming an accomplished biographer, might have been more effectually served in this and the subsequent sections, by suggesting instructions for discerning the indications of the peculiar and distinctive form in which the general attributes of childhood, adolescence, youth, &c. &c. are modified in an individual, who is to be traced and described through these stages. An individual, important enough to be made formally the subject of a biographical exercise so laborious and scientific as our author enjoins, may be presumed to be very greatly distinguished from ordinary men; and, therefore, the biographer would be but very poorly qualified for his office by merely knowing as he carries his hero through his childhood, youth, &c., how to describe the ordinary phenomena of the human nature in those stages respectively.

In leading the biographer's studies through the period of adolescence, the Essayist diverges into a loose discussion of the subject of education, and gets himself involved in the old litigation between the advocates of the domestic discipline and those of the public school. The division purporting to be allotted to the topic of youth, considered in relation to the right conduct of a biographical memoir, is occupied with the impressions and tendencies which the character may receive from the accidental exterior distinctions of the person, its great or little stature, its perfection and gracefulness, or its deformity.

There remain several chapters of which we have reported no more than the titles. But on looking back over the extent of space we have already filled, we are imperatively admonished to make a short cut towards a conclusion, by a few general remarks on the quality of the book.

And, it must be acknowledged not to be the production

of quite an ordinary mind. It is a mind strongly intent on thinking, and not satisfied with the superficial view of the matters in consideration. It is eagerly reaching, though with defective perception and unskilful aim, at what is called the philosophy of the subject. It has been seized with a kind of passion for the subject of Biography, has very long dwelt and mused upon it, has lapsed towards it by an involuntary and invincible tendency and attraction, through every part of an extensive course of reading in several languages, and has gradually become haunted, and at length possessed, with the idea that the subject has a magnitude which has never been adequately recognized, that it has never received a duly solemn and systematical investigation, that it is capable of a grand development of principles and outlines, and that it ought long since to have received, or that at least it is high time it should now at last receive, the dignity and organization of a regular and splendid science. A mind quite incompetent to carry such a lofty notion into practical effect, might, nevertheless, after a long and interested and busy occupation about the subject, during which it combined with its own workings a large quantity of reading of a nature related or applicable to that subject, be expected to afford some servicable suggestions. Accordingly the present work may be perceived to contain within its mass, in a crude, elemental state, a certain portion of right sense about the mode of writing lives; and we should be glad to learn that other readers have found less difficulty than we have to reduce it to a palpable form.

We are perfectly clear of every feeling at variance with candour when we say that we have hardly ever, in proceeding through a long series of pages, been less able than in the present instance, to keep our minds in the consciousness of any thing like a clear and connected progress of thought. With a determined effort to force them into this state of consciousness, we have, in many parts of the book, gone over a page or section two or three times, but still in vain. There is no repelling or beguiling the impression of the prevailing character of the composition, as crude, indefinite, confused, disconnected, and, therefore, every way ineffective, in a very strange degree. To us it is wonderful, it is really very wonderful, how a scholar, a reader, we may

presume an attentive one, of the very best authors, an ardent admirer of the writings of Bacon, could let himself believe that the paragraphs and pages he was composing would convey into any human mind an orderly train of distinct prominent ideas. It is strange, too, that he should not have made the experiment on some intelligent honest friend, requesting that friend to give back with precision, in language of his own, the meaning of each sentence of a section and precisely the collective import of the whole.

The work is continually aiming at something abstracted, comprehensive, or—for there is no avoiding the abused epithet—philosophical. Every trifling matter requires a solemn consultation of general principles; every little operation is to be performed, with measured movements, under the superintendence of science. The biographer, instead of going to his business in the direct and simple way of just relating the most important portion of what can be known about an interesting individual, with here and there a pertinent general observation, is to surround himself with an apparatus of systems, logical, ethical, metaphysical; to work by synoptical tables; and, as it appears to us, to perform the whole matter fully as much in the way of an illustrative exercise on a theory of human nature, and an exhibition of the method of handling logical tools, as for the purpose of giving a piece of useful or entertaining personal history. Doubtless, one of the utilities of writing and reading the lives of individuals will arise from the illustrations which those individual examples may furnish of the general qualities of the species; and also, it will be of advantage to the writer and the student to keep in sight and in use some of the plainest rules of logic, both in making inferences to the general nature of man from these individual instances, and in applying principles derived from what is known of that general nature in judging of these individuals. But the strain of the Essay might almost tempt the reader to suppose that human nature must be some newly discovered substance in this quarter of the universe; that the individuals in the hands of the biographer were a few rare fragments, procured with difficulty as samples for analysis; and that the whole system and machinery of philosophizing, theoretical and experimental,

were to be put in requisition on so extraordinary an occasion.

This ostentation of philosophy maintains an almost unremitting and overwhelming parade of scientific phraseology. The author appears to have a horror of the diction of plain sense; and there is no relief or escape from elements, principles, generalizations, combination, progressions, inductions. This, however, might be endured, perhaps, if the composition possessed the appropriate virtues of a scientific dialect—brevity, precision, and clearness, the only virtues which could atone for such an artificial and schismatical separation from the general mode of expression. But here it is as prolix, and indefinite, and cloudy, for the most part, as it is artificial and academical. The word “progression” recurs so often as to excite apprehension and antipathy. And it has the effect of a satire on the general tenor of the book; for we have met, we think, with no instance of a treatise more completely failing in anything like an advancing order of distinct successive parts; more completely holding itself in stagnation by mixing and confusing its topics all together, with a consequent excessive repetition of its doctrinal positions and references.

What will probably strike most readers as a prominent fault in the treatise is, the sort of mighty magnitude and importance attempted to be given to the business of writing anybody's life. One is continually reminded of the tone of those ancient projectors, who said, “Go to, let us build us a tower whose top may reach unto heaven;” there is such an immensity of preparation, and such a formality of execution. Whereas all that the world wants to know about ninety-nine in a hundred of the individuals who may have been of sufficient importance to claim some permanent memorial, is a brief notice of the principal facts of their lives, and the most marked and obvious features of their characters. There is no time to study or even to read extended and refined investigations of the origin and progress of the characters of the scores and hundreds of persons that, in the course of each ten or twenty years, are infallibly certain to demand the attention of the readers of Biography. As to the secondary and wider purpose, of illustrating, by means of individual portraits and investigations, the general

nature of man, it may well suffice for this object that just here and there a very remarkable individual should be brought out, in complete disclosure, and pass under the whole process of philosophical criticism. It were strange indeed if the ordinary properties and movements of human nature were not by this time sufficiently obvious to all who will open their eyes, or will occasionally shut them to think of themselves. And if it could be supposed that the passage our author has quoted from Lavater's "Journal of a Self-Observer," really had a view to this kind of science, in expressing such an emphatic wish to obtain a record of the history of *any* person, indiscriminately (for the words do not apparently imply selection), we think he has fallen on just one of the most foolish sentences in all literature. "I should think myself," says Lavater, "much obliged to *every person* who would communicate to me such a *genuine* history of his life and his heart; interspersed with so many trifling incidents, and enriched with such an accurate account of bad, good, or indifferent actions and sentiments. I should prefer the reading of such a book to the perusal of any one else, the Bible only excepted." Just as if a man could not find enough of trifles, follies, and worse, of his own, to assist his speculations on human nature!

NONCONFORMIST PUBLIC WORSHIP.

A New Directory for the Nonconformist Churches: containing free Remarks on their Mode of Public Worship, and a Plan for the Improvement of it; with occasional Notes on various Topics of general Interest to Protestant Dissenters. Respectfully addressed to Dissenting Ministers of all Denominations, and to Tutors of Academies. 8vo. 1814.

WE are rather afraid that a considerable number of the practical Dissenters may be so incurious or uninformed in the history of their own portion of the Christian church, that the accidental sight of this title, in one or other of the numerous vehicles of literary advertisement, may have failed to suggest to them any distinct idea, or put them on any inquiry. Is it too much to surmise, with respect to more than a small proportion of them, that they have so very

cursorily looked over the records of the religious transactions of the seventeenth century, that they will not recollect very readily and distinctly on seeing the term Directory, that a work bearing that title was drawn up by the Assembly of Divines in 1644, and in the following year enjoined by two ordinances authoritatively on the nation, in substitution to the Book of Common Prayer, by the parliament that supplanted the monarchy? This appointment was made under the disapprobation of the true Dissenters—the Independents, and the substitution was enforced in a spirit very little befitting the vindicators of liberty. The nature of the new institution is thus stated by Fuller:—

“The Parliament intending to abolish the Liturgy, and loath to leave the land altogether at a loss, or deformity in public service, employed the Assembly in drawing up a Model of Divine Worship. Herein, no direct form of prayer, *verbis conceptis*, was prescribed, no outward or bodily worship enjoined, nor the people required in the Responsals (more than in Amen) to bear a part in the service; but all was left to the discretion of the minister, not enjoined *what*, but directed to *what purpose*, he ought to order his devotions, in public prayer and administering sacraments.”

Without a recollection of this circumstance, the Nonconformist of the present day, in casually reading the title of the “New Directory,” will not be able to conjecture the nature and extent of the favour that is going to be conferred on him,—if he pleases. We say if he pleases,—because the reverend editors of this performance have really judged it necessary to say, in so many words, that they “can pretend to no such ecclesiastical *authority* as they [the Assembly of Divines] exercised;”—so many things can authors deem it not impertinent to tell the public, when they are talking about themselves!

As far as we can learn, but a small measure of attention, favourable or malign, has been excited by this performance. It is almost needless to say that the authors of it represent nobody; that neither the Dissenters collectively nor any assignable portion or number of them, have any privacy, concurrence, or concern in the project it puts forth; that the Dissenters have as little recognition of their plans as knowledge of their persons. Their challenge of public

attention is, in point of authority, purely and solely that of a few individuals, who, gratified, and perhaps surprised, at obtaining one another's sanction in a judgment opposite to the notions and practice of the general body of Dissenters, have been inspired to join in a small literary adventure, by way of experiment on the ecclesiastical temperament of the times. It would, therefore, be abundantly ludicrous if any zealous advocate of conformity, seizing with ignorant eagerness on this publication of the opinion of three, or six, or ten unknown individuals, should have gravely taken the circumstance for a very striking and symptomatic event; and assuming this little back-parlour junta to be a sort of organ, or representative, or at least a genuine sample of the vast crowd of the Dissenters, should have gone off in pompous and exulting celebration and felicitation of the hopeful progress of the present Nonconformists in their return, after so long an aberration toward the venerable ordinances for devotion in the Established church. Previously to its actual exhibition, we should with difficulty have imagined the possibility of the co-existence of such simplicity with learning, rhetoric, and argumentative cleverness. Or, if such a celebration were rather meant for banter than made in serious credulity, it would only serve to show that even a joke is too heavy a thing to be sustained without some basis of truth.

We think there is something rather bordering on the ludicrous on the other hand also, in the manner in which these unknown authors deliver the results of their consultations. They affect, indeed, an unassuming language, but they cannot divest themselves of a certain air of importance and responsibility; they have been regularly fortifying themselves in the consciousness of right intention against an apprehended multitude of censures, they seem to reckon on exciting no small share of the public curiosity and inquisition; but such has been their caution, that they can confidently defy, like Junius, the keenest activity of suspicious inquiry.

Though, perhaps, no very serious harm could threaten them from a discovery, yet it may be allowed to have deserved some little management to elude the direct and personal application of the *ridicule* that they might expect

to draw upon themselves, by a grave attempt to persuade the general body of the Dissenters into the partial use of written forms in their public worship: for this is the leading object of the "New Directory."

We have nothing at all to do with the question of preferableness between set forms and extemporary prayer. It is not within the limits of our office to say one word for or against forms. We are not called to express any opinion, even, on the question whether the Dissenters would not improve their religious economy by wholly changing their practice, and adopting a complete liturgy, substantially that of the Established church, or one cast in any other form. But we are at liberty to give vent to our extreme wonder, that any knot of sensible men should have judged it worth while to expend their labours on a project so perfectly chimerical as that of bringing the general practice of the Dissenters into even that approach toward a liturgy which they have so gravely recommended.

There is no misrepresentation in our saying, "the general practice;" for the work is plainly and indiscriminately addressed to the Dissenters at large; though there is a passage in the preface that at first view would have seemed to imply a more restricted extension of the intended benefit.

It is but a small portion of space we can allot to this performance; but, having so freely charged it with absurdity in its main design, notwithstanding our perception and most willing acknowledgment of the good sense manifested in some parts of it, we ought perhaps to give a very brief abstract, with a marked notice of some things to which the serious attention of the Dissenters may very justly be demanded.

A chapter of Introductory Observations on the different Modes of Worship, begins in a style dry and heavy beyond all example, by stating the divided opinion of Protestants between liturgics and extemporary prayer, and declaring against the enforcement of either mode exclusively. The first passage that forcibly arrested our attention was that which cites the experience of Dissenters themselves, in evidence of the disadvantages of an entire exclusion of written forms:—

"It may easily be conceived to be a very arduous service for

any, but especially for young ministers, and such as are not endowed with some very considerable talents, constantly to lead the devotions of the same congregation in the extemporary method; and it must be naturally apprehended that such as labour under peculiar modesty and self-diffidence, will be liable, at least on some occasions, to have their minds discomposed, and consequently to feel their devotion interrupted.

"Nor is this merely an imaginary supposition: many well-known facts have occurred to confirm the justice of it. Some respectable ministers, principally on account of the difficulty of conducting the worship of Dissenting congregations in the usual mode, have been induced to conform to the Established church. Others, who had conscientious objections against the terms of conformity, have entirely quitted the ministerial office; and not a few who have continued in it have been known on the same account often to enter the pulpit with fear and trembling.

"Some again, by reason of their dissatisfaction or that of their people with the extemporary mode of prayer (though they have acquitted themselves as well as most of their brethren), have been induced to adopt a Liturgy: and on this ground several Liturgies have of late years been drawn up for Dissenting congregations. But a great number of Dissenting ministers, from a dislike of Liturgies, have sought the relief they wanted by drawing up forms of prayer for themselves and committing them to memory. While others who have composed the like forms, have preferred the READING of them, which has of late been a growing custom."—P. 5.

Now we would ask—What would be the probable impression, what would even be the fair impression, of this statement on a perfect stranger to the actual state of the Dissenting ministry? Would it not be nearly this,—that there is among them a very extensively prevailing dissatisfaction with the extemporary mode; that a large proportion of them feel this the most onerous part of the service, and would be glad if Dissenting custom would allow them to have recourse to written forms; that considerable numbers are intimidated from the ministry by this dreaded exercise; that in short, there is a very extensive feeling of distress for the want of some aid of the nature of a liturgy? We do not know whether the authors would accept this translation and interpretation of their language, but we think this is not more than the import which that language would convey to an uninformed inquirer. And we must take the

liberty to say, that if this be the intended view of the matter, the representation is assuredly fallacious. There is one small and not increasing denomination of Dissenters, the ministers of which, it is understood, are very generally in the use of set forms of prayer. To this denomination, the reader will fancy he perceives cause to surmise, that the writers of the "New Directory" are considerably partial; and he may be led to suspect it is among this denomination that they have met with most of their instances of Dissenting ministers so frightened, oppressed, and disabled, by the task of extemporary public prayer;—a thing very unaccountable, if such were the fact; since they boast of a great superiority to other sects in intellectual cultivation, and will hardly acknowledge an inferiority in piety. Setting aside this small division of the Dissenting ministry, we have the most perfect conviction, derived from a rather extensive acquaintance with the class, that no such feelings as the above representation attributes are prevalent among them; and that the individuals who experience the distressing difficulty here described, and are wishing the relief of written forms for either the whole or part of their public worship, are so diminutive a minority (if they are even enough to be recognized under any collective term), as to create but an impalpable and imperceptible diversity in the great body. The hearing of the representation made with such officious generosity and compassion by these New Directors, would be very apt, together with a degree of surprise which it would excite—to use an emotion, we will not say akin to scorn of this unsought and half-synodical kind of benevolence, but certainly a feeling that these public-spirited elders must have conceived an unaccountable disgust at the more immediately offering and feasible class of utilities, to go so far out of their way for an object of exertion. By the generality of the Dissenting ministers, no question on the subject of written forms is ever for a moment entertained with any view to the determination of their own practice. They habitually regard them as things belonging to a quite foreign system, with which they have no concern. The aid of such forms is no more apt to be suggested to their thoughts as a commodious expedient, than the benefit of crutches is likely to strike the fancy of

people who walk in the ordinary way. For one of their own fraternity (excepting, always, the small sect we have before alluded to) to begin to use such artificial aids, would only appear to them a whimsical singularity; or an apeing of the Establishment, into which they would be heard to observe it might be fittest for that individual to *dissent* from them altogether; or an indication of exceedingly questionable competency for his office. If they ought to be restrained by candour from imputing, so readily and so generally as they are said to do, an incompetence to the independent exercise of public prayer to the Established clergy, whose form of service withholds their ability in this respect from the proof, they, obviously, cannot avoid judging of the individuals of their own class, as their ability, or, to use their own word, gift, is actually brought to a test; and, therefore, they would necessarily form an humble estimate of the endowments of a minister who should be driven to the resource of written forms by the dread and difficulty of that extemporary exercise which is performing with apparent facility by thousands of his class. And how did it elude the understanding of these New Directors, that the Dissenting ministers are likely to partake too much of the ordinary qualities of human nature, to leave any probability of finding many of them sufficiently heroic in humility to be willing to subject themselves to this estimate and comparison? Verily these gentlemen are deep in the knowledge of man and of ministers; for they exhort Brother Simon to a practical acknowledgment that he is not able to pray more than five minutes in a manner fit to be heard, while Brother Timothy, in the same town or neighbourhood, is admired for the fluency and variety which he can prolong for half an hour. That a partial adoption of forms (excepting in the case of persons confessedly leaning toward, though not uniting with, the Establishment, or persons desirous to share its genteel respectability in the world) would really be thus regarded as the resource of incapacity, is beyond all doubt; unless this little council of reformers can, in the first instance, persuade into the practice a considerable number of the Dissenters of most acknowledged ability, and of the most decidedly Nonconformist principles. And when they shall have effected this last object, their cause of self-con-

gratulation will be, that they have contracted the range, and impoverished the variety, of a free and inventive devotion, and have partly reduced those who can pray the best, and have not very long to pray, into the readers of forms!

Extemporaneous public prayer has, then, by long and general usage, confirmed by opinion, whether correct or erroneous, been made to constitute so much of the practical essence of the Dissenting system; and an inability for the performance of it, in one manner or another, has been so uniformly regarded as a total disqualification, that among the main body of the Dissenting ministry there has not been, and will not be, the smallest deliberation on the matter. But it is not merely this established practice, and this universal requisition of a competence to maintain it, together with whatever of seriously thoughtful conviction there may be in its favour, and whatever of illiberal prejudice against the mode of the Established church,—it is not from these causes alone, that the Dissenters may be expected to regard with great indifference the project here offered to their acceptance. It is in vain for these or any other reformers to think of reasoning them out of their knowledge of the plain matter of fact; that there is among them a large measure of competence, in some sense of the word, to perform their public services without the proposed assistance. Whatever might be, on a collective view, a fair estimate of the *quality* of their devotional exercises, it is perfectly evident that they have in general such a facility in them as would appear very wonderful to an observer that did not consider how many causes contribute to it. Our authors represent, in terms of wide implication, the dread, the shrinking, the harassing sensations of toil, and the embarrassment, inflicted on Dissenting ministers in the expectation and performance of the service; and in their preface they give an ingenuous hint that they have had personal experience of the evils they are going to describe. Their information and candour ought not to have been so sunk in the effort to make out a strong case, as to prevent an explicit acknowledgment, that this account of pains and penalties represents the condition of but a very inconsiderable number of the fraternity, after the earliest stage of their public labours; in which stage it is no great evil if they are con-

strained to the more serious exertion, and repressed into the more humility, by feeling the anxiety and difficulty which are to be encountered by beginners in all important employments. The arduous exertion required and compelled for surmounting these salutary difficulties of the initiatory and probationary season, is ten fold repaid by the public self-possession and facility to which they often lead. But if, after the pressure and exertion of the earlier periods of the exercise have been undergone, there continues to be felt, habitually and permanently, in public extemporary prayer, a burden and a distress, greatly beyond that strong and solicitous effort of the faculties which may justly be exacted by a solemn employment, it is in some of the following cases;—that of a few persons so severely afflicted with what we commonly call nervous affections, that they regard all their public duties, their preaching quite as much as their praying, with oppressive apprehension; or that of those,—would that there were none such!—whose minds are so much estranged from the grand interests of their vocation, and from its appropriate reading and study, that they are not at home in the trains of thought adapted to prayer; or of those whose hopeless incapacity renders them equally unfit for each of the duties of the ministerial office. With respect to the two latter of these descriptions, we think the Dissenters would do unwisely to encourage them in the use, if they were inclined to it, of artificial helps for continuing more at their ease in an office from which they should be exhorted to retire.

Take these classes out, and the great majority of the Dissenting ministry will remain: and we can hazard nothing in affirming of them that they are so competent, in point of *facility*, to the exercise of extemporary prayer, and so perfectly and experimentally satisfied of it, that our authors might as reasonably, for any probability of success, have recommended their emigration, in a body, to a distant part of the globe, as their adoption of the mode proposed in the “New Directory.” We will notice, in a few words as we can, some of the causes, quite obvious ones indeed, from which this prevailing facility very naturally arises.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that the persons who become ministers among the Dissenters, are not destined

by their relatives to the employment from their earliest years; if we partly except just here and there an individual, to whose juvenile inclinations it has been the systematic, though perhaps unavowed, endeavour of parents to give that direction. They are brought into the service, therefore, by what may be called a law of selection, an adjudgment of fitness, in that portion of religious society to which they are the best known, sanctioning their own wishes, and sometimes preceding and prompting them. This fitness is recognized in a very decidedly and therefore unusually religious character of the mind and deportment, combined with a somewhat more than quite ordinary ability of producing and conveying thoughts on religious topics.*

The way in which this piety and this faculty have almost always been first brought out into formal exercise, is social prayer. In some Dissenting congregations a few serious young people agree to hold a weekly meeting for prayer, in a rather retired manner, with an exclusion, in favour of the diffidence of their first essays, of their elder friends and of strangers. Whatever may be thought of the discretion of such meetings, there can be no question respecting their effect on whatever portion of talent may happen to be there. The serious youth is sometimes persuaded to take the leading part in family worship, when the master of the family is absent. In his visits to religious relatives at a distance, if his religious disposition be decidedly known, he is invited, perhaps even too unfortunatly pressed, to perform the same service, which is quite, of course, an extemporary one. Among the Dissenters there are a great number of prayer-meetings, so far public that any one may attend them, some of them having in view merely the general cultivation of piety, and some of them (as for instance, the monthly meetings, denominated missionary prayer-meetings, so very extensively in use of late years), instituted for more special objects of religious interest. At

* Our Dissenting readers will excuse the very measured and moderate terms in which we speak of their demand of the proofs of talent in the young men whose inclination to the ministry they countenance or incite, as it is notorious that they have too often been fully as moderate in this part of their requisition.

these, any serious young man who has given indications of ability for extemporary prayer, is sure to be invited to the exercise; and if he should, from diffidence, decline it, it is very possible he shall be rebuked in private by some of his zealous friends for his want of zeal or courage. Probably he is sometimes induced, or directly requested to visit a poor sick neighbour, and seldom thinks of coming away without first praying with the sufferer, some of whose family also are likely to be present at the exercise. We might have mentioned earlier in the series that among the Dissenters it is not unusual, when two or three families meet merely to pass a social evening, for their separating to be preceded by a prayer, which will be sometimes the amicable contribution required from such a young man, if there be such a one among them. There may happen to be a very particular want for some one to relieve occasionally the labours of the minister, by going, perhaps, on a Sunday evening, to deliver a short discourse to a company of the inhabitants of some neighbouring village, assembled in one of those licensed rooms of which the Dissenters have so vast and increasing a number: a considerable part of his employment on such an occasion is still extemporary prayer. If at length he goes to an academy, he has there sometimes to pray in a more imposing company, that of his tutors and fellow-students. When he begins to be sent out in the full avowed capacity of preacher, this same duty pertinaciously adheres to him, in the public assembly, and probably in the private house in which he may be hospitably detained till next day.

Thus during the early years of his life, and previously to his taking his fixed station, he has, very possibly, performed the exercise in question the greater part of a thousand times, and in innumerable varieties of circumstance and situation. And after he enters fully on the destined field of labours, the occasions on which the office recurs upon him, besides his regular pulpit service, are, if he is of an active temperament, numerous and diversified beyond calculation.

Now if it be allowed only that the average native faculty of the Dissenting ministers amounts to a decent mediocrity, it would be most marvellous if the discipline through all

this unlimited exercise did not bring them to a high degree of self-possession and readiness. Nor is any such exception to the general law of cause and effect found in the matter; they do *in point of fact* realize the natural result of the unindulgent process of their training. And when we consider what value men are always disposed to set on accomplishments that have been laboriously acquired; what real and definable advantages are actually afforded by the talent in question in the diversified ministry of religion; and (to advert again to the infirm side of human nature), what sentiments may arise, at less devout and humble seasons, in glancing at the contrast between this talent and the qualifications of persons who reputedly or certainly do not possess it, though engaged in substantially the same vocation;—when we reflect on all this, we are again seized with amazement at the stubborn gravity with which this new self-constituted council insists on the partial abandonment of such a vantage ground. If any further advice or injunctions of the same nature are in preparation to be issued, they will do wisely to bend all the force of their charitable effort on youths who are quite in the early and timorous stage of the preparatory progress; for they may rest assured they can do nothing with either the veterans or the youthful proficient of the self-willed tribe which they have been so unluckily beguiled into a notion of reforming.

In the above paragraphs we have performed, we confess with much less compression than we hoped, the substance of what we conceived to be our task with respect to this publication. There cannot well be a great deal more to be said of a book, after it is convicted of the folly of an utter impracticability in its main design. It is but fair, nevertheless, to notice briefly some of the matters brought in evidence of the wisdom and necessity of the project; and also to quote the passages which express the precise nature of the proposed reform. Indeed, it should have been sooner stated how much less it is than a formal liturgy that they wish to introduce. They express themselves rather strongly against the entire preclusion of extemporary prayer; and but little approve of forms of the minister's own composition, whether committed to memory to be recited or simply read.

Having enounced their plan, they leave it awhile to exert its own unassisted attractions on the one side, as it were, of the reader's mind, while they proceed to ply him most stoutly on the other, with whatever of the evils incident to exclusive extemporary prayer admit of the most repulsive representation. And this is managed in a way that merits commendation, in the same sense in which our Lord "commended" the cunning steward. The quiet fair-speech profession of the title of the section is to state—"the Disadvantages of an invariable use of Extemporary Prayer;" and the reader, in his simplicity, naturally expects a statement, a strong one of course, of the disadvantages inseparable from this mode of prayer, by its very nature, and therefore impossible to be avoided or remedied. But the little synod, truly artful for once, and perhaps desirous, by a stimulant and inspiring regale, to give the reader an impetus that should insure his being carried quite to the end of the book, have fallen on the more efficient expedient of enumerating and exposing the actual faults and follies of their weaker brethren. And this they have done, not, certainly, in terms importing literally that those faults and follies, in a gross degree, are general among Dissenting ministers; each allegation is introduced by such expressions as "some of them," "instances have occurred," and the like: but still there is not sufficient care taken to prevent the imputation from falling very extensively; the representation is so made that a reader knowing only just enough of the Dissenters to be prejudiced against them, would be very likely to take it as descriptive of the prevailing character of the Nonconformist public worship. And if he did, what might he reasonably think of the taste, and anticipate of the religious cultivation, of what, according to Lord Harrowby's statements and documents, either is or is likely soon to become a majority of the people attending public worship in the land,—when he reads such passages as the following:—

"Some of our ministers contract an unnatural and disagreeable tone, which ought to be carefully avoided, as it tends to excite ridicule in some hearers and pain in most.

"It is matter of notoriety that some worthy ministers among us sometimes appear, at least, to be so much embarrassed, as to

occasion their hearers to be in pain for them, lest they should be obliged to stop.

"It has frequently been remarked, that, for want of a due attention to method, some good men, when they seem to be drawing towards the conclusion of their general prayer, begin again, and introduce petitions relating to the present act of worship, which have no propriety but at the first entrance upon it.

"The general prayers of some worthy men have so much sameness that they may not improperly be denominated *Forms*, though they have not been precomposed. The very same sentiments perpetually occur, in nearly the same language and order; so that many of their people have them by rote, or at least could, from their memory, finish every sentence as soon as they hear it begun. It is also observable that the prayers of many different ministers are so much alike that they seem as if they had been borrowed from some common form. The same commonplace phrases (and some of them very quaint ones) perpetually occur: as likewise certain peculiar Scripture allusions, not of the most proper or intelligible kind."

"Some persons, who have a greater variety, both of thought and language, run into the opposite extreme. Fearful of too great a sameness in their devotional services, they are perpetually studying novelty. On this principle, we have known some of our brethren to fix upon one sacred topic; sometimes a text of Scripture (perhaps even a metaphor), and to pursue a train of thought grounded upon it through almost the whole of a prayer; so that there have not improperly been denominated 'preaching prayers.'

"Persons of inferior ability to these, who adopt the same mistaken notion about variety in prayer, are sometimes chargeable with yet greater improprieties. From a settled aversion to any thing like a form of prayer, or to the shortest premeditation, they bring out whatever comes uppermost; and too frequently with the appearance of such irreverence and familiarity as they would scarcely allow themselves in, and as certainly would not be tolerated, when addressing any earthly superior, much less in petitioning a sovereign. . . . Even some learned and respectable preachers, who take laudable pains in the study of their sermons, seem to think anything good enough for prayer.

"The petitions of some are too much confined to the imme-

* "Among various other such allusions, very common with a certain class of Dissenters, we have been struck with the following, in praying for *ministers*: 'Let their bow abide in strength. Let them hear the sound of their master's feet behind them. Give them many souls for their hire.'"

state service in which they are engaging ; the time of which is often unnecessarily specified. . . Instead of imploring such general blessings as all men need, and all good men desire, or should be directed to supplicate for future life, the principal object of their request is, that such *immediate* communications may be made to the whole assembly, as there is no scriptural warrant or rational ground to expect at any time ; and particularly that the discourse about to be delivered (which is represented as the chief object of the meeting) may be productive of such instantaneous effects, as would be scarcely less than miraculous.

"Much indiscretion is observable . . . in taking too particular a notice, not only of national affairs, but of local trivial occurrences, thus making their prayers a vehicle for the news of the day. We have also witnessed a too circumstantial mention of affairs relating to the congregation, and particularly of such as were matter of dispute between the members of it, or between some of them and the minister himself ; which appeared more likely to excite their disgust and inflame their passions than to do them or himself any real good

"It is matter of great delicacy for ministers to introduce, as some are ever prone to do, their own personal or domestic concerns into the public devotions, or to speak of themselves at all. And it is not more disgusting to hear ministers use any expressions which savour of vanity, self-importance, or self-interest, than it is, with all judicious persons, to hear them apply to themselves (from an affected or a real humility) such degrading terms as "thy unworthy servant thy poor worm—thy sinful dust—the meanest of all thy instruments," &c, which some pious and even sensible men have not seen it improper to adopt.

"For want of this [prudence] we have sometimes heard cases of so peculiar, so trivial, and even indelicate a nature, brought into the public intercessions, as (if at all fit matter for prayer) ought to be confined to the closets of the persons themselves.

"We forbear to notice the injudicious and indecent expressions, and the indelicate allusions to certain passages of Scripture, which may sometimes be heard in extemporary prayers ; since they are chiefly confined to *illiterate* preachers, of the lowest order, of whom too many rank with Dissenting ministers, whose indiscretion and vulgarities 'cause men to abhor the offering of the Lord.'"

Now we repeat, that this professedly well-wishing lecture of reprehension is made in a manner which exempts the Dissenters from all manner of obligations of gratitude. There may indeed be found such a sentence as this : "we are far

from charging our brethren in general, especially those of a liberal education, with the improprieties which we have noticed." A very few expressions like this might have been enough for complaisance amidst the freedom and confidence of fraternity, if in composing a book for publication they could have been addressing the Dissenters exclusively of all other listeners. In the slight generality and brevity of their commendatory expressions they might then have been understood as saying, in effect—We have met one another, not to establish the proof or celebrate the praise of our excellences; a very superfluous thing indeed at any time, as we none of us need an increase of our self-complacency; at any rate, we have different business just now, the specific business of taking account of our faults in order to correct them: we may rely on mutual good opinion and the firm partiality of all of us to our class, enough to waive compliments for the present, and deal about only a little wholesome and not very palatable truth. But these candid reformers well knew, that in writing a book which should expose whatever could be found of most defective or absurd in the Dissenting worship, *as conducted by the inferior class of its performers*, they were writing what would be read by nobody with so much avidity as by the enemies of Nonconformity, and by the enemies of religion; of whose extremely slight knowledge, in general, of the religious services of the Dissenters they were also aware. They well knew that a civil expression or two, affecting to acquit the main body of the arraigned class of the charges exhibited with such elaborate aggravation, would not have the smallest effect on such readers; who would be sure to congratulate themselves on having obtained at last, from very good authority, a description comprehensively applicable to the class, and just such a description as it is gratifying to believe. This consequence could not be even in part prevented, these authors well know, without the most explicit, and even repeated and amplified declarations, that such a conversion of particular charges against a portion of the class into a general estimate of its qualifications collectively, would be to incur a complete imposition on the judgment,—that there is, in the whole amount, an extremely large and continually augmenting measure of intelligence and propriety displayed in public

extemporary prayer,—that there are many Dissenting ministers distinguished for their excellence in the practice,—that a very great proportion of them maintain a respectable propriety,—that a considerable number really show their faculties to the most advantage in that employment,—that some who are chargeable with some of the faults alleged, manifest, nevertheless, a considerable share, on the whole, of sense and devout sentiment,—and that the very gross offenders form but a small proportion of the class. This is what these gentlemen have *not* done. And the impression which, through this omission, will be made on uninformed and prejudiced readers, will be confirmed by the universality of the terms in which the remedy is proposed: no minister, it would seem, is held competent to perform the public devotional services quite satisfactorily without the auxiliary expedient. Such an impression may be further confirmed by the curious sort of caution with which these writers have ventured to assert the possibility, the bare possibility, of excellence in extemporary prayer. In hazarding the assertion they have thought it necessary to look abroad into history for examples; and they have found in the last age (something less than the number of splendid comets) *two* examples, Dr. Watts and Mr. Hugh Farmer!

Whatever, therefore, the Dissenters may think of the plan itself, we should suppose they will feel much contempt of the spirit and manner in which the benevolent service has been performed. The authors are to look for their thanks from another quarter. And they may have perceived already, in the most marked act of public attention with which they are likely to be honoured, how gladly and kindly they will be received by the avowed and consistent enemies of Nonconformity in all its parts, as witnesses against their brethren, and hopeful pupils of the higher schools;—still objects of condescending compassion, nevertheless, on account of that dimness of incipient sight which as yet but perceives “men as trees walking.”

Having said thus much, as honestly due, we think, to the Dissenters, and as fairly within those limits of our office which exclude ecclesiastical polemics (and we are glad of the exemption conferred by this exclusion) we should be

deficient in benevolence towards the fraternity so ungenerously treated in this performance, if we did not earnestly recommend to their perusal the part of it that deserves this very charge. They must not be allowed to fancy that there is not great room for amendment in the manner of the extemporary devotions of many among them. The faults which these worthy *friends* of theirs have depicted, as if just for a show to entertain the Philistines, do certainly exist among them to a considerable extent. We have now and then ourselves, in straying into some of their meeting-houses, had for a short time some sensations awakened akin to those that seem to have been prolonged into a continual qualmishness in these delicate divines: but we happened to have more knowledge than they choose to own, as well as more candour than they possess, respecting the general and collective quality of the Dissenting public services. That quality, however, estimated collectively, might, we submit, be very materially improved in consequence of a serious and impartial attention to the first and third part of this same "New Directory."

With regard to the "Remedy," as our authors denominate it, we have shown that it will not be adopted; but if it would, we can see no great good it would do, though it is set forth in nearly the usual confident terms of the projector, or the advertiser of a panacea. Forms are to be composed of passages of Scripture, drawn together according to the minister's judgment of their adaptedness to combine. A number of these are to be written or printed, and read as a part of the public prayer, the other portion being still extemporary. It seems not to have occurred to these projectors, that the length of this extemporary portion would remain completely at the discretion of the person performing it, and that the weak and ill-judging man will be very sure to make it long enough to admit all the faults from which it is the very purpose of the contrivance to save him. Indeed such a man will be extremely likely, as we have before observed, to reject the assistance altogether, with peculiar disdain. The reformers should either, on the one hand, have aimed at precluding all possibility of the evils complained of by recommending an entire liturgy,—which considering the habits and opinions of the Dissenters,

would have been as hopeful a proposal as the one they have actually made,—or on the other, have been content to urge the improvement by all possible means, of extemporary prayer, exposing, of course, its most prominent existing imperfections. This exposure they have made; and we would warn the Dissenters not to suffer the ungracious manner in which it is made, to provoke them into the folly of rejecting the benefit they may derive from it.

THE RELATION OF MAN TO NATURE.

The Philosophy of Nature : or, the Influence of Scenery on the Mind and Heart. Post 8vo., 2 vols. 1814.

It may be asserted that there is a relation between the human mind and the whole known creation : in other words, that there are some principles of correspondence in the constitution of the mind, and in the constitutions of all known created things, in consequence of which, those things are adapted to produce some effect on the mind when they are presented to it, whether through the medium of the senses, or in any more immediately intellectual manner.* It may be added, perhaps, that if the condition of the mind were absolutely and perfectly good, this effect would always be beneficial.

As the mind must, in all periods and regions of its existence, receive its happiness from causes exterior to itself, and as it is probable the one Supreme Cause of that happiness, the Deity, will make a very great part of the happiness which human spirits are to receive from him, come to them through the medium of His works, it is a matter of inexpressible exultation, that those works are so stupendous in multiplicity and magnitude; that they are, indeed, for all practical purposes, infinite. It is with a triumphant emotion, that an aspiring spirit, assured of living for ever, trusting in the divine mercy, that it shall be happy in that eternity of life, and certain that its happiness must arise from the impressions made on it by surrounding

* Such as some modes of inspiration.

existences,—it is with an emphatic emotion of triumph that such a spirit considers the vastness of the universe, as progressively demonstrated to us by the advances of science, and as attempted to be realized by an earnest, a delightful, but still an overwhelmed effort of imagination. For it regards the infinity of things as the scene of its indefatigable and everlasting activity, in which it shall find that millions of contemplated manifestations of beauty and sublimity are but preparing it to advance to new visions, with perceptions for ever becoming more vivid, and delight for ever growing more intense.

A spirit of this order will regard the ample display of beauty and magnificence made even to the inhabitants of this globe, as forming a kind of introductory stage for the indulgence and exercise of curiosity and admiration; and as adapted, in combination with the objects of religious faith, to operate on the confirmation and habitudes of the mind with an influence not less salutary than pleasing. This admirer of the Creator's works will, indeed, be sometimes compelled to regret the feebleness of the senses by means of which the soul is reduced to receive its perceptions of creation; will sometimes be tempted to deplore the inferiority of the terrestrial region itself to such worlds as he can easily imagine to exist; and will much oftener lament, that even of this sublunary scene, he is, by many causes, confined to contemplate, immediately with his own faculties of perception, an extremely diminutive portion, and perhaps of an immensely inferior character, in point of beauty and sublimity, to many other portions of it; yet he will, nevertheless, be arrested and delighted by many phenomena; will often lose himself in inquisition and wonder; and, on the whole, will be sensible that Nature greatly affects the habitual state of his mind.

Such a description is applicable, however, to a very small number, comparatively, of the human race. This captivation of Nature is felt by extremely few but highly cultivated minds, and, indeed, by the smaller proportion only even of them. Here and there, a rare individual who has received from Nature an extraordinary measure of imagination and sensibility, feels the enchanting influence in the early years of life, antecedent to the high cultivation of the faculties; and onward through life, though the full means and advan-

tages of that discipline should never be enjoyed. But it is notorious that the generality of men are exempt. Savages are quite insensible to the beautiful or the awful aspect of the scenes in which they are pursuing their occupations of hunting, fishing, and war. They would stand without emotion on the precipice from which they would look down on the cataract of Niagara. Nor, perhaps, would the half-civilized Canadian hunter be betrayed, in the same situation, into any great excess of solemnity or enthusiasm. We remember the perfect sobriety of prose with which an American man of the woods, who was even capable of writing a book, Patrick Gass, has described or mentioned the great falls of the Missouri. The same want of what may be called poetical feeling regarding the sublunaries of scenery, is apparent in all the uncultivated and slightly cultivated nations, from the savage up to the confines of the civilized state; in the South Americans, the Tartars, the Laplanders, the Norwegians, and even the Icelanders—excepting that some among these North European nations associate certain mysterious ideas of reverence and fear with their great mountains. We are not aware, that even in the inhabitants of Switzerland, an admiration of its grand scenery constitutes any material part of that passion for their country for which they are so celebrated. We need not say a word of the mass of the population of those regions, which combine the beauties of Nature with the striking remains of the Grecian and Roman taste and magnificence. If we come, at last, to what assumes, and, indeed, we believe justly assumes, to be the most cultivated people on earth, we doubt whether we can make any striking improvement of the representation, as to the inspiring and elevating influence of Nature, and the number and enthusiasm of her pupils. Of the several divisions of our territory and people, the country and posterity of Ossian have assumed greatly the highest character for influences exerted by the scenery and felt by the people. We have read, in close succession, Dr. Johnson's account of the region and the race, and Mrs. Grant's: a conjunction and comparison which reminded us of the description given by travellers of the flowery tracts immediately on the edge of the eternal ice on the lower declivities of the Alps. It would be delightful to receive

Mrs. Grant's representation as the correct one; and, therefore, we endeavour, with all our might, to believe in it; nevertheless, we are visited by strong surmises of *unintentional* poetry in the lady's very interesting memorials of a national character, which, she confesses, is fast approaching to extinction. While we can conceive, and indeed admit, that there was in the character of the Highlanders, before the breaking up of their ancient and social economy, something more imaginative, more perceptive of the gloomy sublimity of their scenery, more responsive, by solemn and elevated sentiments, to its aspects, than was perhaps ever to be found in any other uncultivated tribe inhabiting a similar region, it would yet be absurd to set substantially aside, in favour of this one race, the general law, that unexpanded faculties, undisciplined taste, scantiness of associated ideas, want of the means of judging of objects by comparison: in one word, that ignorance must inevitably preclude, in a great degree, that kind of sensibility and reflection by which the mind has its perception of the fair, the marvellous, and the sublime in Nature. And, doubtless, the contemplative enthusiasm indulged on the mountains, among the rocks, by the torrents and cataracts, and on the sea shore, was confined to the few spirits of the family or the kindred of genius, while the great majority could behold such objects with only a little less temperance of emotion than the ordinary tone of sentiment among other rustic portions of mankind. Assuredly it was not every Highlander that gave out emanations of poetry while passing under impending precipices, or standing on the summits of mountains.

If we descend from that legendary, visionary, and almost vanished race, to the uncultivated population of England, Wales, and Ireland, there will need no other experiment than that of a short sojourn in Cumberland, in Carnarvonshire, or near the Lakes of Killarney, to estimate the influence of natural beauty and grandeur on the generality of the people placed under their habitual operation. And we apprehend that the investigator will be utterly disappointed if he expects to find any mental modification corresponding to the nobleness of these scenes. He will find that the main proportion of their habitual spectators

are not either consciously or unconsciously the subjects of their power. Not unconsciously; they have not acquired insensibly a richer imagination; they have not a more vivid sensibility to the sublime and beautiful generally, as elements in the constitution of the natural and moral world, and as displayed in literature and the arts. Not consciously: they are not haunted by the images of the grand peculiarities of the scene around them; their minds are not arrested and thrown into trains of thought by their aspect; they can pass long spaces of time without even distinctly recognizing them as objects to be thought of when they are seen, and still longer spaces without employing any of their leisure in visiting the spots (perhaps not far off) which are the most striking in themselves, or which afford the most commanding views of the wonders of the region. And if sometimes a party of pleasure is made up for such a visit, it is very commonly seen that the graces or the majesty of Nature engage but very little of their attention, and that they scarcely at all, unless perhaps by augmented hilarity, affect the tone of their feelings. The looks, sometimes thrown vaguely over the scene, are evidently not such as to bring the soul in contact with it;

“There is no speculation in those eyes.”

The lively talk about indifferent subjects, the freaks and frolic, the good or bad cheer, the little diverting or vexatious incidents, shall so besport away the hours and faculties, that the whole expedition might appear to have been planned as an insult on the goddess (that has had so many pretended worshippers, and so few true ones) Nature, in the way of practically telling her how little all her fine things are good for.

Among a multitude of flights of rhapsody in the work that has led us into these observations, there is one in glorification of Snowdon, in which, after a great deal of probably real, and certainly reasonable enthusiasm, with an addition of what we suspect to be rhetorical affectation, it is asserted, without the compliment of looking round in anticipation of anybody's scepticism, that “No one ever mounted this towering eminence but he became a wiser and a better man.” And several particulars are specified, in

which it is assumed as infallible, that this transforming energy must evince itself on a summit, which, it seems, is high enough to attract the influences of a heaven superior to that of the lightnings. This bold position imports at the very least, and is the minor part of the fact which it asserts, that every one who beholds what may be seen from that eminence, is profoundly affected by the magnificent vision. Now, we happen to have had plentiful evidence on the spot, that a number of human beings may look from that sublime position on all that it commands, by the light of the rising sun, and be little more impressed and detained by the view than they would in standing to contemplate on the busy day, the market-place of any large town, and very much less than in surveying that area when filled with the exhibitions of a fair. As the rule must be, that the subsequent effects on the mind can only be in proportion to the force of the impression it is not worth while to waste even a guess on the probable improvement in goodness, wisdom, or taste, derived by these spectators from a scene to which these islands perhaps, do not afford an equal.

It is to the uncultivated portion of a nation which, nevertheless, accounts itself collectively more cultivated than all others, that we have mainly limited these observations. But whoever has had many opportunities of observing, with respect to this point in question, the much smaller portion that may make pretensions to be distinguished as cultivated, will have to testify that a real, thoughtful perception and genuine silent admiration of the beautiful and sublime of nature, are among the very rarest endowments or acquirements of educated and well-informed persons. His deposition will unquestionably be, that but very few among the elegant and polished part of the community, very few among the studious and learned, very few of those who are occupied in the higher professions, are intent observers of the material world, with the direct thought of its being the very basis and archetype of whatever we can know of the fair, the humorous, and the grand, with a direct wish and study therefore, to have the economy of the mind, as to taste and imagination and partly as to intellect itself, formed and modified in accordance to it; and with a feeling that there is, through all Nature, some

mysterious element like soul, which comes, with a deep significance, to mingle itself with their own conscious being. Nevertheless, there is a proportion of cultivated minds, (and we must reckon, inclusively or additionally, an extremely few spirits but slightly cultivated in a strictly literary sense, yet strongly instinct with genius) that find, in the wide field of Nature, something indefinitely more than a mere indifferent ground on which to prosecute the journey and accomplish the ordinary business of life. They find it a scene marked all over with mystical figures, the prints and traces, as it were, of the frequentation and agency of superior spirits. They find it sometimes concentrating their faculties to curious and minute inspection, sometimes dilating them to the inspection of vast and magnificent forms; sometimes beguiling them out of all precise recognition of material realities, whether small or great, into visionary musings, and habitually and in all ways conveying into the mind trains and masses of ideas of an order not to be acquired in the schools, and exerting a modifying and assimilating influence on the whole mental economy.

Now, a clear intellectual illustration of all this might fairly assume the title of "The Philosophy of Nature." Such a work would not, perhaps, have been required to commence with the very elements of the philosophy of the mind, or an abstruse investigation into the principles of sublimity and beauty. It might, perhaps, not improperly begin with inferences from the striking and obvious fact, repeatedly dwelt on by philosophers and poets, that in the constitution of the material world, the Creator's intentions were much beyond a provision for mere necessity and plain utility, in the strict sense of those terms; that it was determined there should be, in the mundane economy for man, something besides the means of physical well-being, something besides moral order, and even religious truth; that the system was made to include a marvellous provision for taste and imagination, and for an infinity of pleasing emotions excited through the medium of these faculties. The comprehensive inference, capable of being established in several forms and illustrations, is plainly this, that the human mind should not be insensible to this signally

remarkable part of the divine economy, but should be both passively and actively responsive to it.

A rapid general view might then be taken of the actual state of the human mind, past and present, as to its modes and degrees of sensibility to this grand circumstance in the Creator's work. It might be shown in what manner this sensibility has appeared to manifest itself in various nations, in the character of their philosophy and their superstitions, of their poetry and other fine arts. Such a survey would contribute to ascertain the influence of civilization in bringing this otherwise nearly dormant sensibility into an effective state. And it would, alas! too opprobriously show how easily this fine faculty may be perverted into superstition and idolatry. There would sometimes occur, during this review, the very remarkable fact, of this sensibility acquiring, when converted into superstition, tenfold the poignancy it ever had before; tribes of human beings, who would have been but feebly impressed by the beauty and grandeur of Nature in itself, or as a work of God, being enthusiastic for that beauty and sublimity just when, and so far as, profaned into the materials of a false religion. Thus men obtained something like the accomplishment of the expectation of our first parents, a more vivid perception, by means of their sin, of what was fair and sublime.

The supposed work might inquire what class of the beauties, that may be comprehended within the wide term "scenery," may have had the greatest power over susceptible minds. And it might be shown how the different orders of genius are attracted and modified respectively by those different classes of Nature's exhibitions.

It would be a matter of very great interest to determine, under what conditions, this influence of Nature, where it does actually operate on the taste and imagination, shall also be salutary in a *moral* respect. It has been a favourite doctrine with many men of sensibility and genius, that these captivations of Nature are absolutely and almost necessarily conducive to the moral rectitude of the mind; that they unconditionally tend to purify, to harmonize, and to exalt, the principles and the affections. If the maintainers of this opinion, so kind to our nature, had not examined the human mind enough to know, from its very

constitution, that in some modes and degrees of its depravity, it not only may fail to be corrected by the perception of these charms of Nature, but may receive their influence so that it shall augment the depravity,—it is strange that their faith was not shaken by the notorious fact, that many fine geniuses of the very class most alive to the beauty and sublimity of Nature, poets and painters, have been among the most profligate of men;—not to notice that the inhabitants of some of the most paradisaical and romantic sections of the earth, are among the most basely corrupt of the whole human race. Let any man recollect what he has read and heard of the inhabitants of the most exquisite countries on the Mediterranean.

Another object of the supposed inquiry, would be to determine what mode of training from childhood, what kind of locality for residence, what studies and occupations, would most effectually dispose and gratify a mind possessed of the requisite native sensibility, for feeling these finer influences of the material world. It would also be a very capital object to teach the art and habit of *observing* the scenery of Nature;—an instruction which might, with the greatest propriety, be accompanied by an emphatical censure of the careless stupidity of the man who can, for half a century, carry about the world a soul, accommodated with the organs of sight and hearing, and scarcely twenty times in that whole lapse of duration, fix an intense, examining, prolonged attention, on any of the innumerable displays exhibited in the elegance and grandeur of the creation.

It would be a gratifying and an easy part of the undertaking to show, chiefly by means of well-selected examples, the vast advantage to eloquence, and indeed to all serious, moral, and religious instruction,—derivable in the form of striking analogies, happy illustrations, and a diction full of colour and life,—from having the prodigious world without the mind, brought, in its representative imagery, to be an ideal world, almost as rich, within it.

In the last place, it would be proper, in some part of such a work, to caution men of genius, who both perceive the palpable material beauty and grandeur of the creation, and feel, in the contemplation, the influence as of some more refined and ideal element, far beyond the perception

of the senses, against suffering themselves to be deluded into a notion that this abstracted and elevated mode of feeling is something so analogous to *religion* as to render it of less importance to attain that distinct and diviner sentiment. The fine enthusiasm of this feeling made some ancient, and has made some modern, philosophers content with acknowledging, as supreme in the universe, some kind of all-pervading spirit, *less than a real intelligence*. And among certain modern poets, we have heard of a mystical spiritualization of the earth and the heavens, which, under the denomination of *physiopathy*, was to be regarded as the most refined mode of religion, and peculiarly adapted to the most subtle and purified human spirits, though it was less than an acknowledgment of absolute intelligence in the object adored! It is not, however, against this that we particularly mean the caution: but against the delusion, in minds firmly believing in a God, of the self-flattery, that being exceedingly enchanted and elevated in contemplating his works, must, of itself, necessarily be, in effect, identical with devotion towards Him.

These paragraphs may serve as a slight rudimental suggestion of the topics of an investigation which, in proper hands, might be interesting and valuable;—most eminently so, if it were possible to compel to such a task, for instance, one genius that, more than any other, has sojourned on that frontier, where the material and the ideal worlds join and combine their elements; that has seen those elements, as it were, mutually interfused, in a state of assimilation more intimate than mere analogy. It may not have been with a very sanguine hope of finding such a service performed that we took up the present work; we did, however, reckon on a certain measure of systematic and continuous investigation; but we soon perceived that the lively author was not at all enamoured of regular and hard labour. We found he had been injudicious, rather than intentionally deceptive, in the choice of a title of so grave and high import. His work was designed for a discursive and amusing miscellany, rather than an elaborate disquisition; and if some title, indicative of this, had been adopted, instead of the term of large profession and assumption, “Philosophy,” the reader might have had no great cause to complain; for it contains,

though in the most dissipated and desultory form it is possible to conceive, a great number of sprightly sentiments, with a multitude of slight notices of facts, places, and remarkable persons; and the whole is decorated with a liberal sprinkling of classical quotation. The writer is evidently a man of cultivated taste, of very extensive reading, and of active, buoyant fancy. We only regret that he should never have cared to know there are such things as order in thinking, and method in composition.

He introduces himself in an unassuming, ingenuous, and therefore, conciliatory manner.

"The following pages are the result of hours stolen from an application to higher interests, and from the severity of graver subjects. They were written in the privacy of retirement, among scenes worthy the pen of Virgil, and the pencil of Lorraine—scenes, which afford perpetual subjects for meditation to all those who take a melancholy pleasure in contrasting the dignified simplicity of Nature with the vanity, ignorance, and presumption of man.

"'There is no one,' says one of the best and soundest moralists of our age, 'there is no one, however limited his powers, who ought not to be actuated by a desire of leaving something behind him which should operate as an evidence that he once existed.' During those hours of peaceful enjoyment in which these pages were composed, such was the ambition by which the writer was animated. Upon revising what he has written, however, and comparing it with those ideas of excellence which, in no very courteous language, whisper a knowledge of what abler pens than his would have written, on a subject so well selected for eliciting all the best energies of genius, he is awed from any expectation of an honourable distinction; and nothing supplies the place of those golden dreams which once delighted him, but the satisfaction of having passed happily and innocently hours which would otherwise have been listless, useless, and unnumbered."

We do not well comprehend why, unless the author suffered some physical disability for roving, his hours should necessarily have been listless in such scenes, though he had *not* been stimulated by this ambition, and animated by these golden dreams. Are, then, the charms of Nature so passionately and poetically chanted through several hundred pages, in truth after all so feeble, that even their

"fond enthusiast" would soon cease to feel their power were they not so fortunate as to become the accessories of his vanity or ambition? When we see the pupil and devotee of Nature apparently insensible that he is wandering or that he is fixed to the spot; when we perceive his eye sometimes arrested and fixed in its gaze, as if by some enchantment, and sometimes in a "fine frenzy rolling;" when we are fearing and avoiding to disturb him by a movement or a word, as we should a person engaged in an act of religious worship, when we are envying the rapture with which he contemplates the beauty of the groves, and listens to their music, or beholds the torrent, the mountain, or the vast landscape;—what! are we soon to find out that the vital sentiment, the predominant idea in all this enthusiasm, has been no other than the anticipation of the praise to be got by a fine printed description of these objects, and of the tasteful delirium into which they have rapt him?—And then, as to what the quoted and approved "moralist" says—doubtless every man should endeavour to do so much good, that some part or trace of it will necessarily stay behind him when he quits the world,—but if it is meant that the actuating motive in such exertion ought to be ambition to secure a monument to his fame, we think it must have been a lying oracle that this so excellent a moralist had consulted.

But it will seem trifling to have noticed these matters in the introduction when the reader finds that the whole work swarms with all the peccadilloes with which carelessness, versatile fancy, random wildness of declamation, and a morality without a sufficiently fixed standard, could furnish it.

No critic can attempt the book in the ordinary methods of the profession. It is perfectly without plan in either fact or pretension. It has no divisions, except that all the paragraphs are distinguished by Roman numerals, to the amount of between four and five hundred. In some places there is a small degree of sequence and relation among half-a-dozen of these neighbour paragraphs: but, taking the whole work together, we think it would be possible, without impairing the book in point of regular connexion, to put the series in twenty very different orders of succession. And yet, from whatever cause, we think we have never had a feeling so

tolerant for so unpardonable a contempt of arrangement. For one thing, the subject itself is rich and attractive, whether exhibited in order or confusion: and indeed our author would plead, if called rigorously to account, that he has in this disorder imitated Nature herself, who throws her multitudinous productions in the most promiscuous manner over the terrestrial scene. He is, besides, we think, in a very considerable degree, a real enthusiast for Nature; and, therefore, he gains a good deal of that favour which is always attracted by what appear to be genuine avowals of passion for a deserving object;—at the same time there is not a little of what we must regard as very extravagant, and suspect of being downright extravagance prepense. The principal thing, however, that prevents the reader's weariness and beguiles the critic's anger, is, that this extensive tract of utter confusion is not a mere rhapsody of sentiment: it is crowded with brief references to matters of fact which are well worth knowing. The excursive manner in which the author pursues his general object, carries him and his readers into every part of the globe; and though this "racing and chasing" would be unnecessary and undesirable, and we might endure to be kept much more still if we were in the company of a veritable philosopher, it must be confessed that the lively talk of our author does better as the accompaniment of these excursions than it would without them. We are entertained with the transient views of grand, natural objects, of the present or ancient state of places memorable in history, of the peculiar aspects of various picturesque regions, or of the monumental relics that give occasion to recall to memory the great human actors or thinkers of past times. We have, besides, animated characters and eulogiums of the most distinguished poets of Nature, and notices of the most celebrated landscape painters.

The width of the author's excursions comprehends almost all that is the most remarkable in the natural scenery of the whole earth. His reading of books of travels must have been prodigious; and with the finest of what we may call the home scenery, he appears to be personally familiar. The grand transient phenomena of the elements do not escape his attention in his range. He sometimes speculates

very briefly on their causes, in a way rather to show that he has read the conjectures and theories on the subject, than that he has scientifically studied them. He greatly prefers, and indeed is justified by the design of his work in preferring, moral and sentimental descants to anything approaching to strictly philosophical disquisition. He has reflections and emotions to express at every place and on every subject; and considering the unlaboured, uninvestigating strain of thought and feeling which he revels in, we almost wonder there is not a greater degree of sameness.

By the plan of his work, he crowds the dominion of Nature with even more than honestly belongs to her, for in rambling among the riches of the physical region, he is continually finding matters of literature and art thrown in his way; and in fantastic, sudden, and endless changes, he sports the character of critic or historian, mingled with that of antiquary, virtuoso, or ranting enthusiast. Sometimes, he will be a sober geographer, then he is called upon to estimate the respective merits of the orders of architecture; next it is violets and roses, and birds of paradise, and music, and beauty, and all for love; immediately at hand, however, are battles, and thunders, and whirlwinds, and inundations, and earthquakes, and volcanic fires; next, an adventure in the regions of Aurora Borealis, and thence a desperate plunge to the bottom of the ocean; but quickly emerging, this volatile and wayward spirit probably goes to study philosophy and poetry in India. No transitions of gay, and rapid, and brilliant confusion that any reader can have previously imagined, will be found, when he comes to the book itself; to have been too fantastic an anticipation of its character.

There is frequently a considerable intermingling of apparently devotional sentiment: it will not be wondered at if this sentiment has too little of the definite character of religious faith; and if there are many heedless expressions, assumptions, and implications, not very compatible with a cautiously strict adherence to the oracles of revelation, though doubtless clear of any intentional discordance with them. The general spirit of the work is rather too much like a worship alternately of Nature itself, and of the God of Nature, as divested of any other character in which the inhabitants of this world have to contemplate Him.

There is much amiable moral sentiment in the work. The author is a zealous inculcator of peace, and all the principles and duties of justice and charity. He has also the Greek and Roman spirit of liberty.

But we have hardly even yet expressed ourselves with sufficient strength respecting the monstrous extravagances into which he seems not so much to be driven by the fury of an involuntary *possession*, as actually to solicit to be driven by deliberately invoking on the tripod, the fierce afflatus.

There is much less harm in our author's merely poetical extravagances, than in the excess of his assertions (of which we could, if we had space, quote some equally contradictory to fact and to religion), respecting the power of the influences of Nature to console the severest sorrows, and to correct dangerous moral habitudes.

WILBERFORCE ON CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Substance of the Speeches of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq, M.P., on the Clause in the East India Bill for Promoting the Religious Instruction and Moral Improvement of the Natives of the British Dominions in India, on the 22nd of June and the 1st and 12th of July, 1813. 8vo. 1813.

No human mind is competent to form such a standard of comparative estimation as shall, on being applied to the evil agency of men in widely different circumstances, accurately ascertain the proportions of criminality between them, so as to determine what actions done by these classes of men respectively are equal in guilt, though greatly unequal in what may be called the palpable substance of evil. But it is easy to apprehend, in a general way, that deeds of glaring atrocity, committed by men in some states of society, may not be of really deeper guilt than other crimes of somewhat similar tendency, but of far less apparent magnitude, committed by men in a condition for discerning much more justly between good and evil.

For example: let the supposed crime be an opposition, by practical measures, to the extension of Christianity among mankind. We might imagine a long gradation of forms in which it might be committed, by so many different descriptions of men, with a diminution of violence, and, therefore, of apparent atrocity, at each step of the series. But we will mark only four or five of these degrees. We might suppose the case, that a few Christian missionaries might find their way among a very barbarous tribe of Pagans, who had never heard of the religion before, and that, without any thing improper in conduct, and without incurring even a suspicion of their having any other than their avowed design, they might, purely as enemies to the superstitions of the country, be put to death with aggravated cruelty. We may suppose, next, that missionaries of the same unequivocal character and purpose, enter one of the most bigotted of the Mahomedan states, and that, after they have been there a little while, the house or hut where they have taken up their residence, is set on fire, that their persons are treated with rude and dangerous violence, and that they are driven out of the country under threats of immediate death against any attempt to return. Let the next case be that of a Protestant, visiting one of the more bigotted of the Popish countries, when at peace with that from whence he comes, and attempting a plan of public teaching which shall involve argument and remonstrance against the prevailing corruptions of the true religion: and we will, with an excessive liberality of representation, suppose no worse than that he is thrown into a loathsome prison, retained in a tedious confinement, suffering a complication of ill usage, and at last expelled the country in a manner to make him justly wonder that he escapes with life. Shall we next suppose, in a Protestant country, boasting of its illumination, its cultivated manners, its freedom, and even its superiority to all other countries in point of religion, a case such as has often happened in very recent times in this country? A worthy man of much zeal and moderately respectable in sense, language, and manners, shall go into one of the thousands of ignorant, profane, and vicious hamlets and villages to be found in the counties of England, with the benevolent design of imparting such

religious and moral information and warning as he plainly sees they have otherwise no chance of hearing, but by the time he has made two or three attempts, the rude tumult which probably has interrupted him in the first, shall grow to a degree of violence from which it is both necessary and difficult to make a precipitate escape, not effected perhaps without considerable personal injury, and there shall be the strongest reason to believe that this madness and outrage have been stimulated and abetted by the squire, and perhaps not without the approbation of the clergyman, while the magistrate shall, perhaps, receive in the most repugnant and hostile manner, my application for justice and redress. We shall only suppose one case more—that an enlightened Christian state having under its dominion a very large population sunk in all the drosses, crimes and miseries of a hideous system of idolatry—a number of the philosophers (self-called so at least) and scholars—some even of the ecclesiastics—a number of persons of wealth and distinction, and above all, a large proportion actually of the legislators of this very nation—shall most strenuously oppose an effort made for obtaining *that it shall not be absolutely illegal for benevolent men of this same Christian country to go (under the most cautious conditions and responsibilities) for the purpose of peaceably teaching the Christian religion among that wretched population*

Now, though there can be no one comprehensive rule by which the relative proportions of guilt on the several cases can be instantly and precisely determined—we should suppose that, according to my just notion of the degrees in which the increased means of knowing what is right, (whether these means be improved or not), aggravate the criminality of doing wrong the guilt must be augmented at each step of this series of cases.

We have been led into this speculation of proportions by the exceedingly respectful and deprecating strain of complaisance to his opponents with which this most eminent philanthropist concludes the preface to this publication—

“The subject itself he deems to be of a degree of importance which it transcends the powers of language to express, and he

trusts that they, whose sentiments he has opposed, will forgive the warmth with which he has felt it his duty to condemn their opinions. He believes that they are actuated no less than himself, by a sincere desire to promote the welfare of their country."

We do not presume to judge how far it may be expedient for men who have often to meet for discussion and contest in a polished and dignified assembly, to maintain a conventional language of mutual respect. It is evident enough that the direct, unmodified expression of their real opinions of one another, would soon turn debate into violent and rancorous personal hostility. But there would seem to be a very wide interval between such mischievous frankness, and the laboured, volunteered, uncalled-for language of respectful profession with which we often hear the combatants complimenting one another. We say, "uncalled-for;" but possibly, this may be a mistake; it may be that the unrestrained opposition, the broad contradiction, the hard thrusts, the number of things that would seem to *imply* a contemptuous estimate of the opponent's principles or understanding,—it may be that these absolutely require to be countervailed by pieces of complaisance, thrown in opportunely here and there, to prevent the war becoming too serious. Unless on this ground there is a necessity for such apparently gratuitous professions, many of them are such as a rigid honesty would disallow to be made. How often we have heard a strenuous combatant apply to counsels and measures such terms of condemnation as could fairly import no less than that the persons prosecuting and justifying them were devoid either of virtue or sound sense; and yet in some part or other, or perhaps in several parts of this very invective, there would be high compliments to the unquestionable integrity and eminent talents of the very men whom the speech tended to convict of iniquity or imbecility. There was glaring insincerity either in the reprobation or in the encomium. Aristides, or Cato, or Marvel, having so condemned, would sooner have gone into prison or exile than so applauded. These blended judgments to infamy and honour have a most unfavourable effect on the opinions of reflective observers, relative to any forum where they can be pronounced.

It is quite as unnecessary to say what state of moral

principles these inconsistencies will in most instances be attributed to by such observers, as it is to say, that in the case of the illustrious speaker to whom we owe these Speeches, any language that appears unduly respectful to the opponents of the good cause, will unanimously be ascribed to an excess of kindness and candour,—a kindness and candour rendered additionally ample and indulgent by the felicity of having succeeded in the great undertaking which these opponents were, if possible, equally ardent to frustrate.

But we really wish that this candour had been less. There is, to be sure, some degree of indefiniteness in the applause conferred in the testimony that, “they are actuated by a sincere desire to promote the welfare of their country;” but it amounts to no less than saying that the principle of their opposition was excellent; that they merited, while in the very act of this opposition, great respect on account of their motives; that on the whole they are to be regarded in a very favourable light, as true patriots, honestly and zealously intent on their duty, and only acting under the misfortune of a mistake in judgment.

We must confess we fear such a gracious and respectful verdict, recorded by such a judge, on the conduct of persons who have so acted in such a crisis, must tend rather to repress than aid, in the public mind, the power and exercise of a just discrimination between moral good and evil.

Supposing it to be, by a mighty stretch of liberality, admitted that the persons in question really were actuated, solely or predominantly, by a concern for the welfare of their country, according to their notions of it, and that deliberate enmity to Christianity was no part of the impelling force,—this indulgent concession in favour of their motive, leaves them nevertheless abandoned to the full weight and effect of several observations of the greatest possible import.

In the first place; the plain, obvious, broad idea of the object contemplated by these men was inexpressibly portentous. Thus stood the case: there is an Almighty Sovereign of the universe; there is his best gift to his creatures, the true religion, the opposite to which is the greatest calamity and curse on earth; this dreadful calamity lies on

many millions of the subjects of a Christian state; that state shall refuse to give—not auxiliary force, not even a formal and commissioned authority, but—bare permission, to any of its benevolent and pious subjects to go and attempt, by the methods of persuasion, to convert those miserable Pagans into the happy worshippers of the true God; and this on pretence of avoiding some alleged hazards to certain temporal interests, as of trade or political power! Now it would have been supposed that such a stupendous and alarming anomaly, a thing so boldly dissentient from the whole admitted theory of our obligations to God and to man, would at the very first view have appalled a thoughtful man, and the longer he would have contemplated it, the more have dismayed and overwhelmed him, so as to drive him irresistibly to the determination—“No calculations on earth shall tempt me into such temerity; perish dominion and commerce, if it must be so; I must not, dare not abet such a measure for preserving them. Any thing but this direct attempt to prevent the knowledge and worship of the Almighty! From very fear I must prefer death to any participation in so dreadful a hazard.—What then, should be thought of men who probably never, at any one moment, were struck with any idea of its being a daring and tremendous thing for an assembly of men to decree that, as far as depends on them as legislators, the human souls that adore pieces of wood and clay, and the filthiest phantasms of a vain imagination, shall continue to adore them and their posterity indefinitely—instead of the eternal God!

But in the next place, what should be thought of men who pretending to believe in an all-powerful and righteous Governor of the world, and to judge of the principles of his government according to his own declaration of them, could, at the same time really believe, or affect to believe, that dreadful disasters to a nation would or could be the consequence of its promoting the worship and service of that Being! Whether our acquisitions in the East be, or can ever be, on the whole, any national advantage, is no part of the immediate question; the persons we speak of deemed them to be of great value, and that their loss would be a heavy calamity;—well then, they acknowledge the Almighty to have the absolute power over all the things affecting the

national prosperity,—they knew that in the most venerable record and illustration that we have of the principles of his government, it is as clear as the sun that there is no crime so infallibly attractive of the plagues suspended over guilty nations as a preference shown to false religion by a people to whom the true has been communicated,—and then, they zealously recommended exactly this iniquity as the best means of security against a great national calamity, which they loudly, and some of them wrathfully insisted, would in all probability fall upon us if we made the slightest, the very slightest possible movement, for extending the knowledge and worship of that same righteous and Almighty Power! Yes, in the very hands of that Being we were *safer*, were *more certainly acting for our own interest*, in maintaining to the utmost of our power the inviolability of a most horrible system of idolatry, than in showing any favour to his own peculiar cause!

Again, what should be thought of men who could confidently maintain that the people of India were, in point of morals and happiness, in such a condition as very little to need the introduction, if it were practicable, of a religion designed to transform the human character and state? Professing themselves believers in the religion of the Bible, they must have known (or at least there are no words adequate to describe their presumption if they could dare to commit themselves on such a subject without knowing) what is represented in that assemblage of divine declarations as the natural effect of false religion on morals and happiness, and by what statements of fact that representation is there verified and exemplified. They knew—the most ordinary histories and school-books could not fail to have informed them—what was, in this respect, the state of the most polished nations of antiquity. They had information as ample as they pleased respecting the actual condition of the Hindoos. They knew, some of them had even seen, what abominations were practised as absolute parts and portions of the superstition, while the account was swelled by other perpetrations directly related to it and sanctioned by it. They were aware of the necessary tendency, and informed of the actual effect, of that supreme of iniquities on earth, the institution of castes. They could not be ignorant of

the debased, unfeeling, selfish, deceptive character of the general population. They had a large accumulation of the testimonies of official men, especially of those who had held judicial situations, to the total contempt of equity, and veracity, and oaths; in a word, the utter villany of an immense majority of the most cultivated and influential class. They had, in short, an assemblage of descriptions and judgments, from residents and travellers, of several nations and periods, and of very various tastes and attainments, coinciding to the effect of a general condemnatory estimate of Indian morality,—while the slightest inspection of the translations of their “sacred” books, or even of the institutes of their “divine Menu” alone, would discover a strong antecedent probability that the people would, even from the direct operation of such a religion, be certain to deserve such an estimate. With all this within their view, they were capable of maintaining, with intrepid front and pertinacity, that it must not at any rate be on the ground of its alleged *corrective* tendency that the pleaders for the extension of Christianity would have any right to demand for it a freedom of entrance into Hindostan.*

* This was not accompanied by direct avowals of veneration for the superstitious of the country. But a few years back there were not wanting, out of Parliament, men who would go this length. There was even one indefatigable pamphleteer, with whom we were obliged to transact a good deal of nauseous business about six years since, who at once professed a most zealous adherence to our Established church, and manifested a reverential respect for the “religion,” and the “sacred scriptures,” of the Hindoos. We remember the rage into which he used to be wrought whenever adverting to the language of missionaries or others who presumed to call these delusions and abominations by their right names. This notorious scribbler denounced and asseverated, with the fury of a priest of Huizilopochtli, that within twelve months our Indian empire would be annihilated if the operations of the missionaries in Bengal were not peremptorily suppressed by government. We recollect also that he plainly and honestly advanced it as an argument against endeavouring to extend Christianity among the Hindoos, even had it been practicable, that if they were to become Christians it would raise them to a spirit of independence that would throw off the government of a foreign power.

Yet once more, what is it just to think of men who could obstinately insist, to the very last, both on the total impossibility of making genuine proselytes to the Christian religion from the Hindoos, and on the imminent and awful danger of exciting destructive commotions and insurrections by the attempt, in however peaceable and conciliatory a manner it might be made? As to the impracticability—to say nothing of the intrinsic absurdity of the notion that *any* modes of belief or institution sprang from human fancy, can involve a principle of eternity, and nothing of the Malabar Christians—there had been published, at intervals, for a century past, the most positive, and till lately, never-questioned testimonies of conversions by missionary agency; and in the most recent years there had been a very considerable number of these pleasing acquisitions, some of them from the highest class of the natives, recorded and published in the most precise, unequivocal, and open manner possible, very near the seat, and within the suspicious examining vigilance of the Indian government. As to the universal indignation and the consequent commotions, pretended, with an air and tone of such horror and deprecation, to be foreseen, there was plainly and glaringly before these men's faces, besides all other evidence in contradiction, this one matter of fact, that for a considerable number of years past there have been a number of active missionaries, traversing, indiscriminately, any part of Bengal they can penetrate into, preaching and distributing printed addresses, to all sorts of assemblages of the natives, and under almost all imaginable circumstances of meeting; and that instead of this threatened consensual animosity and alarm, the kind of commotion they excite is that of curiosity, debate, and eagerness to obtain their tracts and books; and all this accompanied by so little displeasure in the natives at hearing their superstitions attacked, and often so much gratification at seeing their spiritual superiors balled in argument, as to have often excited the wonder of the missionaries.

We need not observe that such tangible matters of fact may be converted into predictions, independently of all the lofty anticipations authorized by devout sentiment. They may be offered as grounds of ordinary calculation, to men who would probably laugh aloud, even amidst their decorous

professions of faith in Christianity, at the weak fanaticism of an absolute assurance placed in Providence and prophecy. No language suddenly adopted by any one portion of the builders of Babel, sounded so uncouthly to any other portion, as that of religious calculation and confidence must to men who would have interdicted the communication of the true religion to the Pagans, lest God, to punish us for it, should suffer those Pagans to rise in a mass and drive all our people into the Bay of Bengal.

Should any extenuation be attempted, in the form of pleading, in behalf of these legislators, that they did *not* know all that we have seemed to assume there would be no possibility of their being informed of, and that, in truth, they were exceedingly ignorant on a great part of the subject,—it would be for the culprits to consider how far it may be desirable to take the benefit of such an argument in mitigation; and it will be for the impartial public judgment to decide, on which side the sentence should be modified by the fact, if admitted, that the men who, in the legislature of a Christian country, have presumed no less than to attempt to intercept the best light of Heaven from shining into the souls of the wretched heathens committed to their legislative care, have done this without even condescending to think it worth while to acquaint themselves with some of the most prominent, and obvious, and important points, of such an awful concern.

Relative to this ignorance, unaccompanied by—what ignorance ought never to venture out of company of—the prudence to be silent, we will transcribe a most remarkable paragraph of Mr. Wilberforce's Speech:—

“But here again, in justice to my argument, I cannot but remind the House of the signal example which this instance [the fact that there “are at this moment, hundreds of thousands of native Christians in the East Indies,”] affords of the utter ignorance of our opponents on the subject we are now considering; for a gentleman of high character, of acknowledged talents and information, who HAD PASSED THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA, and who having fairly made his way to the first situations, possessed for FULL TEN YEARS A SEAT IN THE SUPREME COUNCIL IN BENGAL, stated at your bar, that he had never heard of the existence of a native Christian in India, until after his

return to England ; he then learned the fact, to which however he seemed to give but a doubting kind of assent, from the writings of Dr. Buchanan. Can anything more clearly prove, that gentlemen, instead of seriously turning their minds to the subject, and opening their eyes to the perception of truth, have imbibed the generally prevailing prejudices of men around them, without question, and have suffered themselves to be led away to the most erroneous conclusions."—P. 10.

The testimony of Mr. Buller, another person of great pretensions on the score of that "local knowledge," so proudly vaunted by those who have lived in genteel English company in India,—his testimony in favour of Juggernaut, as commented on by Dr. Buchanan, will stand a memorable example of the utter carelessness about accuracy, in which the opposers of the good cause could presume they might be allowed, even in the statement of facts. Christianity is so base and dangerous an outlaw, that the most common and fundamental rules of propriety are to be suspended in favour of those who will in any manner aid in driving such a pestilent pollution from all attempts to enter the immaculate and sacred territory of a Pagan god. *

But we begin to be in great distress for some topic of apology to our readers for having so immoderately extended these observations. We hoped to have expressed and justified, in much less than half the space, a calm remonstrance against the application of any terms of respect, and deference, and partial applause, to the opposition which Mr. Wilberforce so ably and victoriously encountered in the recent great crisis. We seriously deprecate all such compliments to its *molice* as may assist these men to lay a "flattering unction to their souls ;" while they may tend also to retain the public understanding and the public conscience in that state of perversion and insensibility so remarkably betrayed of late years with respect to religion in other climates. Let the persons in question be fully and unequivocally regarded and left as standing solemnly arraigned, without possibility of acquittal or mitigation, of a grand act of as decided and deliberate hostility to the cause of Christianity—the cause of God and of universal man—as the world has witnessed for many ages.

We shall not need to make any apology for the smallness

of the space which the length of these observations has left for a more direct attention to the powerful Speeches, which we are glad to see published in the present form. It is entirely out of our power to contribute anything to make them better known, more admired, or more convincing. They are here thrown into one; and between its absolute excellence, and the effect it will have had toward enlightening the nation, on a momentous subject, it will be regarded as one of the most distinguished efforts ever made in the assembly, where it is melancholy to reflect that such an occasion should have been given for gaining so noble a distinction.

The Speech is eminently excellent for its union of latitude and compression. While amplifying to the whole compass of the great subject, it is close and firm, strong and connected in every part. There would, therefore, be no making an abstract of it, even if that were not a quite superfluous service, without going to a very great length. But we think a very few short extracts will be an advantage we may fairly take to our pages.

A considerable share of this vigorous composition is employed on the *question*, if there were any sense in its ever having been called so, of the practicability of Hindoo conversion. And in this part Mr. Wilberforce animadverts with severity on that something worse than even ignorance in his opponents, which could bear them stoutly through the repetition of those assertions of the uniformly low condition of the native converts previously to their acceptance of Christianity, and their as uniform moral baseness after it; assertions which were deemed never the worse for having been proved by various testimonies to be in glaring contradiction to matter of fact.

Then comes the assertion of some of these opponents, that even if the conversion were practicable, it would really not be *desirable* to disturb a system of moral sentiments so pure and sublime, and an actual state of morals so excellent, as those of the Hindoos. And here, after insisting, with a rapid glance at history, that a false religion necessarily creates corrupt morals, the orator brings down a ponderous mass of evidence, irresistible by any sort of minds but such as those that *did* resist it, of the wretched and general moral depravity of the Hindoos. But while the argument

is rendered triumphant by this melancholy exhibition, he earnestly disavows every feeling of elation in contemplating this debasement and inferiority of a portion of our race; protesting in the eloquent language of humanity, elevated by piety, that such a sad exposure would be too mournful to be made or to be borne, but with a view to the grand expedient for reversing so deplorable a condition. In urging the application of that greatest of moral powers, he adverts with a very reasonable emphasis of astonishment to the sole expedient which has presented itself to the mind of another intelligent Englishman, who, after describing and lamenting the dreadful moral condition of our Indian subjects, had most seriously exhorted us to endeavour their reformation by reviving into full efficacy their Pagan and Mahomedan superstitions!

There have been innumerable occasions, during the course of these discussions, in Parliament and out of it, for the strongest expression of some such remarks as Mr. Wilberforce was provoked to make, on the careless or complacent spirit or manner in which the opponents of the all-Christianizing projects have declared their opinion of their necessary and perpetual inefficacy.

"And here, sir, in justice to my cause, I cannot but animadvert upon the spirit and tone with which our opponents have descanted on the impossibility of making the natives acquainted with the truths of Christianity, and of thereby effecting the moral improvement which Christianity would produce. I should have expected, sir, if they were unwillingly compelled to so unwelcome a conclusion, as that all hopes of thus improving the natives of India must be abandoned as utterly impracticable, that they would form the opinion tardily and reluctantly, and express it with the most manifest concern. I need not remind the House with what an air of cheerfulness, not to say levity, the declaration has been made. But it is fair to say, that one of the honourable members supplied the explanation, by plainly intimating, that, in his opinion, all religions were alike acceptable to the great Father of the Universe."*

* We must acknowledge having employed an expression too liberal, on this point, in a preceding note. The generality of the opponents, in and out of Parliament, however, though they might perhaps believe that all religions are alike to the Deity, have been pleased to avow *their* preference of Christianity. How to reconcile this nonconformity of opinion with any fair

The orator enlarges with great animation, sustained throughout with a force of argument that never for a moment abates, on the various views of the utility which would accompany the progress of Christianity among the people of India even if we were not to take the final prospects of man into the account. In consideration of his audience it is with the utmost propriety that he dwells much more largely on these terrestrial than on those ultimate and infinite benefits; but nevertheless he repeatedly and most energetically insists on the duty of taking a lively concern for these higher interests of nations brought within our power. He fully states the affair of Vellore, which has with such scandalous disingenuousness been forced into some pretended connexion with the designs and operations of missionaries. The most distinguished missionaries are named, in one part of the Speech or other, with their appropriate eulogies; and Dr. Buchanan, as a most important witness on Indian subjects, is vindicated against the aspersion on his fidelity.

It seems there were not wanting, in an enlightened and polished assembly, some persons who could not comprehend why they should not apply terms of contempt to the missionaries at Serampore. Mr. Wilberforce was so condescending to the state of their faculties as to show cause, and there is no part of this most powerful Speech animated by a more generous fire than that in which he pronounces at great length the panegyric of these "fanatics and anabaptists," as a lofty and assuming speaker denominated them. The whole effect of this animated tribute of respect and admiration can be but imperfectly conceived from reading a part of it, but we will transcribe a few sentences:—

"In fact, sir, the qualifications which several of them have exhibited are truly extraordinary. And while the thoughts of a Christian observer of them, and of their past and present circumstances, would naturally dwell on that providential ordina-

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notion they can have of piety—is their concern. Perhaps this preference might, in truth, be but pretended, in ceremonious compliment to the State and Church of their country; and they may, in the honesty of their serious retirements, have asked, like Naaman, the divine forgiveness for thus externally affecting a superior deference for one particular mode of religion.

tion by which such uncommon men had been led to engage in that important service, and would thence perhaps derive no ill-grounded hope of the ultimate success of their labours ; even a philosophical mind, if free from prejudice, could not but recognize in them an extraordinary union of various, and in some sort, contradictory qualities ;—zeal combined with meekness, love with sobriety, courage and energy with prudence and perseverance. To this assemblage also, I may add another union, which, if less rare, is still uncommon,—great animation and diligence as students, with no less assiduity and efficiency as missionaries. When to these qualifications we superadd that generosity which, if exercised in any other cause, would have received as well as deserved the name of splendid munificence ; and when we call to mind that it is by motives of unfeigned, though it had been misguided benevolence, that these men were prompted to quit their native country, and devote themselves for life to their beneficent labours ; is there not, on the whole, a character justly entitled at least to *common respect* ?”

What unfortunates in the scale of mind they must have been to whom such a description was to end in such a claim !

We had intended a number of extracts, but are here compelled to shut up our article. This Speech must be read, and read again, by all who love sense, or piety, or eloquence ; or who wish to have a view, at once comprehensive and brief, of the great subject that called it forth

To Mr. Wilberforce no other compliments are necessary than the congratulation that he was victorious in one more such field as we earnestly hope, and he earnestly hopes, he will never again be called to fight in.

HALL ON THE EAST INDIA CHARTER.

An Address to the Public, on an important Subject connected with the Renewal of the Charter of the East India Company. By ROBERT HALL, A.M. 8vo. 1813.

It would be an unnecessary and an officious labour to go into a lengthened notice of a tract, so certain as this, to have an extensive circulation, so little capable, from the compression of its matter, of abridgement, and so little needing any commentary.

If anything could effectually rebuke the madness of that false patriotism (egotism in another and more self-deluded shape), which extols everything in English character and policy, as the very royalty of wisdom, justice, and magnanimity, one should think it would be the fact, that such an address as this can be pertinent, can be seriously necessary, at this time—an address which, as to its object, though not in its mode of pleading, might seem calculated for a state merging, with extremely partial, or rather incipient conviction, from Paganism, and far from being yet tranquillized from the agitation and affright excited from the Christian innovation. But this observation may seem to imply, that the state of this country is the direct reverse of this description; and that, therefore, the necessity of such an address evinces not only something very wicked, but something utterly absurd and monstrous. This serves to show the deceptiveness of that habit of thought and speech, by which we take a nation as a great complex individual, and regard this collective being, as of this, or of that religion. We must resolve this great living mass into individuals; and the plain truth is, that though there are many Christians in our nation, it is but foolish to call it a Christian nation. An address like this may help, together with many other far more rigorous tests, in the way of discrimination. The necessity of it shows, that a very large proportion of the nation, though not coming under the denomination of Pagans, according to a very strict definition, have not any such knowledge of the true religion, and do not regard it with any such favour, as to feel the least horror of the grossest heathenism, or the least disapprobation of the obstructions thrown in the way of the most peaceful, benevolent, and rational schemes for its expulsion from the earth. All such persons if not properly Pagans, are just so much worse than Pagans, as they differ from them in opinions, and would support a system of delusions and abominations, in which they do not even believe. It may not be easy to fix on a term exactly descriptive of this class of persons, and it is still more difficult to find a term sufficiently opprobrious; but at any rate, let them not be expostulated with as inconsistent *Christians*. There is no such connexion between them and Christianity as to make

it worth while to suspend and weaken, in observations on their inconsistency and absurdity, the full and ponderous condemnation of their depravity.

But can it be, that many of our countrymen are the just subjects of such a charge? The answer is, that if it be true, that the peaceful propagation of Christianity among our idolatrous subjects in the East has been regarded with hostility, and very considerably opposed and obstructed by the arm of power, this charge falls on the majority of the people, who have a judgment and a will in this nation, or its ruling powers have not represented its prevailing and better moral character, but have felt and acted in the spirit of the smaller and the worse portion of the community. There is one passage in Mr. Hall's tract, which appears to assert the latter part of this alternative to have been the fact. After recounting, as contemporary with the illiberal conduct towards Indian missions the several institutions operating, with much popularity, and under high patronage, for the extension of the knowledge of the Bible through the world, he says:—

“When posterity shall compare the conduct we are reprobating with these facts, how great their astonishment to find the piety of the nation has suffered itself to lie prostrate at the feet of a few individuals, the open or disguised enemies of the faith of Jesus! It is impossible, in connexion with the circumstances to which we have adverted, to mistake the real sentiments of the British people, or not to perceive, that the illustrious associations already mentioned, are entitled on a question of this nature, to be considered as its genuine and legitimate organ.”
—P. 23.

Now, though it is hardly possible to find language to estimate too low the measure of real disinterested favour, that the Christian religion, at any time obtains from that class of mortals, who have the most power over the condition of the rest, yet we question the propriety of the compliment here paid, at the expense of a section of that class, to the piety of the nation, to “the real sentiments of the British people.” It would be rather an excess of Christian compliance to infer from subscriptions to the Bible and Bartlett's Buildings Societies, or even speeches, for them, a

national disapprobation of the temper manifested by the supreme authority (for it is idle to affect to rest the weight of the charge any lower) towards the undertakings for Christianizing the Hindoos; it would be too much complaisance, if the nation has shown no disposition to avail itself of the present occasion for avowing any such sentiments in a way bearing directly on the subject. A very considerable proportion of the British people; a portion, which it would be quite as fair to take, as it would be to take the members of the above-mentioned societies, as representative of the national mind, has just been pouring in petitions for changes in the Indian system; and, with one honourable exception (we do not recollect to have heard of more) have these movers of amendment thought it worth while to say one word about the freedom of Christian enterprise in India!

In adverting to the two great societies, our author makes a brief but splendid display of the combination of exalted characters they comprehend;— in the Bible Society, “statesmen, nobles, and prelates, have enrolled their names, emulous of the honour of advancing to the utmost, the noble design of the institution:” “the Bartlett’s Buildings Society includes in the list of its members every bishop and every dignified ecclesiastic in the realm.” The reference to these societies, with all this high patronage and co-operation, represents them as virtually declaring the national sentiment with respect to a perfect freedom of religious exertions in India; now, many of these elevated personages are the holders of a place in certain great assemblies, where it was their right, and we might have fancied their duty, to provoke an inquiry concerning the intolerance they are here assumed to have abhorred, and to propose those measures which it is here assumed they must have deemed to be demanded by justice, and even by decency, for the protection of the peaceable diffusion of Christian truth. When has this been done? If this has not been done, is it not too evident that the constituting of a part of those excellent societies does not necessarily imply any zealous hostility against the intolerant spirit that has been exhibited with respect to Christianity in India? and it would follow that, unless we could be guilty of the discourtesy and the absurdity of sup-

posing the most exalted portion of those associations to have less liberality and piety than the other members, the existence of those societies cannot be an evidence of any prevailing sentiment in the "British people" opposed to the intolerance in question.

Mr. Hall does not need to be informed, that very many persons who are willing to be numbered among the friends of those societies would have asked for no more satisfactory proof of its being even their duty to refuse all favour to the projects of Hindoo conversion, than that they were disliked by the powers paramount.

These slight observations are made from the conceived propriety of protesting against the employment, by the advocates of worthy and religious objects, of any expedients partaking of the nature of cajolery. We cannot help thinking, that in recent times, not a few of them have greatly offended in this way. It seems coming fast towards a legitimate practice, in the prosecution of some of these objects, to distribute round even gross personal adulation, and to return it, reciprocate it, and multiply it in endless interchange. Services, comparatively easy, are magnified into munificence and heroism. And then for the nation, it really seems to be thought there is no possibility of exceeding the bounds of truth and decorum in the rhetoric of eulogy. But whatever applauses "the British people," regarded in its collective capacity, may have merited on other accounts, it would be better to take no notice of its claims relatively to the present subject. There is plainly no proof, we should think, afforded through anything that can be taken as its "legitimate organ" or representative, of its having entertained any considerable anxiety for the freedom and success of the attempts in question, or indignation against the lofty authorities that have shown so little favour. Nevertheless, it will be sure to arrogate, *as a people*, the merit of both the origination and the success of these undertakings, when their results shall have attained a magnitude of which a nation may be proud. A nation, even of infidels, would be very capable of pluming itself on any signally able and triumphant achievements, in even the Christian cause, of the very men it might originally have driven ignominiously from its community, as wretched

fanatics, not to be tolerated in the use of the air and sunshine of the same region of the globe.

If the individual and national flatteries, by which good men are come so much into the habit of reinforcing their better means of promoting religion, be really not grown to an excess which requires some such protest, we ought to be ashamed to have occupied these pages otherwise than with that brief indication to which we now proceed, of the arguments of this tract, of which there cannot well be a stronger general expression of praise, than that it is worthy of the writer.

One of the first matters in the Address, is an explicit and unrestricted assertion of the principle of toleration, as applicable to the superstitions of our Eastern subjects. Assuredly, the persons composing the Protestant missionary fraternities in India, are little likely ever to have the most distant idea of acting in contravention to this principle. They are too well satisfied of the final efficacy of truth, enforced by an Almighty power, to have any disposition to prompt the government (even if it were at all likely they should ever have any considerable degree of favour or influence with it) to any direct interference of power for the abolition of these superstitions. At the same time, our author cannot mean to assert the principle in an absolutely unlimited form, as perfectly clear of all questions and claims of moral legislation, discretion, and policy. It is easy to imagine, and even still more easy to cite from the records of fact, many such modes of superstition, as though matters of conscience with those that practised them, no wise or good man could wish a government to tolerate, if it had *power* enough to suppress them. Nothing was more really and solemnly a matter of conscience with the Mexicans, than their ripping open human beings alive, and cutting out their hearts, as offerings to Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatripoka, (this is evinced in the strongest manner, in the narrative of Bernal Diaz) but we suppose no man* will reckon it among the crimes of the Spanish conquerors, that one of the first

* Excepting, perhaps, two or three wretched Pagan pamphleteers of this country, who furiously raved, four or five years since, against the flagrant enormity in our missionaries, of presuming to preach against the "venerable and sacred institutions" of the Hindoo idolaters.

exertions of their cruelly acquired power, was to demolish the temples of these gods, and denounce to death the perpetrators of such worship. And though we are not informed of any thing quite so infernal as this in the Pagan ritual of India, yet there are several practices, the positive appointments, or at least, the long established and venerated customs of the "national religion," authoritative therefore on the judgment and conscience of its devotees, which, we presume, the truest friends of religious liberty will, nevertheless, justify the government for putting down by force, at some future period, when it shall be strong enough. Has it not, indeed, been already applauded from its commencement in this line of operation, in the penal interdiction of the sacrifice of infants at Saugor? a practice, which the acknowledgment of some Brahmins, that it was not enjoined in the sacred books, did not suddenly cause to lose its religious hold on the minds of the multitude. And when the government shall sometime hereafter attain the power and courage to put an end, by peremptory enactment, to the burning of widows, or even to quell the furies and abominations of Juggernaut, we imagine the ineffable contempt of enlightened and humane persons, will be the reward of any declaimer, retrospectively against, the *intolerance*, that shall have swept so much of the blackest remaining materials of hell from the face of the earth. Indeed, what is the object and use of every institution of civil government among mankind? If its absolutely primary objects must be acknowledged to be establishment in splendour of what is termed a court, and the raising of taxes, we should think that next, at any rate, should be the concern of rendering effective throughout the community, a few of the most fundamental laws of natural morality, if we may use such a phrase,—such as that men should not (except in the honourable estate of war) be employed in cutting one another in pieces, and that they should not be allowed in such outrageous exhibitions of grossness, as must prevent the possible existence of decency, or any of the virtues akin to it, in the community. To allow such crimes and nuisances to protect themselves by the name of religion, would be like the barbarous and superstitious policy of a dark age, which in these countries, allowed marauders and murderers

at once to find a sanctuary, and make a den in the churches. On this principle the priests of a heathen god have only to proclaim the divine approbation or requirement of any vice or crime it may be their taste to practise, or their interest to promote, in order to withdraw it at once from under the cognizance of the civil authority. To object here, as a plea for the impunity of the older and established immoralities of superstition, that this new promulgation would be a mere piece of wicked deception, would be trifling; a Christian, or a philosophic government, knows that the whole system is an accumulation of deceptions; and this new one, coming out with all the authority of a class reputedly sacred, may have speedily taken possession of the belief and conscience of a credulous and depraved people,—which state of possession forms the only plea against an interference by force, with the longer established abominations.

Though the author of the Address declares for toleration, he proceeds to observe, that it would be monstrous, and as impolitic as impious, in the authorities of this nation, to act as if they really preferred the Hindoo Paganism, and to exhibit, in the sight of heaven and earth, the “extraordinary fact, that in a country, under the government of a people professing Christianity, *that* religion is the only one that is discountenanced and suppressed.” The Hindoos, he says, will but think the worse of us for our displaying among them that fine deistical liberality (or, as we should think it might, with even more philosophical correctness, be denominated, atheistical), which regards all religions as equal. But here it is rather a question, whether we have given them just cause for any such bad opinion of us: they *may* know that we have shown, in several instances, very distinct indications of a disposition to restrain the dissemination of the Christian religion among them, and they *must* know that we have, in a direct and practical manner, patronized and encouraged their superstitions; for which, if they are not grateful, they are unworthy of the fraternity, and have little profited by the writings of a Major Scott-Waring, whose warm feelings we recollect to have been poured out in eulogy of this pious munificence.

Notwithstanding the fanaticism of the Hindoos, Mr. Hall observes, they are practically tolerant, so that no danger of

tumult and insurrection will attend the peaceable efforts of Christian teachers among them. This is confirmed by the impunity of the missionary exertions of former ages; by the proof of the falsehood of the wicked representations, that some late disturbances among them were partly the result of indignation at our schemes for their conversion; and by the fact, that even the most zealous and proselyting Christians may be, as in the instance of Schwartz, very high in their favour.

He observes, it is now quite too late to dream of the suppression of the true religion in Hindostan; it has already made too deep an inroad, and acquired too many active disciples, and even advocates; therefore,—

"The only question which remains to be decided, is, whether the further propagation shall be left solely in the hands of the natives, or whether intelligent and respectable Europeans, who come more immediately into contact with the British government, and in whose prudence and experience greater confidence may be reposed, shall be allowed to superintend its movements. The good seed having struck its root too deep ever to be extirpated, the only alternative is, either to leave it to its spontaneous growth, aided by the labour of Hindoos, or to place it under a more skilful and enlightened cultivation."

The author briefly dwells on the benign and dignified operation of the Christian religion, as contrasted with the tendency and the palpable effects, intellectual and moral, of the Hindoo superstitions, and then asks,—

"While the history of all times and nations evinces the inseparable alliance of impurity and cruelty with the worship of idols, is it consistent with the dictates of humanity, not merely to witness these enormities, without attempting to correct them, but to oppose the communication of the only remedy which is capable of effecting a cure?"

He then briefly adverts, with great animation and energy, to the indications of prophecy, to the present symptoms of a peculiar crisis in the moral world, and to the impotent and foolish presumption of a conduct, which would be no other than an attempt to "contravene the purposes of the Most High."

"The Master of the universe is now addressing the greatest potentates in the language of an ancient oracle: Be wise now,

ye kings, be instructed, ye judges of the earth.' Encompassed as we are with the awful tokens of a presiding and avenging Providence, dissolving the fabrics of human wisdom, extinguishing the most ancient dynasties, and tearing up kingdoms by the roots, it would be the height of infatuation any longer to oppose the reign of God, whose purposes will pursue their career, in spite of the efforts of human policy, which must either yield their co-operation, or be broken by its force."

After insisting forcibly on the infallible operation of Christianity, as far as it shall progressively be effectually communicated to our heathen subjects in the East, to render them grateful and faithful to our government, and suggesting that this, considered on the mere ground of policy, derives additional importance from the jealousy and envy with which our powerful European enemies regard our Eastern acquisitions, and the persevering eagerness with which they will look out for any means of competition or mischief in that quarter,—Mr. Hall makes some reflections on "the probable intention of Providence in opening so extensive a communication betwixt Europe and the most ancient seats of idolatry, and more especially in subjecting such immense territories in the East to the British arms." And, he says, "we can conceive no end more worthy of the Deity in these momentous changes than to facilitate the propagation of true religion." He lightly scouts any such fancy, if it were possible any one should entertain it, as that the marvelously rapid extension of our conquests and power in India, here traced in a brief and glowing description, is the consequence of a blind predilection and favouritism in the Supreme Governor to this country and its grandeur, as it is called,—“a motive too puerile to satisfy the requisitions of human reason, much more to limit the views of an eternal mind.” An awful responsibility attends a trust of such surpassing magnitude as a “direct dominion over fifty millions, and a paramount influence over a hundred millions of men;” and the writer fairly acknowledges that the extension of our power has been, in some respects, highly beneficial to them; “but why,” he asks, “in the series of improvements, has Christianity been neglected? Why has the communication of the greatest good we have to bestow, been hitherto fettered and restrained; and while

every modification of idolatry, not excepting the bloody and obscene orgies of Juggernaut, has received support, has every attempt to instruct the natives in the things which belong to their peace been suppressed? It will surely appear surprising to posterity, that a nation, glorying in the purity of its faith as its highest distinction, should suffer its transactions in the East to be characterized by a spirit of infidelity, as though it were imagined that the foundations of empire could be laid only in apostacy and impiety; at a moment too, when Europe, convulsed to its centre, beholds these frantic erections swept with the besom of destruction." The word "neglected," in the first sentence of this extract, is perhaps employed somewhat inadvertently, in connexion with what is precisely the object of the Address; for it is not asked of the government to do anything *positive* toward the diffusion of Christianity: in another place Mr. Hall says, "whether it be consistent with sound policy for the British government to employ any part of its resources in aid of the cause of Christianity in India, is a question which it is not necessary to discuss, while its friends confine their views to a simple toleration, and request merely, that its teachers may not be harassed and impeded in their attempts to communicate instruction to the natives." (P. 15) .

It will be permitted to interpose one or two slight remarks. In the passage just quoted, Mr. Hall reprehends the "nation" for "*suffering* its transactions in the East to be characterized, &c. &c." Certainly the nation deserves, as we have already shown, very little credit for Christian zeal; but had it been ever so zealously affected concerning the subject in question, has the writer, or will the readers of the Address have, a very precise conception how the nation could have *prevented* the alleged evil? By what mode of authority could it interpose? Is not our author perfectly aware that any, even the most distant approach towards such doctrines as an invidious comment might deduce from this word "suffer," however fashionable such doctrines might once have been, among a race of stronger spirits, in an age of heroes and philosophers, has been of late years regarded and avoided with extremest horror, especially by the people of theology?

Again, it is fair to remark, that several of our author's expressions, apparently asserting a *total suppression* of all efforts to impart to the people of India the true religion, are rather too unqualified. The condition of this great enterprise is ungracious enough; no avowed co-operator in the cause is permitted to go out in an English ship; some of its worthiest and most active labourers were, some years back, very greatly obstructed and restrained; and to this hour their residence, and the prosecution of their object, in the British Indian dominions, have been continued on mere precarious sufferance; they are thus the subjects, in truth the slaves, of an arbitrary discretion, dependent on the temper and the changes of a local government, in a great degree necessarily despotic, and *not* necessarily very religious, at least in the old restricted and exclusive sense of the term religion among us. Certainly this is a condition bad enough, for one of the best things in the world to be placed in by the ruling powers of what professes to be the very best, and by many degrees the best, nation in the world. But nevertheless, under all these circumstances of uncertainty, hazard, and grievance, the missionary operations have, in point of fact, been actively carried on, and without much vexatious interference, for a considerable time past.

Another remark is, that though it would have been quite out of place for Mr. Hall to take account, in this Address, of any considerations purely political or financial, yet, as it is desirable to avoid anything that may *in effect*, however undesignedly, aid popular delusion, it is to be wished that, in celebrating the envied magnificence of our Indian acquisitions, he had thrown in some cooling and cautionary expression to remind or apprise his readers, that this so vaunted and so envied a series of triumphs has been, as to the welfare of this nation, but a melancholy and destructive glory. May the final benefit of the conquest to the natives be an adequate counterbalance, in the general account of the interests of the human race, to the great, and as yet unmeasured and unfinished mischief inflicted by it on both the moral and the financial welfare of this country. But it is not improbable that a considerable number of the readers of this Address, elated with the pomp and blazon of oriental empire,

may not even yet have learnt, from all the evidence of late years brought in so palpable a form, and through such comparatively familiar channels, that it would have been a fortunate thing as regarding the interests of the nation exclusively, if all the attempts to pass the Cape of Good Hope had been actually repelled by some more tremendous and efficient spectre than that which the Portuguese poet feigns to have risen, with interdictive menaces, to the view of De Gama.

The next portion of the pamphlet is employed in showing that liberty of conscience means, not so much that freedom of private opinion which indeed no government can prevent, as the absence of all restraint in the *communication* of opinions. The concluding pages are bestowed on that notion, advanced a few years back by several of the enemies of the Indian missions, but especially by the not-yet-forgotten Major, in terms of abuse and rage, that Christians have at this day no right to entertain the apostolic sentiments of enmity to heathenism, and adopt the apostolic enterprises of conversion, because they are not, like the apostles, possessed of miraculous powers for giving efficacy to truth. It would really not have been thought that so foolish a cavil had force enough in it to be capable of being refuted with such acuteness of argument and felicity of illustration. It appears to us the ablest part of the performance, and if the whole were not so easy to be obtained, we should be gratified in transcribing the last three or four pages.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

The Martyrs; or, the Triumph of the Christian Religion. By F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, Author of the "Génie de Christianisme" "Atala," &c. Translated from the French, by W. Joseph Walter, late of St. Edmund's College. To which is added an Appendix, consisting of Extracts from his "Itinéraire." 8vo., 2 vols. 1812.

THIS romantic Frenchman has been very advantageously introduced among us by means of his Travels in Greece and Palestine;—if indeed it may be deemed an advantageous introduction of an author, who has written several works

and proposes writing more, to become first extensively known by means of that one of his productions which surpasses in interest everything he has written or is destined to write; for this, we think, may be safely affirmed of his "Itinerary." When, however, it is recollected that the bold, protracted, and diversified expedition which that work briefly narrates, was undertaken expressly on account of the work at present before us, and prosecuted with a daily and almost hourly reference to it, so unparalleled a circumstance in literary history will be thought sufficient, even alone, to engage a particular attention to the performance. And it will justly excite a very favourable prejudice. For the sparing of labour, both in the preparations for authorship and in the actual operation, is so prevailing and grievous a vice in our present literature, that we are predisposed to revere, as quite a literary saint, the writer who brings along with his work the evidence of having bestowed on it a long and costly labour, especially, if at the same time, he has declined taking the advantage of making his work immoderately large.

It does not appear whether the intention of travelling to the East in order to acquire accurate and lively images of the scenes in which the supposed events were to be represented as having taken place, was coeval with the first projection of the work, but in the course of prosecuting the adventure, and when the acquisition was made, it was impossible but the interesting pictures which were forming by degrees into a complete enchanting oriental world in the author's imagination, must have grown into so much importance in his account, that the delineation of them in his work would become one of the leading objects in composing it. Still, the plan must have some one object decidedly and substantially predominant. What that is, we should have considerable difficulty in defining, if we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the author's own explanation:—

"I advanced in a former work that Christianity appeared to me more favourable than Paganism for the development of characters, and for a display of the passions; I added, moreover, that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology: these opinions, which have been more or less combated, it is my present object

to support, and to illustrate by an example. To render the reader an impartial judge in this great literary process, it was necessary to make choice of a subject that would allow me to throw upon the same canvas the predominant features of the two religions; the morality, the sacrifices, and the ceremonies of both systems of worship: a subject, where the language of Genesis might be blended with that of the *Odyssey*, and the Jupiter of Homer be placed by the side of the Jehovah of Milton, without giving offence to piety, to taste, or to probability.

"Having once conceived this idea, I had no difficulty in finding an historical epoch where the two religions met in conjunction. The scene opens toward the close of the third century, at the moment when the persecution of the Christians commenced under Diocletian. Christianity had not yet become the predominating religion of the Roman empire, though its altars arose near the shrines of idolatry.

"The persons who make a figure in the work are taken from the two religions. I have in the first place made the reader acquainted with the leading characters, and thence proceeded to describe the state of Christianity through the then known world, as it stood at the time of the action; the remainder of the work develops a particular catastrophe that is connected with the general massacre of the Christians."

Such scheme evidently gave an exceedingly wide scope to a writer extensively acquainted with ancient history. As the author himself observes, it "placed all antiquity sacred and profane at his disposal;" so far as it should be possible to bring its nations, its personages, and its customs, within the compass of such a fable as might be fairly constructed upon the life and adventures of two or three individuals contemporary with one another at a particular epoch. And the "*Travels of Anacharsis*," and some other works, had sufficiently shown to what a vast extent and diversity of things a little ingenuity might dilate the circumference of such a fable, without any violent excess of confusion or anachronism.

His personages, he observes, are almost all taken from history; and among them are Diocletian, Maximian, Galerius, Constantius, Constantine, Hierocles, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine. He offers an allowable apology for the anachronism of making Jerome contemporary with Diocletian, and for some other little freedoms taken with chrono-

logical truth. And he should rather have apologized for, than pretended to justify, his fancy for exonerating Diocletian from almost all the guilt of the tenth persecution of the Christians. He professes to have conformed very carefully to historical matter of fact in his representation of the manners and ceremonies of the primitive Christians; of the public exhibitions of the Romans; of the persons and manners of the Gauls, Franks, and other barbarians; and of "the geographical curiosities respecting the Gauls, Greece, Syria, and Egypt." He names collectively his authorities; but the readers will wish that in some instances he had yielded to the advice which he says was given him, to subjoin notes, with specific historical references and illustrations.

As the work claims to rank in the epic class, and therefore professes to give a dignified history of extraordinary transactions, we cannot be excused from attempting a brief abstract of the narrative.

The Pagan virgin, the heroine of the work, is Cymodocé, the daughter of Demodocus, "the last descendant of those families of the Homerides, who formerly inhabited the island of Chios, and who laid pretensions to a direct descent from Homer." He was made high priest to a temple erected by the Messenians to Homer, and in the exercise of his office lived many years in a sacred retirement, tenderly rearing, and carefully and successfully cultivating Cymodocé, his only child. In this recluse situation, however, she unfortunately attracted the admiration of Hierocles the pro-consul of Achaia, a very powerful but a depraved and odious person, whose demand of her in marriage her father most willingly concurred with her in refusing, though great danger was the too certain consequence. As an expedient conducive to her protection, he consecrates her, in capacity of priestess, to the Muses. Her merit became so conspicuous that she was chosen by the old men to lead the choir of virgins who were appointed to present the votive offerings, in a solemn festival of Diana, on the borders of Messenia and Laconia. In returning, on a moonlight night, she loses her way and her female attendant, in a mountain forest. Excessively alarmed, though all was silent except a little stream, she flew to implore the protection of the Naiad

of this stream, and found an altar at the foot of a cascade. The reader anticipates that this is not all. "She perceived a youth, who lay reclined in slumber against the rock: his head rested on his left shoulder, and was partly supported by his lance; a ray of the moon, darting through the branches of a cypress, shone full in the huntsman's face. A disciple of Apelles would have thus represented the slumbers of Endymion. Indeed, the daughter of Demodocus really imagined that in this youth she beheld the lover of Diana; in a plaintive zephyr she thought she distinguished the sigh of the goddess, and in a glimmering ray of the moon she seemed to catch a glimpse of her snowy vest as she was just retiring into the thicket." It will instantaneously be apprehended that this is the hero of the piece; and he very soon gives indications of an uncommon and lofty character. Suddenly awaked by the barking of his dog, he intermingles questions and exclamations of surprise and admiration with similar expressions uttered by the priestess of the Muses; but soon signifies, with a degree of abruptness and austerity, his disapprobation of her reference to Pagan divinities. With kindness, modified by this austerity, he conducts her to the neighbourhood of her father's abode, repeating, in the most decided and laconic terms, his expressions of dissent and censure as often as she introduces, as she naturally does, any of her mythological ideas. A degree of alarm mingled with her surprise and admiration, as her mind, intent on her strange companion, fluctuated among the conjectures of an auspicious deity, a Spartan youth, and an impious demon. Whether it was merely to rid her of all perplexity and apprehension, or whether any slight thought of a remoter possible consequence might have occurred to his mind, does not seem to be clearly known; but he informs her, in a very few words, that he is a plain sinful mortal of the name of Eudorus, the son of Lasthenes. Notwithstanding, when he bade her adieu, with a benignant smile darkening into a solemnity appropriate to his Christian valediction, and suddenly vanished into the wood, "she no longer doubted but this huntsman was one of the immortals." But her father instantly recognizes the name of Lasthenes, "one of the principal inhabitants of Arcadia, a descendant of the race of heroes, and of

gods, for he received his origin from the river Alpheus; and the name of his son Eudorus, "who has borne away laurels of triumph from the field of Mars." And being highly dissatisfied that the friendly stranger had not been introduced to receive his thanks and hospitality, he decides that he ought to make a visit, taking his daughter with him, to the residence of Lasthenes, to express their acknowledgments, and offer as a present a valuable vase of brass, "admirably embossed by the art of Vulcan" with an historical device, and once in the possession of Ajax, and afterwards of Homer.

A splendid superabundance of mythological lore bedecks the two days' itinerarium, and an inconvenient quantity of it is carried by the priest of Homer, even into the abode of the plun, though opulent, Christian Lasthenes, who welcomed the strangers with the utmost respect and kindness, but surprised them with the unostentatious simplicity of his personal appearance and domestic accommodations. It is evident that Demodocus was not well read in Roman history, for the stories of Cincinnatus and Fabricius would have prevented his being so "confounded" on being shown Eudorus sitting in a plun rustic under a tree in a harvest-field—"What," thought he within himself, "is this simple swain the warrior who triumphed over Carausius, who was tribune of the Britanic legion, and the friend of Prince Constantine?"—unless indeed it was the youth of the hero that excited his surprise, but he was not younger, as far as appears, than Scipio Africanus. It could be with no little emotion that two of the persons now brought together, recognized each other, and the inextricable complication of their destinies soon becomes palpably manifest.

The incessant give and take by Demodocus, and the frequent one even by his daughter, when she is led into conversation, of the Pagan notions and personages, forces a protest, firm and explicit, though most mild in manner on the part of the Christians, against the whole impious vanity of a false religion. Demodocus, proud of his daughter's accomplishments, had somewhat unwittingly persuaded her to a musical effort, in which, for the entertainment of the friendly family, she "chanted the origin of the heavens," and all about Jupiter, and Minerva, and Hebe, and a long

series of kindred legends. It was an indispensable civility that Christian music should make some return, and it was the business of Eudorus to teach it what to say. His performance recounted the most prominent facts and principles of the Jewish and Christian religion. The world of topics celebrated in the two descants would incline us to believe that the natural day was much longer in those times than now, and that the human vocal organs were constructed of much stouter materials. The performances led to a variety of amicable remarks from the Christians; and it appears that Cymodocé had an incomparably greater facility of comprehending, as well as a more favourable disposition for entertaining the new doctrines, than her father, who appears throughout, it must be confessed, a man of very middling faculties, though of much good-will. The Christians, however, are not continually reading theological lectures; they rather endeavour to make their religion present itself in the form of practical lessons, arising from domestic incidents, and the solemn rites of their religious worship. There was a bishop on a visit among them, whose intelligence and venerable character contributed to explain and dignify their sacred observances. When some parts of the apostolic epistles were read, he commented with peculiar emphasis on those relating to marriage, and it is stated that the utmost attention and interest were manifested by the auditors.

There was one part of the religious economy of the place kept out of sight; that is, the course of penance which Eudorus is undergoing with exemplary severity and willingness, but nevertheless at the injunction, it is presumed, of his spiritual directors. He wears a shirt of hair-cloth, and frequents a lonely grotto, where he contemplates the skull of a martyr, and sprinkles himself with ashes. As his character, so far as known in his native province, had been uniformly and eminently honourable, the venerable bishop, rather perhaps from a wish to be qualified to aid the penitent's discipline, than from mere curiosity, is desirous to hear from himself the story of his eventful life. Eudorus readily complies, and the family, with the two strangers, being convened in a grove, with a great deal of formality, very early in the morning, he enters on a narration which

constitutes nearly a third part of the whole work. It is disfigured with the extravagances of Chateaubriand's wild imagination, and some of the irksome puerilities of his Romish faith, but it is notwithstanding a highly interesting story. It relates his departure from Greece in obedience to a decree of the Roman government, that the eldest sons of the family of Philopœmen, from whom he was descended, "should be sent, as soon as they should attain their sixteenth year, to Rome, to remain as hostages in the hands of the senate;" it unfolds the scenes of adventure and excess in Rome; narrates an active military career, in the army of Constantius, in the warfare with the Franks, with Carausius, and other barbarian enemies; describes and penitentially confesses some romantic incidents and adventures in his government of the Armorican provinces; and concludes with his sudden renunciation of all forms of public life, and his return by way of Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Byzantium, to his family in Arcadia. Though violating in numberless instances the rules of good taste, this story displays a great deal of bold invention, and true poetic painting. The magnificence of Rome, with its Pagan rites and profligate manners; the religious economy of its Christian inhabitants; the spirited but criminal and unsatisfying course of life of a number of young men of talents, including St. Jerome and St. Augustine, are described with great animation. A still greater vigour of fancy is shown in the camp and battle scenes of the Sicambrian war, and in the representation of gloomy superstition and barbarian attachment and hostility in the story of Velleda, the druidess, who first endangered the government, and then vanquished the rectitude, of the young hero in Gaul. It was by no means necessary, however, to tell this story at full length, in order to account for some portion of the penitential severities imposed on Eudorus by the church and his recovered conscience. The author was very far, we believe, from designing any immoral influence, but he certainly had invention enough to have so contrived his series of adventures throughout, as not even to excite a question (and here it is something more than a question) relative to the moral tendency; so contrived it as not to involve the necessity of a full pause in the hero's recital, to hint to Cymodocé and all the females

of his own family the propriety of withdrawing. The writer might easily have comprehended that the tragical fate of the barbarian heroine, and the regrets, the abandonment of public employment, and the hair-shirt, of Eudorus, would be totally unavailing to neutralize the natural influence of a romantic criminal adventure on the greater number of readers, especially when the story is so managed as to offer every imaginable palliation of the delinquency of the favourite. It is not, however, pretended, as one of these palliations, that he was a simple, innocent, and promptly affectionate young man; for he is made to confess that in Rome, previously to entering the military service, he had taken his full share of the folly and vice of the metropolis, had been excommunicated by the Christian bishop, had been, in short, as much the rival as the associate of the vicious activity of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and a number more spirited young reprobates—not probably, however, so young as himself, for it is to be recollected that he arrived at Rome at the age of sixteen, and he does not appear to have been there long before he forgot the solemn and affectionate Christian instructions of his mother, and his own sincere respect for the religion in which he had been so carefully educated. The authority, indeed, of that religion over his mind was very much relaxed by the effect of the splendours of the Roman magnificence on his ardent imagination even before his passions were captivated by vice.

The captivations of Naples are described as of a more soft and exquisite quality. And on the whole, though both his own mind and those of his companions are represented as oppressed and corroded with an incurable dissatisfaction with themselves and all their felicities, there yet appears to have been very little chance but our hero would have sunk to the bottom of Italian Paganism and profligacy, if a sudden mandate of displeasure, from imperial authority, had not ordered him off to the camp of Constantius on the Rhine.

Notwithstanding all this, the author is so gratified by the many noble and magnanimous qualities which undeniably manifest themselves in Eudorus, and so conciliated by the zeal and severity of his penitence, that he is perfectly willing to have given him, if so it might have been, the tender and immaculate young Messenian. So were the parents and

the whole friendly party, but for the obstacle arising from the contrariety of religions. And so was she: and had soon made progress in a very hopeful course for removing this difficulty, for the lights of the new religion were beginning to confuse and dim her Homeric theology. But while so many things seem conspiring to complete a union which, even in spite of the less honourable part of the hero's history, the reader is become disposed to sanction, it is unequivocally intimated that another destiny awaits them.

By this time the aged and declining Diocletian, who is foolishly represented as a sort of protector of the Christians, is on the point of surrendering his imperial power into the hands of their savage enemy Galerius, whose malice against them is stimulated to still more infernal fury, if possible, by the atheistical sophist, his minister Hierocles. In the exultation for having obtained, and in the eagerness to carry into effect, the first edicts of persecution, this detestable favourite hastens to his provisional government in Greece; equally intent on tormenting the Christians and requiring the daughter of Demodocus. At the same time Eudorus receives from the rising prince, Constantine, an urgent demand of his presence in Rome, to aid the endeavours to restrain the progress of persecution. After a number of interesting scenes of affection, and some formidable proceedings of Hierocles, it is determined that the two friends shall be betrothed, and then go on board two ships; Eudorus for Rome, and Cymodocé, accompanied by a brave and faithful Roman officer, for the Holy Land, to put herself under the protection and instructions of Constantine's mother, Helena, then residing at Jerusalem. All this is accomplished, and a number of striking scenes and incidents are exhibited in the narration.

At Rome the great crisis is arrived; and the Christians, in their solemn secret council, are directed by preternatural indications to choose Eudorus, though still a penitent not fully restored to the communion of the church, as their advocate in an approaching great assembly, in which the emperors, previously to enacting the last severities against the Christians, were to grant them the privilege of "showing cause" against the intended measures. The speakers on this great occasion are Symmachus, the high priest of

...the emperor, the emperor real for the gods, who
...from persecution; Hierocles, who, however, and
...much less of the sophist than of the rancorous and
...calumniator; and the young hero and penitent,
...certainly won the palm of eloquence, and had nearly
...the mind and decree of Diocletian. But the
...sentiment was overruled by the detestable machi-
...of Galerius and Hierocles, and, after a day or two
...of dreadful suspense to the Christians, he issued the sangui-
...decree, and immediately abdicated the throne.

From this melancholy period to the close of the history,
the work consists of a crowded succession of pictures repre-
senting the miseries inflicted on the Christians; the devout
and heroic resignation with which they prepared for them,
and encountered them; the still more grievous sufferings
which Providence inflicted on the leading persecutors, or
made them inflict on themselves; and the adventures and
perils of Demodocus and his daughter, who both, though
unknown to each other and to Eudorus, arrived at Rome
during this season of crimes and woes. The priest of
Homer had not been able to endure life without his beloved
child, and had seized the first conveyance to Italy. Cymo-
docé had been driven by the vigilant and ferocious agents of
Hierocles to make a sudden and very narrow escape from
Jerusalem. She was again conducted by her intrepid and
generous friend Dorotheus, was baptized in the wilderness
by St. Jerome, who had now quitted the splendid vanities of
Rome for the hut of an anchorite; and had found means
finally to reach the metropolis of the world, and the locality
of its greatest wickedness. Here, for a moment, she is
thrown very nearly into the grasp of Hierocles, but is
rescued by a tumult of the people excited by her father,
who most opportunely discovers her at the moment of her
danger, but falls into utter distraction at instantly losing
her again, in consequence of her public avowal that she is a
Christian, which is rewarded by her being ignominiously
led to prison amidst the insults of that very rabble which,
but an hour before, had been on the point of demolishing
the minister's palace for her sake.

Eudorus had become the most obnoxious of the Chris-
tians, and was summoned to the alternative of the idol-wor-

ship or the torture, with prolonged and earnest exertions and entreaties, however, from the judge, who respected his military renown, to save himself by a slight compliance. His final inflexibility provoked the torture, and sustained it with unalterable firmness. He was conveyed back to his imprisoned Christian friends in a lacerated and languid state, but with a mind sustained to the highest point of resolution and divine complacency, and was received by them in their gloomy abode with a mixture of mourning and exultation, in which the latter sentiment, however, was greatly predominant. They surround him with acts of devotion and compassion and join in an animated song of praise to Him for whom they are all equally resolved to die in any manner his enemies may choose—those proud enemies, whose utmost power reaches only a few feet above the surface of this earth. One last and strongest temptation awaits Eudorus—a deceptive account is sent him, that Cymodocce has been consigned to a place of infamy in Rome, and is there doomed to receive Hierocles, and this is accompanied by a solemn assurance, that a very slight idolatrous compliance on his part should be followed by her instant restoration to him, and then happy union. The horror and hope excited by this message shook his resolution, the soldiers who had formerly fought under him, together with some of the people fell at his knees to conjure him, he actually took the cup to make the required libation, but was recalled to himself by the shriek of his pious fellow-sufferers, and threw it down, exclaiming with triumph, “I am a Christian.” He is soon informed of the real situation of Cymodocce and of the indiscriminate doom of all the imprisoned Christians without further trial, to perish by wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Vespasian, on the following day, the birth-day of the Emperor Galerius, who, though dying himself of a frightful disease, was resolved to beguile his sufferings on the very last day that he had any hope to be able to leave his apartment, by the luxury of witnessing the death of his best subjects. In the evening Cymodocce receives the appropriate dress of a destined victim, and her mistaking it for the nuptial attire, in consequence of a rumour that had been reported to her, renders her lonely prison scene (for all her Christian associates had

already suffered) doubly interesting. In the night the brave Dorotheus, himself a Christian, and attended by some soldiers, under the disguise of soldiers, contrives to introduce himself, as by order of the emperor, into her prison, and while the keeper is stupified by the "wine of the gods," bears her off to a retired residence, where she is received by her father. She at first refused to escape from the prison, on being informed of the nature of the dress she had on, and of the doom of the imprisoned Christians, including Eudorus; and she yielded only at the representation of the nearness and wretchedness of her father, and the firm declaration of Dorotheus and his companions, that if she would not go they would stay and share her fate—a fate to which they had not as yet become directly exposed. But she secretly retained her purpose; and, after a tender and afflictive interview with her father, who sunk at length, in consequence of her earnest request to heaven, into a profound repose, she went forth in quest of the fatal amphitheatre, and at length found it by means of a motley crowd of intoxicated and barbarous Pagans, who were proceeding thither, and who reviled her, as a Christian and a victim, as she went along with them. On the opening of one of the gates, she beholds Eudorus already, and alone, in the arena: she darts in, and is instantly in his arms; and the final scene, presenting in vivid colours the horror, tenderness, and magnanimity of Eudorus—the relentless and impatient barbarity of the spectators—the entrance of the emperor—the immediate signs of the commencement of the sanguinary transaction—the undoing of a tiger's den—and the speedy death of the victims, held in each other's embrace—closes with the catastrophe, which terminates also the work.—

"These martyred spouses had scarcely received the palm of victory, when a cross of resplendent light appeared in the air, like that hallowed banner which led the victorious Constantine to the scene of triumph; the thunder rolled along the Vatican, which was then a hill, all lonely and deserted, but which was frequently visited by an unknown spirit, the amphitheatre was shaken to its foundations; all the statues of the idols fell to the earth, and a voice like that which was formerly heard in Jerusalem, exclaimed, 'The gods have gone out of thee!'"

We have now no room for any of the various passages we had marked for quotation; and a few concluding observations shall be limited to as short a space as possible.

The author's avowed design was to show, in an illustration by examples, that "Christianity is more favourable than Paganism for the development of characters, and for a display of the passions," and, also, "that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology." So far as this is an intelligible object, the obvious question, on a whole view of the work, would be, whether he has accomplished it? But how "more favourable?" If he meant that Christianity can supply a more *attractive* display of the progress of human character, and a more *amiable* display of the passions, we cannot understand how it was worth while to prove such a proposition. If he meant to say that, as mere matter of moral painting, the progress of a Pagan's character, the influence of Paganism of any given kind in forming it, and the quality of the passions as acting under that influence, are less capable of being strongly delineated and less capable of forming a curious and striking exhibition the proposition is surely erroneous. Our author might himself have marked as discriminatively the progress, and displayed as boldly the hideous maturity, of the character of Galerius, as of that of Eudorus.

The competition of the opposed religions in point of the *marvellous* should be a matter of mere easy apprehension; but there is perplexity even here also. For what *is* the *marvellous* on each side? How much more is it to comprise, on the Pagan side than what is *real* the splendid structures the finished treasures of all the arts, the magnificent processions and rites and the games, generous or barbarous of Greece and Rome, and the gloomy forest recesses, the horrid midnight sacrifices, and the fierce enthusiasm, of the superstitions of Gaul and Germany? Is it, in addition to these realities to include the whole mythology of these nations when it comes to this proposed competition with Christianity? On the other hand, with *what* *marvellous* is Christianity to come into the contest? In the first place, perhaps, some of the circumstances of its

worship in the times of persecution, as, for instance, the assembling in the catacombs—an historical fact of which our author has availed himself to excellent purpose; next the scenes of heroic joy in the expectation of martyrdom; in the social preparation for it, and in the actual suffering; and, in addition to these, the remarkable providences, such as surprising preservations, sudden conversion, and zealous co-operation of recent enemies, and the dreadful fates of persecuting tyrants. But is the Christian marvellous to include also such miraculous powers as those of the first age, and not only such things of this nature as are well attested in the Christian history, but also every sort of prodigy that the wild imagination of a poet may be willing to indulge itself in inventing? In our author's hands Christianity is amply supplied with this last requisite for the proposed contest; for he has introduced some of the most foolish extravagances that ever Popish fancy mistook for grandeur. There is a silly and monstrous story of Paul the hermit, and his tame lion, and his prophetic inspirations. There is another about the Virgin Mary making a progress through purgatory. There are ill-managed tales of the intervention of angels. And even the Almighty is brought in view as an interlocutor with some of the celestial personages: a presumption rewarded with deserved failure in Milton; a pure, irreligious folly in any succeeding poet. M. Chateaubriand is utterly unfit, as an *author*, for the invisible world: he there instantly loses the whole of that portion of reason which is hardly enough to regulate his movements on the real world of land and water, for even in his mere mortal scenes of action and passion, there is too often a sickening excess. Everything is to be sentimental, or eloquent, or tragical. And not seldom he is all this, even in a high degree, but what is he to do in the intervals, as he has no faculty for any sort of reasoning?—he must resolutely endeavour to be still pathetic and still eloquent.

His grand talent, as we have had occasion, in a former instance, to observe, is that of painting; and in this he really does very eminently excel. The fair, the sublime, and the tremendous scenes and phenomena of nature, the actual forms of the monumental remains of human magnifi-

cence; dreadful situations and transactions of human beings, and the exterior exhibitions of all the passions, are comprised within the sphere over which he has a despotic command. There is too a pensiveness of feeling and reflection, which is very pleasing when it is quite clear of extravagance.

His Roman Catholic faith has an unfortunate effect on many parts of the work which it despoils of all dignity, by glaring out in so many pueril extravagances. It destroys also, by a number of superstitious rites and ceremonies, the simplicity of primitive Christianity. While displaying the Pagan persecutions, we should be glad to know what our author thought of the history of the *ecclesiastical* Rome, its pontiffs, its holy office, and its countless myriads of Christian victims.

LIFE OF L'HOPITAL

An Essay on the Life of Michel de L'Hopital, Chancellor of France.
By CHARLES BURTON ESQ. 1815

It might be made a question which is greater, the pleasure, or the disgust, of beholding an individual of exalted faculties and virtues maintaining, for a course of years, an unremitting contest for justice with surrounding millions of his species, with consummate policy restraining their bad passions, sometimes by setting these passions to disable one another, sometimes contriving delays to mitigate their violence, sometimes managing to make what is right so palpably identical with what is immediately advantageous, as to constrain its adoption even on the grossest principles of self-interest, keeping parties in a state so balanced as to gain time and impunity for some attempts at the formation of another interest and combination better than any of them, slowly insinuating correction into their practical institutions, and all the while most assiduously labouring, though with small success, to diminish the ignorance and the prejudices of the whole community.

It cannot, however, be a question long, since this illus-

Every mortal cannot be contemplated as a detached object, presenting to view nothing but its own excellence. It stands inseparably conjoined with the degraded mass, and as necessarily forces on our perception the character of that mass as its own. And the complacency or enthusiasm which that one object is fitted to inspire, though reanimated again and again in the mind, will as often be overborne by the shame, or the grief, or the indignation, or all these sentiments together, which will irresistibly invade the beholder of unworthy millions, in whose very debasement is found the measure of the elevation of the one noble exception. We are too closely related to the race for either benevolence to sanction, or sympathy to leave it possible, that we should be philosophically satisfied to regard the grand bulk of that race as answering a sufficient purpose in serving as a foil to a few individuals of eminent excellence, or that we should coolly throw away the immense mass as a kind of waste and rubbish, necessarily heaped around during the operation of working out a few colossal forms of moral and intellectual perfection, well worth that in their production so much material should go to waste.

But though neither the interest which we ought to feel, nor that which, as sharing the same nature, we are constrained to feel, if it were only through the medium of our pride, will suffer us, in making our estimates of the moral world, to be content to rest the value of a vast aggregate of human creatures on one or a few sublime individuals; and let the remainder go for nothing, yet in attempting to apprehend and verify the worth of that immense crowd, as beheld in some ages and nations, we are forced on a process to divest it of its actual appearance. We are compelled either to an exercise of abstraction and refinement, to reach at some sort of philosophical notion of the essential value of rational and moral creatures independently of their modifications; or to an exercise of fancy, representing the admirable agencies and transformations that *might* pass upon them, and the estimable and noble state of character to which it would not be impossible for them to be raised.

In the reveries on the conceivable modes in which a stupid, perverse, bigoted tribe or nation might be benefited, the imagination will readily give form to a diversity of

grand expedients, of a quality corresponding to the more benign or severe temper in which they are conceived. In a mind constitutionally severe, and in the gloomy moments and the harsh and indignant moods of a more philanthropic spirit, one of the images most prompt to present themselves, and most complacently entertained and dwelt upon, will be that of an individual endowed with almost superhuman faculties; possessed with an humble and awful fear of God, but towards human beings lofty, dictatorial, fearless, and inflexible; enlightened and impelled invariably by a consummate sense of justice; invincibly resolute to effect that justice at all hazards, yet sagacious in the choice of means; and, to crown all this, invested with the most unlimited form that can be conceived of temporal power. Such a personage presented to the imagination, in the harsher moods of benevolent musing, will be instantly set to work on some perverse section of the human race; and with delight will be toll'd through a career in which, indifferent to life but as a space for the fulfilment of appointed duty, infinitely scornful of that idol of almost all other fervent spirits—glory, and caring incomparably less about either the love or the hatred of human beings than about the object of mending them,—he will accomplish a grand plan of correction, in which intimidation, and chastisement, and coercion, shall be very largely employed to give authoritative force to the dictates of truth, and drive and frighten men as much as persuade them into a state of less absurdity and iniquity.

Cardinal Ximenes has often recurred to our imagination as a character meeting several parts of this description in an unprecedented degree: the fatal fault was, that instead of being the castigator and crusher of persecuting bigots, he was himself one of the greatest of bigots in religion. Had he united the comparatively enlightened principles of Michel de l'Hôpital, relative to this great subject, with the vigorous, imperious austerity of his character, we should have been tempted to wish his external means of power ten times greater even than they were; in the exercise of which power we might at some moments of indignant feeling have been tempted to be pleased at seeing him acting out such a part, against the perversities and iniquities of a nation, as

would have fixed upon him, in a less terrible and more literal sense, the famous denomination of *Flagellum Dei*.

It must, perhaps, be acknowledged, that in a milder state of feeling, the subject of the present biographical Essay would appear the preferable man to be invested with an immense arbitrary power; preferable, we mean, in point of mental temperament, setting out of view the vast difference between a Popish inquisitor and an enlightened friend of religious toleration.

Mr. Butler, we think, has rendered a real service to the public, by drawing together into a compressed arrangement, from a variety of works, which he enumerates and describes, the most important matters relating to the life and character of this eminent and admirable man. Every reader will wish that he had made a larger selection, when he had collected into one view so many materials.

The memoir is preceded by some notices of the funeral orations, and the *eloges*, which have been so much in fashion in France, and “a succinct view of the revolutions of the jurisprudence of Europe before the time of the Chancellor de l’Hôpital.” This “succinct view” compresses a great deal of information in a small space. He remarks that the formation of a perfectly distinct class of men for the practice of the law, may be regarded as an institution of modern Europe; he states the nature and extent of the legal profession in ancient Rome; notices the origination of various semi-barbarous but progressively improving codes of law from the institution of feudalism; and describes the consequences of the discovery, at Amalfi, about the year 1137, of a copy of the *Pandects of Justinian*, the zealous and extensive study of which work, resulted at length in “a regular succession of civil lawyers.” Cujas, one of the greatest improvers of the science, if it may be so denominated, was persecuted in Italy, and “found under the patronage of L’Hôpital, an honourable reception in France.”

This illustrious statesman was the son of a physician, and was born in 1505, at Aigueperse, in Auvergne. After having studied the law in several universities, he held, during a short period, an office at Rome; but “soon returned to France, and married the daughter of John Morin, the lieutenant-criminal, in consequence of which he ob-

tained, in 1537, a charge of counsellor in the parliament of Paris."

There is a rather interesting digression on the parliament of France as distinguished from that of England. The origin of each was the same, and in their earlier periods both had a legislative as well as judicial operation. But in their progress they diverged into very different characters, and the difference was much in favour of England.

"In the course of time, the parliament of England became divided into its two houses, the Lords and Commons, and, together with the king, constituted the legislature of the nation: but its judicial power generally fell into disuse, except in cases which are brought before the House of Lords by appeal. The reverse happened in almost every country on the Continent; in them the parliament gradually lost its legislative authority, and subsided into a High Court of Justice for the last resort, and a court of royal revenue. It generally consisted of a fixed number of ecclesiastical peers, a fixed number of lay peers, and a fixed number of counsellors. All were equally judges, and had an equal right of giving their opinions, and an equal voice in the decree. Such was the constitution of the French parliament when L'Hôpital was received into it. But, at that time, it had somewhat degenerated from its ancient splendour."—P. 13.

A very curious description follows, from the Abbé Gédéon, of the personal and judicial habits and manners of the great law officers of that previous better age. Equity, severe industry, strict morals, plainness in the economy of life, and elegant literature, form its prominent features. All the virtues, the dignity, and the accomplishments, however, of that better period, descended in full measure to L'Hôpital.

One of the offices which he filled in succession in his progress up to the chancellorship, was that of superintendent of the finances; on which our author observes,—

"This is a remarkable era in the history of France as it was during L'Hôpital's administration of the finances that the French monarch first attempted to check that spirit of resistance to the royal will, which the parliament of Paris had for some time showed, and which at different times afterwards it exerted with so much effect, as frequently to paralyze the government, and ultimately to precipitate it into the Revolution."

The most unqualified eulogiums are pronounced, and

doubtless with the greatest justice, on his conduct in all his public employments thus far. But there is generally some weakness in the greatest personages that history has vaunted, to help our endeavours to be content at least, if not to make us actually vain, in thinking of the leading performers of our own times. This man, of capacities so ample, of activity so indefatigable, had not wit enough, nor sense enough, in twenty years of important public employment, during six of which he had the management of the finances, to make a fortune for himself! Though the reverse of everything sumptuous in his habits of life, he had not at the end of that period money enough to be able to afford a tolerable portion with his daughter, his only child. What noble improvements in statesmanship were reserved for later times!

However imperfectly L'Hôpital had deserved it, his next ascent was to the highest honour, the chancellorship, to which he was appointed just at the time that the "religious troubles in France had begun." The doctrines of Calvin had made proselytes in the south of France; the ministers of Francis I. and Henry II. combated the heresy by persecution; "the usual consequences," says Mr. Butler, "of persecution followed; the favourers of the new opinions rapidly increased, the spirit of fanaticism became general, and the whole kingdom was divided into the odious distinctions of Papist and Huguenot."

All the remainder of this great statesman's official life was employed in the most earnest exertions to restrain the fury of Popish bigotry, which rankled and raged in the royal house, in the powerful family and party of the Guises as an adjunct to their political ambition, in the general body of the ecclesiastics, and in a very large proportion of the nation. On several critical occasions his great talents and authoritative virtues had the effect of suspending or moderating the cruel measures which have rendered that portion of the French history, and of the history of the Romish church, so infamous. But at length he found his opposition unavailing, and resigned his office. He lived to see, three or four years afterwards, the supreme triumph of the cause he had opposed, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which embittered all his hours during the few subse-

quent months of his life. He died at Vignay, on the 18th of March, 1573, having in his highest as well as all his other public employments, so much forgotten the concern of personal emolument, that, says our author, "the small provision which he should leave behind him for his grandchildren, afflicted his last moments,"—which we think, if there is a Providence, was the least founded of all the sorrows of such a man.

Considering to what church our very learned and intelligent author adheres, we think that much applause is due to the manner in which he has related the odious history of that period, and the emphatical condemnation he has pronounced on the Inquisition, and some other of the appointments and proceedings which consigned such multitudes of the best citizens of France to the grave. He even pronounces the censure of intolerance on a law which L'Hôpital himself was compelled in some sort to sanction, as the only way of preventing the establishment of the Inquisition in France, namely, the confirmation to the bishops of the cognizance of heretics in their dioceses. "This," says Mr. Butler, "was too great a sacrifice to intolerance, but it gave the bishops no new power, and completely eluded the project of the Inquisition," after the Guisards had obtained a resolution of the royal council in its favour.

We cannot much wonder that our author should let fall some expressions tending to extenuate the atrocity of the persecution of the Huguenots, by insinuating that it was not solely and purely by their religion that they made themselves obnoxious to the hostility of the Popish government. It is not at all necessary for a Protestant to maintain that none of their active leaders were, at any time, incited by any feelings or schemes of political ambition. It is too evident that some aspiring men, more intent on objects of personal and secular aggrandizement than on the vindication of religious liberty, did endeavour, and sometimes with a degree of success, to implicate the Protestant cause with their schemes. It was, unfortunately, impossible for the Huguenots to have leaders of high rank and great weight in the state, without constant danger of being betrayed into more than they wished of the character of

political partisans. But it is still more glaringly evident that the Huguenots had a grand cause and object *simply as Protestants*; and that to this the great body of them were infinitely more devoted at all times than they ever were, at any moment, to any merely political object. In fact, the great body of them were devoted to this alone, inasmuch, that if they did at any time support the personal designs of any distinguished leader, it was from being led to believe that this was the most direct way to *their* object. Religious liberty, or so much of liberty as is comprehended in full toleration, was uniformly that object. It was for this that they were driven by relentless and aggravated oppressions to take up arms. It was because they were placed by a Popish government, in the alternative of returning to a church which they solemnly believed they had convicted of the grossest errors, impositions, and iniquities, and which courted them with anathemas, inquisitors, and denunciations of fire and sword,—the alternative of returning to such a church, or of being exterminated. They thought it their duty to expose themselves to the not greater perils of the field of battle, in the solemn experiment, whether Providence would not enable them to deliver themselves from this condition, and to vindicate for themselves and secure ~~for~~ their posterity, the freedom of religious opinions and worship. And brave as they were, quite to the romantic pitch, they gladly threw down their arms the very first moment the concessions of their enemies allowed them to believe that object attained. But the hatred of the Popish party burned without intermission, and it was not long before the inefficacy of the cunctations in their favour, unredressed outrages, and a universal, urgent sense of insecurity, compelled the Huguenots again to the last resort. Again they were readily disarmed by concessions and promises, too readily we have always thought, in contemplating the history of those times, and again it was not long before the non-fulfilment of the most formal stipulations, numerous assassinations, for which no one was punished, and unequivocal signs of the most deadly intentions, would bring them once more into the field, to be yet again too readily disarmed by the treacherous professions and engagements of those whose *power* had failed to

disarm them. That, with the great body of them, the sole object of all their zeal and exertions, was that religious liberty which they had avowed as their end, and that, this being granted them, they would have been zealously loyal to a Popish government, is attested by L'Hôpital and Mr. Butler, who celebrate the unreserved fidelity and gallantry they displayed in its service, in one of the intervals in which the required toleration appeared to be granted.

Through this long period, down to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, whatever uncertain proportion of more liberal and humane adherents to the Church of Rome there might be in France, the Protestants, experienced from the predominant portion, from that which effectively constituted the state, a conduct systematically bigoted, treacherous, and sanguinary. And that infernal tragedy itself—did it excite in the Catholic part of the nation any loud and extensive manifestations of abhorrence? Were not the executioners in the provinces as prompt and numerous as in the metropolis? Was there any indignant commotion through the grand mass of the ecclesiastics of France, bursting out into solemn anathemas on all the designers and actors? Was there ever one of the miscreants, from the king, that fired from his windows, and cried out—*Kill them, kill them*, down to the butcher, who boasted how effectually he had executed this mandate, touched by the Holy Office, which had tortured so many victims for a few words of scepticism or disrespect to the church? And the grand metropolis of that church, which had sent forth so many vindictive fulminations,—did Rome issue any of its tremendous denunciations? Was there in any portion of the Catholic world, any grand public manifesto to consign, in the name of the church and its religion, all persons concerned in the transaction to infamy? Was there even any prohibition or repression of public rejoicings on the occasion? Was there, in short, anything in the transaction itself so perfectly in opposition to the spirit which the Church of Rome had displayed, in innumerable instances, in the preceding times? On what ground could that church be required to look, from its proud eminence, over the world, with a different visage from that which had been beheld by the Waldenses and Albigenses?

It is not without some degree of compassion, mingling with harsher feelings, that we view the lot of such men as Mr. Butler and Mr. Eustace. It is rather a melancholy destiny, we think, to be fascinated to a church, which rises to view, on the great field of history, like a mountain beset almost all over with gibbets, fires, racks, black orifices of dungeons, savages for inflicting torments and death, and graves of martyrs. And it is melancholy to see such men labouring to soothe and coax the revolting, struggling repugnance of their better feelings, striving to qualify the characteristic facts with which their church glares upon them, and seeking for any occasional or collateral causes to charge such facts upon, rather than the genuine inherent spirit of that church. When driven to condemn, unequivocally and emphatically, some of the enormities which resulted from the intrinsic quality of the church, they contrive, with admirable dexterity, to obey the precept of hating the sin and yet loving the sinner. They would be smitten with horror at the suggestion of execrating and abandoning the church, which not only has perpetrated such things, but has never been induced to avow, in any public solemn form, its repentance of them, and to enjoin at length, on all its adherents, the duty of giving a full toleration to Protestants. How would any suggestion of this kind be received at the court of Rome? How would it, at any moment, for half a millennium past, have been there received? How would it be received by the vast majority of ecclesiastics of all Catholic Europe, excepting France? These gentlemen know perfectly well that in those countries where the Catholic church retains its full prevalence, the most furious hatred is still entertained against what they call the heretics; and that, in a large portion of Europe, the attempt to form a congregation of Protestant worshippers, would infallibly draw down the instant rancorous vengeance of ecclesiastics, of magistrates, and of the populace. Such is, palpably, the church which these intelligent persons revere as representative of heaven upon earth. We cannot allow them to make another church of their own, with ever so much liberality, tolerance, and so forth, among its constituent qualities, and to let themselves fancy they are good Catholics, while they adhere to such an *imaginary*

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church. The plain question for them is,—Are you of the actual Church of Rome, or not? The real, essential nature of that church is still palpable in its spirit and works,—do you adopt that church or not? If you are really the friends of religious freedom, by what paltering with conscience do you elude the conviction of the duty of becoming Protestants? In how many centuries do you expect that the actual church of Rome will come to that liberality and charity, which you too profess to admire, and the contraries of which you must, therefore, abhor?

MUNGO PARK.

The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the Year 1805. By Mungo Park. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed an Account of the Life of Mr. Park. 4to. 1815.

UNMINGLED regret, it might easily be supposed, would be the only sentiment in the civilized world, for the fate of this traveller. Yet, a little reflection induces us to believe that the event may have imparted much gratification to a few persons in this country, and to many in other countries. It may well be believed, and indeed would be idle to doubt, that in a great rival nation, as ambitious of superiority in adventure and discovery as in arms, many cultivated men have enough of the meanness of patriotism, to be glad of the failure, even by a tragical catastrophe, of an enterprise, the success of which would have made so very signal an addition to the already established pre-eminence of the English in the recent achievements of discovery. They will be glad that it is not yet certain that the darkest of unknown regions is to be revealed by an Englishman.

Even in England may be persons who feel quite as much complacency as regret, at the fatal frustration of Park's last grand enterprise. There cannot fail to be in the nation some ardent youthful spirits, stung by the ambition (and ambition is essentially and infinitely selfish) to distinguish

themselves as the explorers of the unknown tracts of the earth. To some of these aspirants Central Africa is likely to become an object of the most covetous enthusiasm. They will often glance with an impassioned eye over the map, in which the most presumptuous geographers have been forced to leave that region blank; they will exult to see the acknowledgment so implied; will be glad that thus far climate, barbarism, or death, has kept one vast domain totally sacred from all intrusion, a scene for discoveries that even conjecture dares not anticipate; and will sometimes venture to assume, with a kind of fierce emotion, that that immense unknown tract is destined to open its darkness to their victorious invasion. This, in a considerable measure, was what the last enterprise of Park threatened to accomplish; and had he accomplished it, he would have left hardly the possibility to any other adventurer of an achievement of equal splendour. It is very possible that, perceiving this, there are some minds that are pleased the great exploit remains yet to be performed, and therefore are not, on the whole, sorry for the fate of the man who seemed so much nearer than any other man to condemning all competitors and successors to subordinate honours.

It is difficult for imagination to conceive a project of a more commanding, or, to a daring and contemplative spirit, a more attractive aspect, than that which Park returned to Africa resolved to execute, or perish in the attempt. It was perfectly new, and it was vast to sublimity. It combined, in a singular manner, a definiteness of principle with a boundlessness of scope. Nothing could be more precise than the law of its execution, to follow with undeviating fidelity the course—indeed, to go with the stream—of a noble river, the direction of which had been perfectly ascertained, to a great distance, by the traveller himself: but then, no man could tell him whither this river was to carry him, in what wilderness of lakes or sands it might desert him, or into what ocean it might, with the pride of accumulated waters, bear him down. On any hypothesis, immensity of scene was before him. If, like a mysterious spectre, leading by irresistible fascination, to vanish at last from the charmed pursuer in some remote and strange situation, this river should take him to the very central depth of the

continent, and there losing its current, abandon him to look round on an unmeasured extent of unknown territory, and deliberate doubtfully on the possibility of ever making his way to its limit on any side, through deserts and barbarous tribes,—he would be almost in the state of a man thrown on another planet. If there were any possibility that the Niger might at last prove to be the Nile, the enterprise would have a character of magnitude quite stupendous, and harmonizing well with that of the temples and the pyramids, which he might be sure that no contemplative beholder had ever arrived at by so marvellous a journey, or with a more clated consciousness of heroic adventure. Or if, according to his own expectation, this mysterious stream should be found, at a remote distance in the interior, to turn to the south, directly transverse the torrid zone, and bring him out into the Atlantic Ocean beyond the Equator,—in that case, besides verifying a favourite speculation,—besides pervading the profoundest obscure of that forbidding continent, and surveying scenes which no civilized human being had ever looked on before, he might expect, in approaching the *Montes Lunæ*, or Mountains of Kumri, and passing through a labyrinth of awful chasms among them, to behold some of the grandest appearances on the globe. And all the while, the peculiar circumstance of seeking an unknown outlet instead of an unknown source, would give the high advantage of having the stream growing more magnificent, of having an augmenting majesty and tumult, and as it were, triumph of waters, instead of tracing out a stream fast shrinking into insignificance, and sometimes involving the explorer in a perplexity arising from several confluent brooks of apparently equal pretensions.

Such, in its combination of certainties and uncertainties, is the splendid and romantic project which Park was NOT appointed to accomplish, and which remains for some more favoured, though certainly not more courageous and persevering mortal;—for in this respect it may very safely be asserted that Park displayed the utmost of which man is capable. It may be that the appointed hero is already beginning to be absorbed in wild and undefined imaginations and purposes of enterprise; or possibly his infantile projects do not yet aim far beyond the rivulet or wood within sight of the

paternal residence. Whoever he may be, he will have to consent to some tributary deduction from his honours (a deduction which, if he is a worthy rival of Park's moral dispositions, he will most cheerfully yield) in acknowledgments to the memory of Park, for the incalculable advantages furnished in aid of the enterprise by Park's discoveries and instructive experience.

A very great share of public interest attached to him in his departure for his last perilous undertaking; and it was not till long after any period within which, in the event of his success, we ought to have received him back, or received some satisfactory explanation of causes delaying his return, that his friends and the public could submit to be convinced of a fatal termination. But all doubt being now past, indeed for a great while back, it is with propriety that the very imperfect information possessed,—all that is likely ever to be obtained,—should be given to the public, and given in a mode calculated to serve in some degree the interests of Mr. Park's family. This consideration will most entirely preclude any ungracious remark on the price of the volume, as compared with the quantity of its contents; especially when it is understood that the publisher has acted (though no particulars are stated) in a highly liberal manner on the occasion. It is fair also to say that, considering the large and handsome map, the volume is not dearer than many that are continually coming before us. We presume there will shortly be an edition in octavo.

The publication takes place under the direction of the African Institution, and comprises a memoir of the life of Park; a brief journal which was transmitted by Park officially to the Secretary of State, detailing the events of the expedition as far as Sansanding, as advanced a position, within a trifle, on the Niger, as he had reached in his former journey; a journal of Isacco, the native African, a Mandingo priest, who had acted as Park's guide to Sansanding, and was sent, in 1810, by the governor of Senegal, to ascertain the traveller's fate, several private letters of Park written during the expedition, and an appendix of geographical discussions.

The biographical portion of the volume, forming nearly a third part of it, is by an unavowed author, and is distin-

guished by intelligence, clearness, and unaffectedness. As there was very little for record in the life of Park, besides the facts connected with his two grand undertakings, it was inevitable for the memoir to turn very much on his history as a traveller; but that history is epitomized and commented on in so very judicious and compressed a manner, that every reader will regard this brief and lucid review, with its collateral discussions, as a valuable addition to the journals themselves.

It is not generally known, nor would be supposed, that Park was hardly twenty-four years old at the time he entered the Gambia, as the commencement of his first great enterprise. He was born near Selkirk, on the 10th of September, 1771. His father, a farmer, was, it seems, remarkably exemplary, even among his countrymen of North Britain, for his attention to the education of his numerous family. Mungo was distinguished from childhood by his love of books and his indefatigable application. His father designed him for the Scottish church, but acquiesced in his own ultimate choice of the medical profession, in pursuance of which he was apprenticed to a respectable surgeon with whom he resided several years, still applying a portion of his time to classical studies, from which he passed in due time to the medical course in the University of Edinburgh. He then went, in search of employment, to London, where, by means of an excellent and scientific friend and relative, he was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks; through whose interest he obtained the appointment of assistant surgeon to the Worcester East Indiaman, in which he sailed for Bencoolen in Sumatra, in February, 1792. On his return he was received with great kindness by Sir Joseph Banks, who was one of the most active and leading members of the African Association, which had been formed in 1788, for the purpose of promoting discoveries in the Interior of Africa, and was just at this time looking out for a man to supply the place of Major Houghton, who had perished at a far inland part of that continent, in the endeavour to execute his commission to "explore the course of the Niger, and to penetrate, if possible, to Timbuctoo and Houssa." Under the grave and regular exterior of his character, Park had a character for bold adventure, which

had been waiting for a decided direction and a great occasion. This attempt on Africa was probably one of the first things presented to his imagination on his return, and as soon might fire and sulphur have come together without effect.

"There was nothing in Park's previous studies which had particularly led him towards geographical pursuits; but he had a general passion for travelling; he was in the full vigour of life; his constitution had been in some degree inured to hot climates; he saw the opportunities which a new country would afford for indulging his taste for natural history: nor was he insensible to the distinction which was likely to result from any great discoveries in African geography. Having fully informed himself as to what was expected by the Association, he eagerly offered himself for the service; and after some previous inquiry into his qualifications, the offer was readily accepted."—P. x.

His return to England was about the end of the year 1797, and his account of his travels was published in the spring of 1799. After stating in a clear and summary manner the account of Park's discoveries, and assigning to him a very high rank, on every account, among the persons who have enlarged our knowledge of the earth, the biographer adverts with regret "to two circumstances unfavourable to his memory, connected with the history of the publication of his book; 1st, an opinion which has prevailed that Park was a supporter of the cause of slavery, and an enemy to the abolition of the African slave-trade; and 2ndly, a report, equally current, that the Travels, of which he was the professed author, were composed, not by Park, but in a very considerable degree by Mr. Bryan Edwards." There is a very sensible and honest discussion, at considerable length, of these imputations. The result is a conclusion, not at all a doubtful one, that the actual composition of the book was in a great measure the work of Mr. Edwards; and that he did, by the weight of his acknowledged ability and character, his activity and consequence in the affairs of the African Association, and his friendly attention to Park, then so young a man, exert a certain influence over his sense of duty with respect to the question of the slave trade, to the extent of persuading or beguiling him to allow in his book a mode of expression and

implication capable of being quoted with complacency and even triumph by the opponents of the abolition, even while his relation of facts, which he could not suffer to be perverted, was cited with great confidence and effect by its advocates, and while his opinions, according to the assurances subsequently given to the biographer by persons intimately acquainted with them, were decidedly hostile to the slave trade. The biographer observes, as if in exculpation* of Mr. Edwards, that probably his influence and management were not exerted to a greater extent than would ordinarily be done, in equivalent circumstances, without consciousness of improbity, by the strenuous partisans of any cause. It may be so; but then so much the worse for human nature.

The statement in apology for Park himself, may properly be quoted:—

“The fair result of the foregoing inquiry, relative to Park’s opinions with regard to the abolition, appears to be shortly this; that he was at no time the friend or deliberate advocate of the slave trade; but that his respect and deference for Mr. Edwards led him, in a certain degree, to sacrifice his own opinions and feelings upon that subject; and that he became, perhaps almost unconsciously, the supporter of a cause of which he disapproved. That he should have been under any temptation to suppress or soften any important opinion, or to deviate in any respect from that ingenuousness and good faith which naturally belonged to his character, is a circumstance which cannot be sufficiently lamented. But if there are any who feel disposed to pass a very severe censure upon Park’s conduct, let his situation at the time he was preparing his *Travels* for the press be fairly considered. He was then a young man, inexperienced in literary composition, and in a great measure dependent, as to the prospects of his future life, upon the success of his intended publication. His friend and adviser, Mr. Edwards, was a man of letters and of the world, who held a distinguished place in society, and was, besides, a leading member of the African Association, to which Park owed everything, and with which his fate and fortunes were still intimately connected. It is difficult to estimate the degree of authority with which a person possessing these advantages, and of a strong and decisive character, must necessarily have had over the mind of a young man in the situation which has now been described. Suggestions coming from such a quarter, must have been almost equi-

valent to commands; and instead of animadverting very severely on the extent of Park's compliances, we ought perhaps rather to be surprised that more was not yielded to an influence which must have been nearly unlimited."—P. xxvi.

Though the inconceivable toils, hardships, and perils, of the first expedition, had not worked, perhaps even in the smallest degree, the spirit of adventure out of Park's constitution, he suffered himself to fall for a while into the quiet course of ordinary life. After the publication of his book, he married in the summer of 1799; though at some part of the same year he appears to have had an ineffectual negotiation with government relative to some public appointment in the colony of New South Wales; and a letter in the following year, to Sir Joseph Banks, shows he was vigilantly waiting for an opportunity to throw himself into pursuits the most widely erratic from the little orbit of a domestic and professional life. It was under all the unfavourable influences of such indulged imaginations that, in the autumn of 1801, he took a residence at Peebles, for the purpose of practising in his profession as a surgeon. In this situation and employment, however, he had acquitted himself with diligence, and an exemplary attention and kindness to the poor, for about two years, "when he received a letter addressed to him from the office of the Colonial Secretary of State, desiring his attendance without delay." Another attempt on the interior of Africa had been resolved on; and "the principal details of the intended expedition had been fully considered, and in a great measure arranged, before the application was made to him." Some little civility was to be observed (and indeed the kindness of his nature would make it somewhat more than civility) in consulting his friends, and for that purpose he returned to Scotland after the interview with the secretary; but his determination was taken.

"The object of his ambition was now within his grasp. He hastily announced to Lord Hobart his acceptance of the proposal; employed a few days in settling his affairs and taking leave of his friends, and left Scotland in December, 1803, with the confident expectation of embarking in a very short time for the coast of Africa. But many delays were yet to take place previously to his final departure."

The termination of Mr. Addington's ministry threw all into uncertainty: the expedition was suddenly countermanded at Portsmouth after part of the troops destined for the service were actually on board, and Park was informed there would be no possibility of sailing before September, 1804. As we are prepared by the melancholy event to regard him, from the outset, as a lost man, to whom, unhappily, the greater or less degree of accomplishment for his undertaking was in fact of little consequence, there is no satisfaction in saying what beneficial consequences might otherwise have resulted from this mortifying delay, which afforded him time to make a very considerable proficiency in the Arabic language under the instruction of a native of Mogadore, then in London, whom he took with him to Scotland for this purpose. During the same interval he employed himself with great diligence in acquiring a familiar use of astronomical instruments.

He drew up, at the desire of Lord Camden, then become the Colonial Secretary, a memoir explanatory of his own conceptions of the most effectual mode of executing the project of which the general lines were indicated to him, of his estimates of the prerequisite means and appointments, and of his expectations as to the geographical course and termination of the adventure. The last part is particularly interesting, by the confidence with which he avows, and the very strong reasons by which he justifies, his anticipation that the Niger would be found to run at length to the south, and discharge itself into the Atlantic Ocean; that in fact it would prove to be the river slightly known, and not in the least celebrated, under the name of the Zaire, or Congo; one of the grandest rivers, nevertheless, in the world, as he brings testimony to prove. It was most necessary that the reasons for expecting such a direction and termination of the river should be strong, as his hopes of ultimate safety and success rested almost wholly on this presumption. We transcribe his own words:—

“To return by the Niger to the westward [in the event of the river losing itself in the central lakes or sands of the continent], he apprehends would be impossible: to proceed to the northward equally so; and to travel through Abyssinia extremely dangerous. The only remaining route that holds out

any hopes of success, is that towards the *Bight of Guinea*. If the river should take a southerly direction, Mr. Park would consider it as his duty to follow it to its termination; and if it should happily prove to be the river Congo, would there embark with the troops and negroes on board a slave vessel, and return to England from St. Helena, or by way of the West Indies."

He justly regretted having to expend in England so much of the patience he was sure to have occasion enough for in Africa. Month after month the expedition was detained, after all its arrangements, practicable in England, were determined, and might have been executed in a trifle of time. What Park felt at this delay was something very different from the mere fretfulness of an eager man, and the delay itself was much more, as the event proved, than simply so much loss of time.

"It was to be expected that the mission might be sent out immediately, or with very little delay. This, indeed, was an object of great importance, considering the advanced time of the year; it being obvious that if the expedition should be detained for any considerable time, it might have the effect of postponing the journey into the interior to the period of the rainy season, and thus, perhaps, of rendering the whole plan abortive. Fully aware of this danger, Park was anxious and earnest to obtain the necessary orders from the several public departments. But, partly from unforeseen circumstances, and partly from official forms and the pressure of business deemed of greater importance, he was destined to experience a long succession of delays; which, though certainly unintentional, and perhaps in some degree unavoidable, were ultimately productive of very unfortunate results. Nor was it till after waiting two months (a period of great uneasiness and mortification), that he received his official instructions; after which, nearly another month elapsed before he could set sail from England."—P. liii.

By the time the reader is informed of the ultimate consequences of these delays, he will think the language here employed in recording it, and partly suggesting an explanation of it, marvellously forbearing. But certainly any other than such a language is rendered quite unnecessary by a few sentences in a letter of Park himself to that same noble secretary of state, written at Sansanding, the last place whence any communication was received from him, not in a

querulous strain, but doubtless with certain deep and most embittered feelings and recollections,—which, however, the receiver might not deem it any part of his official duty to understand.

“Your lordship will recollect that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it. We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals, or any other accidents; and yet I am sorry to say that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz. three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.”—P. lxxx.

On the 30th of January, 1805, Park sailed from Portsmouth, accompanied by his brother-in-law Mr. Alexander Anderson, Mr. Scott, appointed draughtsman to the expedition, and four or five artificers from the dockyards. He was to touch at St. Jago, one of the Cape Verde Islands, to purchase asses, and then proceeding to Gorce, he was empowered to enlist for the expedition any number, not exceeding forty-five, of the garrison of that place. For the purpose of due authority he had the brevet commission of captain in Africa, and Mr. Anderson that of lieutenant. A short series of Park's letters is given, to carry the narrative forward to the arrival at Kayce, that station on the Gambia whence the expedition was to proceed by land to the Niger. Unless our memory deceives us, no reason is intimated for his not retaining of the men in his service considerably farther up to Fattatenda, which is the place named for debarkation in his sketch of the project, and which he states to be five hundred miles up the Gambia. We observe that the course of this river, as laid down in the large map at the beginning of the volume, comes very nearly in contact with the route by land at the distance of about another five hundred miles inland, at a point little short of half way to that where the expedition fell in with the Niger; indeed, the Journal mentions this approximation to have been within eight miles. In any future project of a similar kind this circumstance will come into view, under a question of what is the greatest advantage possible to be taken of this important stream. In Africa, beyond all other parts of the world, water extorts so ex-

orbitant a tribute of respect, and so nearly approaching to worship, that it may very fairly, in return, have its utmost faculties of utility put in requisition.

The letters written just previously to the commencement of the journey over land, are marked by expressions of a confidence of which it is impossible to know how frequent or how long were the intermitting moments; and which was avowedly founded on what proved a very mistaken calculation of the length of time in which it would be practicable to reach the Niger, and an equally erroneous estimate of the Goree troops composing the substance of the expedition. He thus writes from Kayce, on the day preceeding that of his setting forward:—

“Everything at present looks as favourable as I could wish, and if all things go well, *this day six weeks* I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger: and if once we are fairly afloat, *the day is won*.”—P. lxiii.

This letter is dated April 26th, and it was not till the 19th of August that he came once more in sight of the Niger. As to the quality of the troops, we are reduced to take as authority the judgment which the biographer appears to found on special information:—

“It was not to be expected that troops of a very superior quality could be furnished from a regiment which had been serving for any considerable time at a tropical station such as Goree. But there is too much reason to believe that the men selected on the present occasion, notwithstanding the favourable opinion of them expressed by Park, and although they were the best that the garrison could supply, were below the ordinary standard even of troops of this description; and that they were extremely deficient both in constitutional strength and vigour, and in those habits of sobriety, steadiness, and good discipline, which such a service peculiarly required.

“But besides the indifferent quality of the troops, there was another and more serious cause of alarm. Park was about to enter on this expedition, not actually during the rainy season, but with a great probability of being overtaken by it in the

course of his journey ; and with a positive certainty of encountering, in the meantime, not only the great tropical heats, but also the *tornadoes*, or hurricanes, which always precede and follow the rainy season. These hurricanes, of which no idea can be formed from the experience of our temperate climates, occur more frequently, and with more violence, as the rainy season approaches ; and are attended with considerable inconvenience, and occasionally with danger, to caravans travelling at that season."

It is observed by the biographer that, though deceived in the quality of his troops, Park had infallible certainty as to the approach of the rainy season ; but, in a very few words, the case is forcibly stated in excuse, or rather in vindication, of his decision to risk the perils of an immediate prosecution of the enterprise, in preference to remaining seven months inactive on the coast in order to be quite clear of the rainy season. It is in vain to lament that he could not think himself justifiable in suffering such a delay to be interposed.

The first days, and even hours, of the journey by land, afforded them some little experience of difficulties which were to thicken on them as they advanced ; especially with respect to the asses, which had not, it seems, been accustomed to burdens. On one of the days, within about a week of their departure from Kayee, it was by a great and fatiguing exertion that they cleared eight miles. " Many of the asses lay down on the road ; others kicked off their bundles."

At Jindey Mr. Park took an opportunity of informing himself, by an inspection of all its stages, of the whole process of dyeing cotton of a fine blue colour with the leaves of the indigo plant. At Medina, the capital of the kingdom of Woolli, he had to encounter the shameless extortion of his majesty, and his court, consisting of a crew of princes and ministers, and including even a personage called " the king's chief slave ;" to all of whom presents were to be made, or rather direct duties, or arbitrary and authoritative impositions, were to be paid. Nothing is more earnestly desired by the reader, at almost every stage, and nothing appears more evidently and absolutely indispensable in any future expedition of similar object, than an imposing military force, of perhaps several hundred men, which should empower the leader to meet all these royal and subaltern rascals with an

aspect and tone of confidence justified by what shall appeal directly to their senses. He might then repel with scorn their arrogant demands, if they presumed to make any such, and give a character of voluntariness and dignity to such presents, concessions, or compromises, as he might judge it prudent to make. The insolence and exactions experienced by Park in this early stage, and from one of the inferior of the petty sovereigns, affords a quite sufficient commentary on his opinion, as quoted above from a letter written at Kayee: "If the soldiers preserve their health we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives." A force that would not suffice, by its very appearance, to repress the undisguised and fearless wantonness of rapacity, could afford no security to life itself; no security against direct violence; besides, that in a very long inland adventure, a continued series of extortions and depredations must come in the end to the same fatal result as direct hostility, by despoiling the travellers of the means of traffic and subsistence. If we could read this Journal unapprized that all the author's wants terminated soon after the date of its conclusion, we should feel great solicitude and alarm at the idea of the state of desolation to which, at this rate, he would be likely to be reduced about the time of his reaching the remotest distance from the ocean and all resources. Never, then, let another explorer of the interior of Africa be put at the mercy of the barbarous chieftains, and their gangs, and their hordes, especially the Mahommedans. Let the successor of Park have to show such a plentiful quantity of steel, and fire, and intrepid European visages, that the dastard shall uniformly get uppermost in the spirits of all these Moorish miscreants: an effect which is sure to follow from a proper demonstration, for there is nothing in which these true believers so little resemble the first followers of the Prophet, as in the intrepidity which becomes but the more elated at menace and danger.

It was far enough from being the shreds of royalty alone that thought themselves entitled to treat the party with insolence. Long before Mr. Park had reached the metropolitan city of Medina, he had been intercepted by a little drunken Slatee* of a village, with an interdiction of his progress till

* This denomination, of so frequent occurrence in Park's nar-

payment of a certain exorbitant impost, the partial remission of which was not obtained without an irksome dispute and negotiation.

A few stages forward from Madina there was an amusing but somewhat mortifying contest for water, at the well of a village, where the women had determined they should have none without paying for it, and had been many hours labouring with their calabashes to exhaust the well. By a little stratagem the soldiers at last secured as much as was wanted. At the next village they had nearly got into a quarrel with the chief man, by plucking and eating some fruit from trees on which a *toong*, a kind of a magical spell, was permanently put till there should be a famine of the other kinds of subsistence. On the 15th of May they touched the Gambia, for the last time, at a place where it "swarmed with crocodiles." "I counted," says Mr. Park, "at one time, thirteen of them ranged along shore, and three hippopotami. The latter feed only during the night, and seldom leave the water during the day; they walk on the bottom of the river, and seldom show more of themselves above water than their heads."

At Bady, the residence of a chief who affects a kind of independence of "his sovereign," as the fashionable phrase is, the party were very near being forced into direct hostility, by this fellow's seizing first the guide's horse, and then the guide himself, with a confident defying insolence, which, in showing how little he dreaded our traveller's escort, gave nearly the true estimate of the practical value of so slender a force for such an expedition.

Traces of the frequentation of elephants and lions were obvious in various places; but these were comparatively harmless foes; a much more efficient kind of enemy was awaiting the arrival of the caravan at a creek near Doofroo.

"We had no sooner unloaded the asses at the creek, than some of Isaac's people, being in search of honey, unfortunately disturbed a large swarm of bees near where the cofle had halted. The bees came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily most of the asses

rations, is explained—a "free black merchant, often a trader in slaves."

were loose, and galloped up the valley ; but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper in all directions. The fire which had been kindled for cooking being deserted, spread, and set fire to the bamboos ; and our baggage had like to have been burnt. In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have completely put an end to our journey. In the evening, when they became less troublesome, and we could venture to collect our cattle, we found that many of them were very much stung and swelled about the head. Three asses were missing ; one died in the evening, and one next morning ; and we were forced to leave one at Sibikillin—in all six ; besides which, our guide lost his horse, and many of the people were very much stung about the face and hands.”—P. 37.

But man, after all, *man*, is worse than all other plagues. Our author's next rencounter was with another villain of a chief, of the name of Mansa Kussan, whose rapacity wanted but just a trifle more power to have put an end to the expedition at once, without even so much delay as was required for the piece of hypocrisy which he amused himself by playing off on the traveller.

The asses were fast wearing out, and one or two men had died, victims, apparently, of the fatigue and the climate, before the commencement of the rains, of the near approach of which the party began to have the most unequivocal omens, especially a quick succession of tornadoes, with thunder and lightning. The presages conveyed in the effects of the one which happened at the time of the arrival at Shrondo, were of a nature to alarm and even appal, at such a stage of such an enterprise, the most sanguine and intrepid adventurer.

“ The tornado which took place on our arrival, had an instant effect on the health of our soldiers, and proved to us to be the *beginning of sorrow*. I had proudly flattered myself that we should reach the Niger with a very moderate loss ; we had had two men sick of the dysentery ; one of them recovered completely on the march, and the other would doubtless have recovered had he not been wet with the rain at Baniserile. But now the rain had set in, and I trembled to think that we were only half way through our journey. The rain had not commenced three minutes before many of the soldiers were affected with vomiting ; others fell asleep, and seemed as if half intoxicated. I felt a strong inclination to sleep during the storm ; and as soon as it was over I fell asleep on the wet ground, although I used

every exertion to keep myself awake. The soldiers likewise fell asleep on the wet bundles."

"Twelve soldiers sick," is the entry immediately ensuing in the Journal to this statement.

In a meadow near Shrondo, there are a great number of pits dug, like wells, for the purpose of obtaining gold, some particles of which Park saw detected, by a quick washing process which he describes, in some handfuls of gravel dug from one of these pits. The particles were minute, but the woman whom he hired to make this experiment for him, assured him, and he does not intimate his disbelief, that "they sometimes found pieces of gold as large as her fist."—Advancing to Dindiko, they found themselves in a scene highly cultivated, and "romantic," says Mr. Park, "beyond everything I ever saw." But its captivations must have been nearly lost on the harassed and anxious travellers, one half of whom were now either sick of the fever, or in a state so debilitated as to be incapable of the exertion necessary for attending to the asses. An exceedingly disproportionate share, therefore, of this and every other employment, fell on the rest, and above all on the leader himself, whose physical vigour, as well as his energy of mind, clearly did surpass, by very many degrees, that of any other European of the party.

From this middle point in the narration quite to the end, there is an almost unintermitted series of distressing accounts of sickness. All the way the men were gradually falling behind and dying. Park very properly marched in the rear of the caravan; and nothing was more common than for him to find one or other of his men lying in the way, under some tree, incapable of being held any longer by his feeble companions on the back of one of the asses, and requesting to be left to die. In some instances, Park, by a great and fatiguing effort, would convey the helpless man a few miles forward on horseback, only, however, that he might die in the encampment rather than abandoned and alone on the road, or in the desert. Sometimes the sufferer was conveyed back to a village which they had passed, and committed to the doubtful care of some native, with presents to induce some little attention of him till he should recover sufficiently to follow the party, if that should be possible, or the smaller service of interring him if he should die. In one or two in-

stances, a man was, from absolute necessity, left a few miles behind, in order to be sent for to the halting place, when some of the men and asses should be freed from the packages; and could never afterwards be found. Park was himself sometimes very sickly. Much use was made of a strong decoction of cinchona.

As often as he can, the narrator relieves the story of disaster and suffering, by a description of whatever is striking in the views of nature. We transcribe one of these brief notices. —

"June 24th — Left Sullo and travelled through a country beautiful beyond imagination, with all the possible diversities of rock, sometimes towering up like ruined castles, spires, pyramids, &c. We passed one place so like a ruined Gothic abbey, that we halted a little, before we could satisfy ourselves that the niches, windows, ruined staircase, &c., were all natural rock. A faithful description of this place would certainly be deemed a fiction."

"Passed a hill composed of one homogeneous mass of solid rock (red granite) without a detached stone or blade of grass. I never saw such a hill in my life. — P. 75

In crossing a considerable river, Br Woolmer, Isacco had a rencounter with a crocodile, which seized him by the left thigh, and pulled him under the water —

"With wonderful presence of mind he felt the head of the animal, and thrust his finger into its eye, on which it quitted its hold, and Isacco attempted to reach the farther shore calling out for a knife. But the crocodile returned and seized him by the other thigh, and again pulled him under the water. He had recourse to the same expedient and thrust his fingers into its eyes with such violence that it again quitted him, and when it rose, flounced about on the surface of the water as if stupid, and then swam down the middle of the river. Isacco proceeded to the other side bleeding very much."

He was severely lacerated, but his wounds healed with a happy facility, while his surgeon Park himself, was so sick and exhausted as to be sometimes unable to stand erect without feeling a tendency to faint. And for one of the days about this time the notice in the Journal is, 'All the people sick, or in a state of great debility, except one.'

At Kemnook, a walled town, fortified in the strongest

manner that Mr. Park had yet seen in Africa, he says he found the people "thieves to a man." At a former town he pronounces the people "all thieves," but here he had to endure a series of plagues and plundering of unprecedented diversity and pertinacity. Some score or more of the sons of the fellow called the king of the place, were the worst scoundrels of the horde. A few stages farther on, Park was compelled to have recourse to absolute violence, and shot a thief through the leg; but not till many daring and serious depredations had been committed, of which this single act of punishment was not enough to prevent the repetition. Tornadoes, rain, the hunting of evening wolves, and the laborious and difficult crossing of a swollen and rapid river, were to be added to the account. They had also the benefit of the notion which the people of the towns in front of them were very naturally led to entertain concerning them, from what they had suffered in the recent stages:—

"Some of the people who had crossed the river with us, had informed the people of Mareena of the treatment we had experienced, and withal told the people that our coffee was a *Dummulafong*, a thing sent to be eaten, or in English *fair game* for everybody. The inhabitants of Mareena were resolved to come in for their share."

The last few stages previous to the arrival at the Niger, were fatally distinguished by the consummation of the effects of disease and hardship, in the death of a great proportion of what remained of the party. The sight of that river once more, recalled a measure of Park's former enthusiasm, mingled, he confesses, with gloomy reflections and forebodings. It was one of the few pleasing incidents he had to record, that he was met, at Donbila, not far from the river, by Karfa Taura the Negro merchant who had been so eminently his benefactor in the former enterprise, and who, having been informed of his second advance towards the Niger, had made a journey of a week to meet him, in order to testify his friendly regard, and to assist him in going forward to Sego. It is one of the *amusing* incidents that, one afternoon, when leading the horse of his sick friend and relative Mr. Anderson, Mr. Park was met, almost beard to beard, by three lions. The meeting had no disastrous consequences

on either side. The discharge of his musket, without its contents appearing to have struck any of them, induced them after a little pause and hesitation to retire among the bushes. The gloomy reflections which he acknowledges to have oppressed him at his arrival on the banks of the Niger, were in some degree counteracted by the consideration of the impunity, as far as the inhabitants were concerned, with which he had accomplished the undertaking so far.

"The prospect appeared somewhat gloomy; it, however, afforded me peculiar pleasure, when I reflected that in conducting a party of *Europeans*, with immense baggage, through an extent of more than five hundred miles, I had always been able to preserve the most friendly terms with the natives. In fact, this journey plainly demonstrates: 1st that with common prudence any quantity of merchandise may be transported from the Gambia to the Niger without danger of being robbed by the natives: 2ndly, that if this journey be performed in the dry season, one may calculate on losing not more than three or at most four men out of fifty."

We think every reader of the author's previous narration of harassing exactions and downright thefts and plunderings, will feel great surprise at the former of these demonstrations, and will be unable to refer such a judgment to anything else than the influence of a momentary elation, which threw a favourable and delusive gleam over the subject.

The noble river carried them down at the rate of six or seven miles an hour to Sansanding, which place Park chose in preference to Sego, the capital of Bambarra, for the purpose of building his vessel intended for accompanying the river to its termination. The choice of these two and several other places, was offered him, with assurances of protection to the extent of the dominions of Bambarra, by Mansong the king, with whom, by means of agents and ministers, and liberal presents to his majesty himself, he held a tolerably amicable negotiation, though he was not, any more than in his former visit, invited into the presence. He had to undergo a very formal interrogation from the chief minister, accompanied with several grandees, respecting the objects of this second, and rather unaccountable ingress into the country, and his speech in reply was admirably adapted to the occasion. It addressed itself directly to his majesty's

self-interest, by a brief representation, put in a striking form, of the *commercial* benefits which he might ultimately derive from favouring the expedition. Not a word was said of the romantic interest of the enterprise; a very proper omission, since a barbarian's suspicion is sure to be excited by an assigned motive which he cannot understand.

As a return for so many fine presents, Mansong promised to give two large canoes for the intended voyage. They were not, however, forthcoming so soon as promised; and meanwhile, to obtain a sum of money for occasions, Park "opened shop, in great style," and had, he humorously says, "*a great run*, being sometimes forced to employ *three tellers at once* to count his cash; and turning, one market-day, twenty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pieces of money (cowries)." It was to be expected that this would excite the envy and rage of all the Moorish traffickers. Accordingly a representation was made to Mansong by the merchants, seconded by a great majority of the people of Sego and Sansanding, most loyally showing that this alien's object was to kill his majesty, and the princes his sons, by means of charms, in order that the white people might come and possess themselves of the country; and offering a quantity of merchandise of greater value than all the presents Park had made to his majesty, if he would seize the intruder's baggage, and either kill him or send him back again out of Bambarra. Mansong rejected the proposal.

There is a curious account of the trade of Sansanding, exhibiting a diversity of commodities, and a degree of system, wonderfully contrasted with the state of the people near the coast. All the articles have their prices affixed.

The slight geographical information inserted, cost, doubtless, many earnest inquiries. This information includes the almost unquestionable existence of a nation of cannibals, at a considerable distance southward of Sego.

Park's anxiety to be gone was generously seconded by the munificent monarch of Bambarra, even to the extent of impoverishing his own naval establishment, by sending to Park, first, a canoe of which half was rotten, and then another, of which half was not of a size to be joined to the sound half; and then another large canoe, the half of which was "very much decayed and patched." The royal goodness

bestowed what would otherwise have been used as firewood. On such materials, however, Park fell to work:—

"I set about joining the best half to the half formerly sent; and with the assistance of Abraham Bolton (private) took out all the rotten pieces; and repaired all the holes and sewed places; and with eighteen days' *hard labour*, changed the Bambarra canoe into '*His Majesty's* [not the same majesty] schooner *Joliba*;' the length forty feet, breadth six feet; being flat bottomed, draws only one foot water when loaded"—P. 163.

While this, nearly the last of our traveller's labours, was in progress, he lost his brother-in-law, Mr. Alexander Anderson, an event of which he speaks in terms of the deepest regret. "I then," he says, "felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa."

Thus forlorn, he was not, however, the less in haste to press forward to the accomplishment of his own destiny, whatever it might be; and though there are some expressions of hope in the letters written a day or two before his departure, it would seem quite impossible he should not have strongly foreboded that his preparations were, in fact, for no other end than that of following his lamented relative. The last entry in the Journal is, "November 16. All ready, and we sail to-morrow morning, or evening."

What remains has been told in almost all our daily and other periodical publications, and can here require very few words. Isaac's engagement terminated at San-anding, and on his return to the Gambia he brought back this Journal, and Park's last letters, one of which, to Mrs. Park, is dated the 19th of November, and says, "We shall sail the moment I have finished this letter." He was thus known to be committed, in a nearly defenceless state, to the river, to the Moors, and to the immensity and perils of an unknown region; and this was all that was known, or even reported, for some time. "But in the course of the year 1806, unfavourable accounts were brought by the native traders from the interior to the British settlements on the coast; and it was currently reported, but upon no distinct authority, that Park and his companions were killed." Colonel Maxwell, governor of Senegal, was fortunate enough to engage Isaac to go in quest of information. After an absence of about twenty months he returned to Senegal on

the 1st of September, 1811, with a full confirmation of the reports concerning the traveller's death. He delivered to the governor, who procured to be translated, a journal of his own expedition, kept in Arabic, including another journal given to him verbally by Amadou Fatouma, the guide who had accompanied Park from Sansanding down the Niger. This double journal contains a very few passages considerably curious, independently of the main object, the inquiry after Park; it has on the whole, however, a very meagre and unintelligent cast, and is wholly unsatisfactory with respect to that main object. Isaaco states that at a place on the Niger, a little beyond Sansanding, he met, unexpectedly as it seems, with the identical Amadou Fatouma, who, at seeing him and hearing his inquiry concerning Park, began to weep; and his first words were, "They are all dead." He then gave a short narration (in Isaaco's recital, at least, it is miserably short), of their course from Sansanding to a place called Boussa, within the dominions of Houssa, or Haoussa. Fatouma said, that no one went on shore during this voyage but himself, and that they had a number of battles with hostile canoes that pursued them at several places in their progress. In one instance they fought a fleet of twenty of them, and in every instance killed a number of the crews, which is not at all strange, if, as he asserts, each one of the party had nine muskets ready loaded. They had one of these rencounters in passing the port of Timbuctoo. Fatouma's engagement as guide, interpreter, and purveyor, terminated at a place named Yaour, the commencement of the kingdom of Houssa. To the chief of this town Park sent some presents for himself, and afterwards some presents entrusted to him for a superior personage called "the king," who was not far from the place. On receiving these latter the chief sent to inquire whether Park would return that way from his expedition, and received for answer that he should not. This answer, either the biographer or Isaaco observes, appears to have been the cause of his death. For as soon as he had set sail, the chief sent men to "the king," and Fatouma, who had already reached his Majesty's house, or palace, heard the message they brought.

They said to the king, "We are sent by the chief of

Yacour to let you know that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the chief) anything; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma now before you is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both."—"The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons; which was accordingly done, and everything I had taken from me."

After three months he was liberated; and then he learned the catastrophe which had resulted from this false message which the chief had been emboldened to send, on the assurance that Park would never return. Amadou had the account, he said, from a slave who was in Park's canoe, and was the sole survivor of the party.

"The next morning early the King sent an army to a village called Bous-a near the river side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high: there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. The army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself: he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw everything they had into the river and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe; and nobody but myself; therefore, cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king."—P. 214.

A door-way for a river like the Niger—the current nevertheless deemed by Park safe for a canoe—his believing in the safety of the current, and yet keeping up a long fight with the army instead of shooting through, as in such a channel he would, like an arrow—his throwing everything in

the canoe overboard—the jumping out of the canoe to go through the passage (we suppose through the passage) just as much exposed to missiles as they would in passing in it—and the army fighting away at the deserted vessel and the solitary slave—and, to crown this miraculous account, yet although Park and the whole complement could not keep the boat “up against the stream,” the single remaining slave was able to do it easily; for there he remained, to be pelted, to remonstrate, and to have his boat and himself taken possession of by men who must have leisurely come to him from the rock!—never, certainly, was there a stranger deposition. But we cannot help ourselves; it is all the information that Isaac—a miserable tool, we suspect, at cross-examination, seems to have been able to gain; it completely, as far as appears, satisfied himself, as a true account of Park’s death, and it may be the only account we shall ever have of that deplored event. As to the fact itself that he perished, the biographer briefly and clearly shows how absurd it would be to retain any longer a doubt; and it is quite probable enough it might be at the place assigned, the probability is strengthened by a circumstance or two related (if at all truly related) by Isaac; while of the precise manner of his death we shall never perhaps feel any confidence that we are rightly informed. Yet we earnestly hope that some of our countrymen now living may have the opportunity of interrogating the people of Yaour—if that same chief himself, so much the better—on the subject; and may be appointed to see that *door-way* of the Niger under very different auspices.

The Appendix contains a highly interesting discussion of the several theories of the course and termination of that mysterious river. The author clearly states the reasons in support of each opinion, and the opposite ones which throw the utmost doubt on *any* opinion. Perhaps he rather leans to that of Park, that the Niger comes into the South Atlantic Ocean under the name of the Congo, a magnificent stream, several miles broad, and, according to different reports, fifty or a hundred fathoms deep, and running with the velocity of six miles an hour.

HOBHOUSE'S ALBANIA.

A Journey through Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey in Europe and Asia, to Constantinople, during the Years 1809 and 1810. By J. C. HOBHOUSE. 4to. 2 vols. 1813.

We deem it wholly unnecessary to explain the causes, generally of a quite accidental nature, which may have put a respectable book greatly out of the order of time in our critical records. Some apology might otherwise be due to Mr. Hobhouse for the delay we have suffered to take place in regard to our notice of the present work.

Mr. Hobhouse's book has been favourably received by the public, and he has taken his rank advantageously among our adventurous young scholars, who have sought amusement and wisdom in the direction of the rising sun. Perhaps we may be tempted to think that the consideration of their number, and of the disposition laudably indulged by so many of them to inform the world of the course and events of their peregrinations, might properly have been allowed to have somewhat more influence in compressing and shortening Mr. Hobhouse's narrative. The regular fulness and minuteness of story, which are highly acceptable and gratifying in some of the scenes, might in others have been advantageously quickened into a rapid course of brief notices. We will acknowledge to have had at times some little sense of fatigue, particularly during the first stage from Malta to the quarters of that singular personage, the despot of Albania. With all praise to the integrity that rigidly refrains from fiction and poetical exaggeration, and relates the series of plain facts, it may be permitted to insinuate that many a day's story of such facts, even in the precincts of what once was Greece, may go, as to the interest of readers, nearly to the same account as the traveller's slumbers and dreams. Doubtless, it may be very mortifying that so much should be done for what shall appear so small a result; that an intelligent observant man shall be moving day after day over plain and hill, through wood and glen, in fair weather and foul; with all his faculties and senses kept on the alert; with literally myriads of successive sights

and sounds coming to his eyes and ears, with a large train of divers two-footed and four-footed animals; with considerable toil and inconvenience, and very great expense; and in a country a great way from home, among outlandish visages, costumes, and dialects,—and that such a day, with all these varietics, shall really have nothing that can be interesting to the public. It is difficult to be convinced that such a combination of exertion, apparatus, and scene, can be only just for a man's own self. But men must be constrained to find that a very large proportion of the economy of their life and action, in whatever scene, is plainly for no other than this individual personage. Travellers, especially, want to be taught this lesson,—which they would be greatly assisted to learn by reflecting that *du t is but dust, i am but i am, wet clothes but wet clothes, a brook but a brook, a bridge but a bridge, a copse but a copse, eating but eating &c, &c*, in whatever part of the world these things occur, and whatever mortal man it may be that has been enabled to bear testimony to their occurrence.

We do not mean to chuge strongly on Mr Hobhouse the kind of fault indicated in these remarks, but we will acknowledge they have been suggested by a certain slight sentiment of impatience with which we have here and there gone through a portion of his work.

Just mentioning, that Mr Hobhouse and his "Friend" (Lord Byron), left Miltion the 19th of September, 1809, and four days afterwards obtained their first sight of Greece, we shall pass over a considerable space, in which, nevertheless, some particulars of curious and useful information are introduced, and meet them at Janina, the capital of Ali, Pasha of Albania, a province identical, speaking in a general way, with the ancient Epirus. Very striking were the impressions made on the minds of the travellers at the first view of the city, and at their entrance, but nothing will strike the reader so much as the *harmonious* quality of these impressions —

"A gleam of sunshine afforded us an opportunity of contemplating the fine prospect of the city and its neighbourhood. The houses domes and minarets, glittering through gardens of orange and lemon trees, and from groves of cypresses—the lake

spreading its smooth expanse at the foot of the city—the mountains rising abruptly from the banks of the lake,—all these burst at once upon us, and we wanted nothing to increase our delight, but the persuasion that we were in sight of the Acherusian lake of Pindus, and the Elysian fields”

The man that looks over all this beautiful domain, and its living men, and its suspended pieces of dead men, with that strange and bewitching consciousness with which no other man can look over the scene,—consciousness of being master of it all,—was, at the time of the visit, at a distance from this central point of his dominion, he was even gone near to a position where he could not preserve the perfection of the same delectable consciousness, but possibly the vivid anticipation of carrying it thither ere long, might be nearly as gratifying. He was gone to “finish a little war,” as the travellers were told, in a style of apology for his absence by his secretary, and the Greek primate of the city, who waited on them with congratulations, and a profusion of fine things in the way of compliment, and bringing the pasha’s request that they would visit him at his military head-quarters, for which purpose an escort was placed at their command.

But they wished first to take a look round them where they were; and it was proper they should pay their respects to the grandees who had remained in the city, as representative of the absent potentate. These were three of his grand-sons, a son of Mouctar Pasha, who has distinguished himself in fighting the Russians, and two sons of Veli, Pasha of the Morea, the second son of Ali. These personages hold their state in the palaces of the family, their respective ages being twelve, ten, and seven years. There are few things in the book more curious than the description of the manner in which they comported themselves in these ceremonious interviews. Each of them enacted, with marvellous completeness, the part of a mature personage, maintaining with apparent facility a sedate and graceful dignity, excepting that in one instance, when the party were walking to see the different apartments of the palace, nature came out, through the stately manhood of seven years old, in a propensity to take a little skip: a slight, grave admonition from his highness of twelve, instantly

restored the dignity of deportment. As these portions of the dynasty moved along the streets, the people paid them the greatest reverence, mingled, however, with something indicating a strong feeling of kindness, especially towards the bey of ten years old.

Jannina is conjectured by our author to be, "after Salomka and Adrianople, and perhaps Widdin, the most considerable place in European Turkey. In its utmost length it may be perhaps two miles and a half; and in breadth, though in some places it is much narrower, nearly a mile." Many of the houses are large and well built, having court-yards furnished with orange and lemon trees, and other means of making the residences agreeable; but presenting a gloomy appearance to the street, from the form and constantly closed state of the entrance, and the smallness of the windows, latticed with cross bars of wood. The number of inhabitants is quite a matter of conjecture, but Mr. Hobhouse thinks thirty-five thousand the very lowest guess bearing any probability. "Of the number whatever it may be, one-tenth perhaps are Mahomedans, and the remainder Christians, with a few Jews." a considerable proportion, it seems, of these Christians, are Greeks, "partaking in every particular of the manners and customs of the Greeks of the Morea, and neither wearing the Albanian dress nor speaking the Albanian language. Many Albanians also are of the Greek church."

Some account is given of the trade of the place, in which almost all the Greeks are engaged. The traveller happened to be there at the time of an annual fair, at which all the tradesmen are obliged to shut up their shops in the city, and set up booths in the plain. It is very much by means of this exposure and assemblage of wares, that the vizier gets a knowledge of the property of his good subjects.

Here are the goods imported from the Ionian Islands, and the ports of the Adriatic formerly, but now mostly from Malta, in Slavonian vessels under the Turkish flag. Various articles are enumerated. The goods for export are oil, wool, cotton, and tobacco for the ports of the Adriatic and Naples; "and for inland circulation through Albania and Roumelia, spun cottons from the plains of Triccala,

stocks of guns and pistols mounted in chased silver, both plain and gilt, and also embroidered velvets, stuffs, and cloths, which are here better wrought than in any other part of Turkey in Europe." The Greeks of this city excel in embroidery, but there was no person in the whole place who could mend an umbrella, and "only one man, a poor Italian, was capable of making a bedstead." It is not easy to conceive what detriment to the public weal even so shrewd and vigilant a philanthropist as Ali Pasha should have apprehended in the existence of some good mechanics, that he should have resolved to make his city uninhabitable to all such dangerous animals. "The only encouragement," says Mr. Hobhouse "an able mechanic would meet with, would be employment at the vizier's palace, without receiving any emolument. This is of itself sufficient to put a stop to every exercise of ingenuity." Is it that with all such ingenuity this great statesman has associated some idea of political machinations?

With respect to the topography of the city and vicinity, the traveller is at a loss to identify it with any of the classical localities. He laughs at the confident assumption with which Pouqueville ascertains the Acherusian Lake, the Acheron, and in a particular forest, four leagues from Janina, the grove of Dodona, and at the frontier with which he affirms that the plains are denominated by the people at this day, the Elysian Fields, and that there is a stream which they call Cocytoz. But in two high ridges to the north and east, named Tomorh and Metzovo, Mr. Hobhouse consents to recognize Tomirus and Pindus.

A journey of several days in a north-westerly direction, through a country affording great diversity, and sometimes great beauty and extent of views, but presenting in some parts a miserable spectacle in the state of the inhabitants, oppressed by the exorbitant taxation of the pasha, brought the travellers to Tepellene. This was the native place of that despot, and was at that time honoured with his presence, while he was prosecuting his war against the Pasha of Vallona, whom he had reduced to shut himself up, and was now besieging, in Berat, one of his fortified towns.

On his arrival at Tepellene, Mr. Hobhouse takes occasion to notice the informal quiet manner in which the Mussulmans,

performed their devotions, and the perfect security to those who pray, of suffering no disturbance from those who do not.—

“The prayers, which last about ten minutes, are not said aloud, but muttered sometimes in a low voice, and sometimes with only a motion of the lips, and, whether performed in the public streets or in a room excite no attention from any one.” The Albanians are not reckoned strict Mahomedans, but no Turk, however irreligious himself is ever seen even to smile at the devotions of others, and to disturb a man at prayers would, in most cases, be productive of fatal consequences.”

One expression here would seem to allow an inference that some material portion of the Mahomedans (for that is the sense in which Mr Hobhouse uses the denomination Turk) are, in their way, “irreligious,” a fact of which we were not aware. It was the time of the Ramazan, or Mahomedan Lent, during which the fasting lasts till sunset, to be followed, through the night by festivity and as much noise as may comport with Turkish gravity, with the never-fading intermixture still of religion.

There is something strongly indicative of superiority of mind in the case, vivacity, comparative neglect of ceremony, and absence of the pomp of state, about this man —

‘We took pipes, coffee and sweetmeats with him, but he did not seem so particular about these things as other Turks whom we have seen. He was in great good humour, and several times laughed aloud which is very uncommon in a man of consequence, I never saw another instance of it in Turkey. Instead of having his room crowded with the officers of his court which is very much the custom of the pashas and other great men he was quite unattended, except by four or five young persons very handsomely dressed in the Albanian habit, and having their hair flowing half way down their backs, these brought in the refreshments, and continued supplying us with pipes which though perhaps not half emptied, were changed three times, as is the custom when particular honours are intended for a guest.”

This superiority to the pompous formality and ostentation of rank, is the more remarkable, from the circumstance of his having risen from poverty and insignificance, a change of condition which, when effected through any other medium

That superiority of mind, is almost infallibly accompanied with a great solicitude about state, and show, and etiquette. Indeed, we fear the case may have been heard of, in which even talent itself, in ascending from an humble condition to something of rank in society, has been attended with, and turned to ridicule by, this contemptible littleness.

Mr. Hobhouse goes into some extent of historical exposition of Ali's life and character. His father was "a pasha of two tails, but of no great importance. At his death the son found himself possessed of nothing but his house at Tepelenë; and it is not only current in Albania, but reported to be even the boast of the vizier himself, that he began his fortune with sixty paras and a musket." He made himself master of one village after another; played the freebooter on a constantly enlarging scale, paying his troops with plunder, taking care however to secure such a share to himself that he was at last enabled to purchase a pashalic of an inferior order. He soon schemed or fought himself into the superior one of Janina, in which he was confirmed by a firman from the Porte: the better was he able to fight away against all the surrounding pashas, against whom he was, probably, as dexterous at finding legitimate causes of war as if he had been brought up in one of the Christian courts of Europe.* Nor was he wanting in the requisite craft for less expensive enterprise. He contrived, for instance, to poison the Pasha of Vallona, by a cup of coffee, and then obtained the daughters of that pasha's successor as wives for his two sons, who were in due time manœuvred, by the same adroit and powerful hand, into the possession of pashaliks. The one of these, Mouctar, is represented as eminently brave; the other, Veli, as distinguished by all his father's ambition and policy. Mouctar has commanded, with great *éclat*, the Albanian quota to the imperial armies,—for Ali still preserves some forms, and furnishes some tributary acknowledgment of allegiance to the grand signior. He has even personally served under the banners of the Sultan; but no cunning could ever inveigle him to court, nor catch him in any of the snares that were repeatedly laid for the purpose of taking his head thither without him, "a present," says Mr. Hobhouse, "which would have been most acceptable to the Porte ever

since the commencement of his career." Stories are told of the skill and courage with which he has frustrated the schemes for obtaining this gratification. Repeated offers have been made him of the high office of grand vizier; but he, good simple man, had not ambition enough for that. In short, he holds his extensive dominions virtually in defiance of his nominal superior, and governs and enlarges them just as he pleases.

A variety of facts are related by our author, in illustration of the desperate pertinacity with which the robber tribes have clung to their habits; insomuch that this worthy reformer, Ali Pasha, would doubtless be moved to laugh again at the suggestion of the possible efficacy of any milder process of melioration. Perhaps, at the same time, he would have the honesty to confess, that this most barbarous and sanguinary discipline is not more agreeable to his judgment than to his taste. At least it is probable these savage inflictions cost him just as much in painful sympathy, as he would feel at the cutting and burning of briars and thorns to clear a path through a brake. His justice and revenge are quite of a piece; and whether the victims are men or women, seems nearly the same to him. Several acts are related of revengeful and hideous cruelty perpetrated on women. The quiet treachery with which, when that mode suits him best, he can prepare his tragedies, renders the catastrophe the more horrible. At the first interview of the Englishmen with his highness, they noticed that Vasily, their Albanian attendant, was spoken to by him in something like the easy style of old acquaintance. Afterwards,—

"On telling this man that the vizier seemed well acquainted with him, 'Yes,' he replied, 'he ought to be well acquainted with me; for I have come down with the men of our village, and broken his windows with shot, when he did not dare to stir out of Tepellendë.' 'Well,' he was asked, 'and what did Ali do to the men of your village?' 'Nothing at all; he made friends with our chief man, persuaded him to come to Tepellendë, and there roasted him on a spit; after which we submitted.'"—
P. 115.

With fully enough, we think, of solicitude to guard against the home-prejudices with which, Mr. Hobhouse says, travellers are apt to suffer their judgments of persons in other

nations to be biassed, he attempts some little extenuation of the pasha's atrocity, by extending the condemnation to the Turks in general. Among them "the life of man is held exceedingly cheap, more so than any one who has not been in the country would believe; and murders, which would fill all Christendom with horror, excite no sentiments of surprise or apparent disgust, either at Constantinople, or in the provinces; so that what might, at first sight, appear a singular depravity in an individual, would, in the end, be found nothing but a conformity with general practice and habits." As to the destruction of women, the Albanians, if possible, hold it a more trifling matter than the people of any other part of that barbarian empire. The sex are systematically regarded and treated with contempt, and even aversion,—are estimated, according to our traveller, very much in the same way as cattle. "The habit of life of the men, which forms almost all of them into bands of soldiers or outlaws, appears to render them quite independent of the other sex, whom they never mention, nor seem to miss in their usual concerns and amusements." The unfortunate beings, however, are not so far forgotten as to escape the imposition of hard labour, which is animated and rewarded with the frequent discipline of blows. Among the men, so much estranged from domestic society and mainly living in gangs, the most nefarious vices prevail "to an extent," says Mr. Hobhouse, "of which no nation perhaps, either modern or ancient, unless we reluctantly except the Thebans, can furnish a similar instance. Even the Gothic Taifali (I must refer to Gibbon, chap. 26, for their depraved institution) could not be quoted against this assertion, and sufficient proof should be given of its truth, were I not aware of the propriety of the maxim approved, or probably invented, by the great Latin historian: *Scelera ostendi oporteat, dum puniuntur flagitia abscondi.*"

It does not appear that the denomination of Christian has any preventive virtue upon the bearers of it, against the vices of the country. They are things in which the adherents of the opposed religions can symbolize, while a due separation is faithfully preserved with respect to religious tenets and ceremonies; for Mr. Hobhouse contradicts Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's assertion of the conformity of many of

the Albanians to both the modes of worship: "They go to the mosques on Fridays, and to the church on Sundays, saying, for their excuse, that they are sure of protection from the true Prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world." Mr. Hobhouse could not hear, he says, of "any instance of so philosophical an indifference, or rather of so wise a precaution." It is not for us to say what would have been exactly the form of this lively second-thought, if the author had given it out in the full expression of what it means or implies. Brevity is so little his habit in other matters, that it would have been no marked excess of amplification, had he taken the assistance of a few more words, to announce clearly the position (if that be the thing implied) that in point of evidence the religions of Mahommed and of Christ are on a level.

While the people have neither the philosophy to despise both the religions, nor the *prudence* to cultivate them equally, they manifest nevertheless either a liberality or an indifference, which appears more nearly than in any other part of the empire, to equalize the condition of the adherents of the established and the dissenting faith. The high spirit of nationality—the pride they equally and sympathetically feel in being Albanians—places each of them in the other's view on a more advantageous ground than their religion. Even the Greek part of this mountaineer population seems somewhat less abject than that miserable race as beheld in the other provinces of Turkey.

The redoubted Ali, it is said, was but a very indifferent Mussulman in his early life; but, arrived at the age of sixty, though he was not become particularly impatient to exchange Albania for paradise, he had, nevertheless, judged it prudent, as Mr. Hobhouse was informed, to show somewhat more complaisance to the Prophet. It was lucky that he should not, during the season of this reformation, have been accessible or obsequious to any of those spiritual doctors, who would have inculcated that a sacrifice of Nazarenes would be the most acceptable to that vile object of adoration.

Albania could not be the most interesting scene of our traveller's movements and observations; but being previously much the least known, it has furnished more novelty

information than the other tracts he surveyed. We have, therefore, devoted to this part of the book a great proportion of the space allotted for the whole, and shall employ but few pages in recounting the principal positions in the long sequel of the journey and the book.

The religion of the Greeks appears to consist mainly of superstitious fancies and ceremonies, the latter of which are turned very much to the account of amusement, which they seek so eagerly and habitually, that even their funeral rites are mingled with merriment, like those of the lower class in Ireland, between whom and the Greeks this is not the only point of resemblance. The priests, who are greatly out of proportion in number, have very great influence with their people, which they seem to turn chiefly to their own advantage, and therefore are the best fed and best lodged portion of the community, for the instruction of which they appear very little qualified, and very little disposed to make any exertions.

The Greeks are active and knowing in trade. Very great numbers of them follow a sea-faring life; and though quite destitute of science, have considerable practical skill in navigation: indeed, they are the only sailors of the Turkish empire. They are to the last degree mercenary and avaricious. If this appears sufficiently natural in the few who find themselves nearly within reach of those posts of distinction which the Turkish government condescends to sell to Christians (it sells also the chief dignities of the Greek church), there does appear something a little strange in the violent prevalence of this passion for money among them all, in combination with their perfect and experimental knowledge of the impossibility of their enjoying or retaining wealth under the domination of Turkish avarice.

They have a scarcely less ardent passion for their country and for independence. They detest their Mahomedan masters, and are invoking heaven and earth (not to mention any other powers—*Acheronta movebo*, &c.) for the means of throwing off the yoke. The superior rank—if such a term may be applied to slaves—who have more to hope, or to retain, from the contemptuous favour of the court, are more cautious and less zealous, but the great body would enthusiastically meet all the dangers of any tolerably

feasible scheme, or hopeful occasion of an insurrection for liberty. Our author describes the anxious hopes with which they have looked towards one and another European state, and their change of feeling with respect to England, which they had once heard of as a power favourable to the deliverance of slaves from tyrants. He very sensibly discusses the whole subject, and offers them very little encouragement from any quarter. He is much less sanguine than many among us have thought there was cause to be respecting the speedy fall of the Ottoman empire in Europe.

Some readers will wish that, in his course from Smyrna to Constantinople, he could have kept clear of that melancholy swamp of talent, learning, and industry,—the Troad. It is really lamentable to think what a measure of literary toil, and almost enthusiastic zeal, has been consumed in the business of attempting to verify the locality of a city and of a war, the very existence of which city and war none of these ill-employed enthusiasts can have the confidence, for fear of the spectre of Jacob Bryant, positively to affirm. It is perhaps from a kind of spite at such misdirection of industry and labour, that we are almost gratified to see the Homeric topography, as a reward of that zealous industry, shrouded under a still thickening fog in Mr Hobhouse's sceptical survey. As, even could we know that there was a real Troy with a real war, the grand show of the Homeric war, at all events, will be acknowledged fictitious, we may well be content to accept a fictitious scene also. At any rate, it seems nearly decided we think that we shall never satisfactorily make out any other.

It is fair to observe that notwithstanding the languid interest of the principal subject, there are parts of the long investigation that are very interesting to an antiquarian taste that may be quite sated of Troy.

We must here dismiss this highly sensible and entertaining though in some parts too prolix travelling history, by acknowledging that there remains much of which we give no account.

CURRAN.

Speeches of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, on the late very interesting State Trials.
Fourth Edition. 8vo. 1816.

WHEN we looked into this collection at its first appearance, we were willing to indulge some degree of hope that it might prove to be the precursor, and perhaps in some way or other, the cause of a larger assemblage and exhibition of the effusions of this most brilliant of advocates. We wished it might not be too much even to hope that, like several great orators, ancient and modern, who had been their own editors, he might be induced to lend some assistance himself towards the recovery and permanence of the master-performances of his forensic life. But no such consequence or sequel has gratified the public taste. Even as to the specimens secured in this solitary volume, the editor has to acknowledge with very just regret that in the first and each succeeding edition they have appeared without the advantage of the slightest intervention of their author, an advantage which he apprehended there was so much cause to despair of obtaining for them, that he did not venture to solicit. They are given, therefore merely on the very unsatisfactory authority of the reporters in the contemporary journals or pamphlets, reporters not, probably, the most dexterous of their profession, and often, when the orator "drove furiously," left toiling far behind, like Time panting in pursuit of Shakspeare.

The editor having been, it seems, long in the habit of hearing Mr. Curran's Speeches, would be much more sensible of the defects of these reports than the generality of their readers; but he has nevertheless felt himself bound to forbear any attempt at rectifying even what he deemed the most palpable defects, judging that such corrections ought to come solely from Mr. Curran himself, and wishing that these faults and imperfections might provoke him to come forward to do justice to the splendid character of his eloquence by an authenticated publication. We have now but little hope of such a consequence, but earnestly wish it

could be obtained. Mr. Curran is one of that small class of persons, whose failings to leave in the literature of their country performances fully illustrative, and perpetually monumental, of their talents, may without affectation be adjudged a wrong done to the community. Not to notice that all remarkable phenomena, as well in the intellectual as in the physical world, are due to history,—it might surely be asserted, that a nation has a just claim to be put in lasting possession of whatever will furnish the most true and vivid representation of a mind which has had a material influence on its fortunes; a mind which has been profusely honoured with its applause, its gratitude, its caresses, and its admiration; a mind which that nation has taken, with a few other powerful minds, as a kind of ground and justification of a high estimate of the mental capabilities of its people. Besides, there are at all times so many influences of mediocrity acting upon a people, from the little mental elevation and capacity of the vast majority of the persons holding, by office or rank, the ascendancy over them, that it is very important to perpetuate, in the best possible form, the agency of those stronger spirits that have the most powerfully stimulated the national faculties. May we not add, that in the possible and lamentable case that one of these strong spirits has combined with its more beneficial energy certain moral habits, the example of which must have been injurious to contemporaries, it is the more desirable to perpetuate the influences by which he will solely or mainly do good? It is a grievous thing to be under the necessity of making this kind of allusion, in order to avoid the appearance of being beguiled by noble intellectual powers, most worthily in many respects exerted, into an indifferent estimate of any of the cardinal points of morality. Why should not our unrivalled advocate have been as bright on *every* side as on that of his talent and courageous and consistent patriotism?

On a re-inspection of parts of this small collection, we still more and more regret, that the effusions, we might say the explosions, of such a mind should have been almost all destined to flame and vanish without any one being near that could reflect them complete in a lasting memorial; that there was no person to perform with adequate skill,

the service analogous to that of the painter Fabris, who so admirably delineated Vesuvius while on fire; and that, if we may prolong the figure, the exhibition in the present volume has so considerable a proportion of what reminds us of scoræ and cinders. The intellectual fire comes out here and there with surprising force and beauty. It is quite enchanting to see what a power of mind can be thrown out in a single sentence. Sometimes there is a train of such sentences, keen in intelligence, glowing with passion—generally indignant passion—and brilliant in fancy. All these qualities meet sometimes in one sentence. And as, most commonly, such a sentence was levelled at some scoundrel or other, the reader exults to think how it must have smitten on his head. In some parts there is a considerable length of plain but vigorous and acute discussion, in application of law, or appreciation of evidence, the orator being too strong for argument to be often disposed to escape through either the dazzling or the shades of his imagination; while, nevertheless, if he *had* been in peril in the contest, this resource was as certainly at hand, and almost as certain to be effectual, as the interposition of the gods in the Iliad to carry off their favourites involved in a cloud.

The readers of the volume will be struck, as Mr. Curran's auditors have always been, with the prodigious versatility of his oratorical talents, a versatility which we should hesitate to attribute in an equal degree to any other of the renowned public speakers: Burke, who had almost all talents, did not, we think, possess a faculty of humour so flexible and comic. It may be very doubtful praise to say, that Curran could descend to absolute drollery and buffoonery, and on that ground as on others, could "hit away his competitors." It is recollected that once in the performance of his official duty in court, he suddenly fell into the character of a drunkard, with the appropriate hiccuppings, and staggerings, and broken sentences, all acted in a manner so ludicrously representative of some person whom he wished to expose to contempt, as to gain in aid of his cause all the coarse reinforcement of the risible and gamesome feelings of those on whose decision it depended. But even from such a low revel of his energies, his mind would easily have

risen, at the slightest prompting of occasion, within the same hour, into the region of intellectual meteors or stars, — would have bounded among splendours and sublimities, and darted away with a track of light towards the remotest regions of thought. His whole mental action has an appearance of facility and spontaneousness of which even the readers of this volume can form but a very imperfect idea. If this sometimes betrays him into a freakish wantonness of fancy and humour, it does not prevent, when the interest is important or complicated, a most pertinacious prosecution of the object, with all the sublimity of distinction and closeness of argument. If he seems sometimes in a whirl of fancy to be carried from his subject, he never loses sight of it. It is admirable and delightful to observe that never-winking perspicacity on which no sports of his own mercurial spirit, no circumstances of interruption, confusion, opposition, or provocation, no scattered extent and diversity of topics, can ever pass a delusion. The whole subject stands constantly revealed in his view, and whatever any part or particle of it contains that is available for his purpose, he is certain to elicit. His clients must sometimes have been surprised to observe the relevancy of topics and the force of arguments, in his hands, which had never even occurred to their own busy and inquisitive thoughts. The sensible and patriotic editor of the volume informs us, that Mr. Curran, while at the bar, surpassed all his fraternity in the sagacity of cross-examination.

* No part of the process of the trials is given but his Speeches, with those occasional sentences of interruption which came from the court; but the manner in which he sometimes comments on wicked evidence, may give some idea of the torture he must have inflicted on the suborned and perjured wretches, while he had them under the *question*, and of the little less enviable sensations of more important personages, when they had an interest in the success of the villany. The galling missiles of this terrible sagittary would not seldom strike those more important persons themselves, sometimes by a direct but sudden aim, and sometimes by a matchless dexterity of slanting flight. Of this latter there is an admirable example in the first of the Speeches, a very long one, before the lord lieutenant

and council, on a question of the right of election of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a very important subject then and there, though now, and to English readers especially, of the most diminutive interest: but the Speech, even thus imperfectly reported, contains some fine specimens of acute argument, unexpected resource, daring and presence of mind, and happy and powerful satire; and then, there is the indirect and most vengeful piece of inflictive justice to which we alluded. The chief object of it was the Lord Chancellor Clare. In making some historical references, strictly connected with his subject, Curran took occasion to introduce the character of an Irish Chancellor in the time of Queen Anne, Sir Constantine Phipps, who had actually committed some such violations of the municipal rights of the city of Dublin as the splendid court to which the advocate was addressing himself, had given ground for suspicion of being disposed to repeat. My Lord Chancellor Clare seemed afraid there might, in such hands, be mischief in the subject, and interrupted Mr. Curran with an observation that it was altogether foreign to the present case. In a few calm sentences the advocate showed how it *had* a very evident relation to it; and then, probably from the mere impulse of the moment, for the passage comes in with all the ease of casual thought, went off in the following strain, and very probably, though it is not mentioned, fixing the well known intrepid keenness of his dark eyes on the proper object:—

“In this very chamber did the chancellor and judges sit, with all the gravity and affected attention to arguments in favour of that liberty and those rights which they had conspired to destroy. But to what end, my lords, offer arguments to such men? A little and a peevish mind may be exasperated, but how shall it be corrected by refutation? How fruitless would it have been to represent to that wretched chancellor, that he was destroying those rights which he was sworn to maintain, that he was involving a government in disgrace, and a kingdom in panic and consternation; that he was violating every sacred duty, and every solemn engagement, that bound him to himself, his country, his sovereign, and his God. Alas! my lords, by what argument could any man hope to reclaim or dissuade a mean, illiberal, and unprincipled minion of authority, induced by his profligacy to undertake, and bound by his avarice and vanity to persevere? He would probably have replied to

the most unanswerable arguments, by some curt, contentious, and unmeaning apothegm delivered with the frosty smile of irritated self-sufficiency and disconcerted arrogance; or even, if he could be dragged by his fears to a consideration of the question, by what miracle could the pigmy capacity of a stupid pedant be enlarged to a reception of the subject? The endeavour to approach it would have only removed him to a greater distance than he was before; as a little hand that strives to grasp a mighty globe is thrown back by the re-action of its own effort to comprehend. It may be given to a Hale or a Hardwicke to discover and retract a mistake; the errors of such men are only specks that arise for a moment upon the surface of a splendid luminary; consumed by its heat, or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perverseness of a mean and narrow intellect is like the excrescences that grow upon a body naturally cold and dark: no fire to waste them and no ray to enlighten, they assimilate and coalesce with those qualities so congenial to their nature, and acquire an incorrigible permanence in the union with kindred frost and opacity. Nor, indeed, my lords, except where the interest of millions can be affected by the vice or the folly of an individual, need it be much regretted, that, to things not worthy of being made better, it hath not pleased Providence to afford the privilege of improvement?"

"How fares my good lord chancellor the while?" He could not keep himself quiet on the velvet cushion of state, he again admonished the offerer of the sulphureous incense that he had altogether departed from the proper ground of his subject. Curran resuming, re-asserted argumentatively the propriety of taking a wider scope of observation than that dictated to him by the court; and he went on,—

"I am aware, my lords, that truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress: I know also that error is in its nature flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."

This sentence appeared to his lordship so ominous of another storm, that he moved to have the chamber cleared, and during the exclusion of strangers "moved the council that Mr. Curran should be restrained by their lordships' authority from proceeding further in the line of argument he was then pursuing; but his lordship was overruled," and

the advocate went on as he pleased ; but judging, doubtless, that he had now literally fulfilled his duty to the chancellor, did not recall him by a new attack from the luxury of rumination on what he had already received.

It is evident from the general clearness and connexion of the thoughts, and the complete construction of the sentences, that this Speech was much more fortunate in a reporter than many of the others. It was effectual as to the point in litigation.

The powerful Speech for Mr Archibald Hamilton Rowan, attained its deserved celebrity in England, and will maintain it by means of several splendid passages which have taken their place among our ordinary collections of extracted specimens of fine composition.

Between the speeches we have referred to, are interposed, subsequently to the first edition, several brief reports of Speeches in the Irish parliament, where the orator was not less at his ease, nor less courageous against oppression and corruption, than in the courts of law. But the editor acknowledges these are feeble abstracts, and inserted only in compliance with what he understood to be the public wish. They are indeed, with the exception of some spirited passages, but faint echoes of orations which no doubt abounded with sentences like those at the commencement of a Speech on Attachments, in 1754 — .

“ Mr Curran said he hoped he might say a few words on this great subject, without disturbing the sleep of any right honourable member (the attorney-general having fallen asleep on his seat), and yet, perhaps, added he, I ought rather to envy than blame the tranquillity of the right honourable gentleman. I do not feel myself so happily tempered as to be lulled to repose by the storms that shake the land. If they invite any to rest, that rest ought not to be lavished on the guilty spirit.”

The defence of Mr Oliver Bond is very inefficiently and meagrely given ; it might even as well, perhaps, have been omitted, if no better report could be obtained. In those for the family of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Patrick Finney, and Mr. Peter Finney, we recognize the orator's characteristic power ; eminently so in the last, which is a defence against a prosecution for a political libel. It abounds with

eloquent representations of the importance of the liberty of the press, illustrative at the same time of the extent to which that liberty must go, if the phrase is to be used in any sense that shall not be an idle or a bitter mockery of the people.

The prosecution was for the publication, in a newspaper, of a bold, indignant letter to the lord lieutenant (Lord Camden) on the subject of the execution of a Mr. William Orr, for administering the oath of a United Irishman to one Wheatley, who turned informer and evidence against him. A verdict of death had been given against Orr, by a jury of whom three men soon afterwards, and before it was too late, most solemnly made oath, with all the earnestness of remorse, that they had been at once intimidated and made drunk to force their concurrence in the fatal verdict, while in their consciences they were satisfied of the innocence of the prisoner. A recommendation of mercy was transmitted by the judges to the lord lieutenant; the informer was proved to be a most infamous wretch; three successive respites were granted by his excellency, who nevertheless terminated the process and the long suspense by consigning the prisoner to death. In observing on the strong language of Mr. Finerty in animadverting on this decision, the advocate appeals to the jury whether *any* terms could be strong enough for the occasion; and under the privilege of his office he takes upon himself to make, with the aggravated force and severe sting of his own eloquence, the very assault for which the prisoner was prosecuted. In doing this he took his stand on the implication conveyed in the noble prosecutor's refusal to permit the prisoner to produce his offered evidence of the truth of all the facts asserted in the libel. We presume it is the very same person, now in an English prison, that was in an English court in the very same way refused, when pleading in mitigation of punishment, the benefit of evidence which he offered to prove the truth of charges which he was under sentence for having published against another noble personage, relative to transactions in Ireland in those melancholy times. Of this most eloquent Speech it appears Mr. Curran did not, at the time of coming into the court, expect to utter one sentence. It is, therefore, a passing wonderful display of mental power. And its energy and splendour come with an indefinitely augmented

force on the reader's mind, from a certain moral element which pervades the performance. It is of a far different quality from the eloquence of a mere advocate. The advocate is lost in the patriot, the lofty censor, the philanthropist. Indeed, partly owing to the nature of the subjects in many of these trials, as involving great and national interests, and involving them in a melancholy manner, and partly owing to the habits of the orator, as a politician, a large thinker, and the associate of large thinkers, it is a very prominent general distinction of Mr Curran's eloquence, as displayed in this volume, that it is something quite different from that of a mere clever barrister. It has the mingled complexion of the legislator and the poet, often indeed reddened and darkened into a vindictive and awful expression at the view of great and favoured criminals.

We cannot make extracts of sufficient length to display to full advantage the manner in which he represents the condition of Oir, and the feelings of his family, and the appeals to the conscience and the feelings of the jury whether they can, in the sight of God and their country, dare to justify by their verdict the chief inflictions of these feelings, nor would we detract from the conviction any part of the truly dreadful picture of the state of the nation abandoned to be devoured by demons in the shape of privileged and rewarded spies and informers. A picture, of the truth of every part of which he convincingly appeals to them that every man of them has the most absolute conviction and certain knowledge, while nevertheless they are assembled, as he plainly tells them they themselves know by selection and management, for the purpose of giving a verdict which shall virtually declare all these representations to be false.

But the Speech which beyond any other that our readers ever heard or read will put their indignant emotions beyond their power to restrain, is that for Mr Hevey against Major Sirr. We would make an abstract of the facts of this case, whatever space it might occupy but from the consideration that this volume has already been extensively read and will be yet much more so. For these two last-mentioned Speeches not to have been recalled to public memory and circulation, and secured for perpetuity, would have been a great loss to justice, history, and eloquence. In perusing the latter of

them, every reader will ask with impatience whether several horrid miscreants exhibited there continued to enjoy impunity, nay favour and distinction, and whether no infesting thorns have been lodged beyond extraction in the consciences of those who could employ such agents and sanction such transactions.

The Speech against the Marquis of Headfort must be well reported; it is prodigiously vigorous and brilliant, with a great deal, at the same time, of art and dexterity in giving effect to the topics.

The greatest part of the very long Speech in the case of Judge Johnson is a laborious and dry law argument, but ever and anon the orator and the wit will break out; and there are some very fine passages.

The last article in the volume is a short Speech pronounced by Mr. Curran in the capacity of Master of the Rolls, on a trial before him on a will which had been thought invalid for the Popish tendency of its bequests. This Speech has an uncommon degree of compression and elegance, as well as force of expression.

The word elegance reminds us that we should somewhere have remarked that the orator often violates good taste in his allusions and figures, especially in the way of degrading nobler objects by taking them in analogy with mean ones for the sake of some one point of resemblance, when their greater dissimilarity as elevated and mean, should have kept them asunder.

BRITTON'S CATHEDRAL ANTIQUITIES. *

Cathedral Antiquities of England. By JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A., 1814.

FOR a number of years past there has prevailed, and there continues to prevail, in the literary world, a most extraordinary, and what sober men may deem a most excessive, passion for bringing back upon us everything belonging to times long since gone by. It is not from the grand and venerable features alone of antiquity that this zealous passion

has laboured to disperse the deepening shade, but every mark, and point, and blemish, every quaintness or deformity, every cut and cast of costume, every button, or loop, or tatter, has been explored with anxious, and erudite, and solemn industry, and never did the prophets of Baal more earnestly invoke the descending fire, than our devout antiquaries have looked and panted, and almost gasped for a few more vouchsafed rays of light to bless their eyes with the very last invaluable minutiae—of spots and hairs and particles of dust. And what words can describe the exultation as one more, and still one more, of these precious matters has become discernible!

This prevalence of antiquarianism is rather a strange thing for times like these. Is it that there has been such an ebullition and effusion of mind that all the sweepings of the older world are become necessary to stop and absorb the overflowing element? Is it that our mortification at having been baffled and falsified in all our schemes and ventures of predicting the future, has thrown us, by a kind of impulse of resentment, back upon researches into the past? Or is it that, suspecting we are chargeable with many absurdities, we seek a kind of refuge among the greater absurdities of our forefathers?

Whatever be the explanation, the fact is obvious that, for some time past, there has been a widely-extended and most industrious zeal for recovering all the worthless trifles that had been lost in the dust and darkness of past ages, as well as those matters which may fairly be adjudged to belong to general knowledge and cultivated taste. And this zeal has had policy enough to bribe the fine arts to its assistance, and the pencil and the graver have wasted their labour and refinements on a vast variety of utter rubbish—rubbish heraldic, monumental, sculptural, architectural, and of sundry other kinds.

At the same time, there is the consent of all persons of liberal mind, that to some certain extent, and that bounded by no contracted line, antiquarian study is on the level of the more dignified order of our intellectual occupations. There is some certain proportion of the contents of old records, and of the legends of old monuments, which it is desirable we could have abstracted and assigned to the

proper places in the great body of history. And there are on the surface of the earth, and beneath it, a vast number of objects, the result of the design and labour of its departed inhabitants, which deserve to be accurately investigated and described, and to have their forms imitated and multiplied by the graphic art, in order to preserve their resemblance when many of them shall have perished, and to gratify innumerable inquisitive persons who will never be able otherwise to obtain images of them to be placed among the pictured forms in their imagination.

Mr. Britton stands conspicuous among the labourers on the more liberal and pleasing tracts of antiquarianism. He has long been contributing largely to the gratification of a rational taste for what may be called the monuments of past ages. In saying this, it is not necessary we should be of opinion that *every* object on which he has bestowed his labours has deserved them, or could be made, even by those labours, to deserve the attention of persons of taste. It is probable there is an absolute impossibility of devoting the mind so zealously, so uninterruptedly, and so long, to antiquarian pursuits, as Mr. Britton appears to have done, without losing somewhat of the power of discriminating impartially *what* objects are deserving of the labours of thought and art, and what are not. Such habits shall generate a propensity to find something interesting in *any* very old construction of stones, or piece of chisel-work upon them; a reluctance, therefore, to let so large a portion of old relics go to the account of mere rubbish, as ought in all reason to be so consigned. But certainly few antiquaries by profession have sustained so little injury from this perverting influence as Mr. Britton, and on the whole he has very worthily served the cause of liberal antiquarianism and elegant taste.

He has now, after so long a preparatory exercise, commenced a work which, if he shall live to complete it (and we cordially wish he may), will surpass every work relating to English antiquities. He enters on it with a combination of advantages, in the public taste for highly decorated works, in the assurance of having ample facilities of research afforded to him, in his own attainments from previous discipline and practice,

and in the wonderful perfection of the arts of delineation and engraving. How rude, and poor, and even contemptible, in comparison with the performances of our present artists, is the graphical part of most of the works on ecclesiastical and other architectural antiquities of a century, or even of half a century back!

It was perhaps good policy in our author to begin with a cathedral, of which the elegance is more immediately obvious than that probably of any other of these Gothic structures. And if its elegance had been still more signal than it is, all its admirers might now be satisfied with its portraiture. It will be waste of labour for the pencil to be employed any more on this structure, till that period which will arrive, whatever may be its distance, when this superb pile, with the others of the same order, shall have been long abandoned to the operation of time, and shall present itself still more picturesque in ruin. Then for another such man as our author, with his exquisite draughtsmen and engravers. The people of that time may equal the people of this in taste for elegant works, but as for religion—it is evident from the nature of the case that they must be all—to a man—literally heathens.

Mr. Britton's first announcement of his plan was in terms which were thought somewhat too ambitious, and bordering on arrogance. The language of the preface to this volume, and which was published with the concluding portion of it, is extremely moderate, and in some degree depreciatory. He represents calmly that a laborious and expensive work is to the author a concern of great anxiety, both at the commencement and the conclusion, while the critic may lightly condemn, quite at his ease, suffering nothing and hazarding nothing. We think, however, that Mr. Britton, besides his own unquestionable merits, is so much too good company to have anything to fear. No royal patronage, nor academical honours, nor the favour of the courts of criticism, could stand him so much in stead as the attendance of Messrs Mackenzie, Le Keux, Baxter, &c, &c, the operators of his drawings and engravings. The volume is besides, in reference to the prevailing rate of fine works, very remarkably cheap. Indeed, he states that the expense of bringing it out will not be repaid by the sale of the whole impression;

so much has it exceeded his first calculation, chiefly in consequence of his having more plates, more letter-press, and a still higher style of execution, than he had engaged in the proposals. He trusts to the increasing favour of the public for ultimate remuneration. That favour, it appears, has already proved more than equal to his expectations. And assuredly, on the condition of undiminished excellence of execution, he may reckon with confidence on all the success he could desire,—unless there should be any degree of danger, that a very long series of exhibitions of objects so considerably resembling one another, should ultimately encounter the disadvantage incident to everything which gives an impression of sameness. It may be doubted whether the number can be very great of persons that will not be tired before they have gone through the whole score of chronological catalogues of bishops, and of records of the building, endowing, and repairing of churches. And as to the mainly captivating part of the work, the plates, while there can be no doubt that persons who have really made ecclesiastical architecture a study, may find quite enough to keep up their curiosity and interest, at each successive stage, in the peculiarities which in each structure will diversify a form of architecture substantially of the same character, Mr. Britton is yet perfectly aware, that a considerable proportion of the purchasers of such a work, are persons possessing no such knowledge, being only admirers, in a general way, of fine prints and striking aspects of fine structures. It will be natural for these, in process of time, to become desirous of a greater change of objects than that of merely passing to another cathedral.

In consideration of this portion (no diminutive or unimportant one, assuredly) of the favourers of such a work, it will be the good policy of the conductor to exclude very carefully the absolute dross of antiquarian topography: for instance, the monumental inscriptions in the churches. Mr. Britton says he had intended to insert a quantity of this material in the present volume, but could not make room. We are glad that even so his design was frustrated; but we hope that henceforward he will *on system* take the benefit of his own precedent.

We transcribe from the preface a few sentences of what

In planning and executing the present work, as part of a ~~mission~~, the author has endeavoured to gratify the architect and connoisseur. He has sought to inform the architect and antiquary by geometrical elevations and details; and the connoisseur and general artist by such views of the building as display its most distinguishing and interesting features. It has also been his wish to please another class of persons by accurate delineations of ancient sculpture. In historical and biographical narrative, he deems truth of paramount importance; and as this is of difficult attainment, he has sought it with diligence and caution. Every accessible source has been resorted to, contending authorities compared and analyzed, and collateral evidence brought in. Although he had already written an account of this church and its monuments, he has re-examined every statement, re-written every line, and made much alteration and addition in every part."

The biographical list of bishops is, as it ought to be, very brief, and affords but little of which we can avail ourselves for extracts. In the account of Osmund, afterward the patron saint of the place, there is a curious notice of the wretched plight the service of the sanctuary was in, from the diversity, and rivalry, and jumble, and contradictions, of the forms of worship. Many of the cathedrals had their distinct respective established forms or "*Uses*;" but Salisbury, it seems, had a frightful mob and combustion of worships, till this good bishop's time. Ecclesiastics, brought thither from various quarters, and some of them, by the invitation of the Conqueror, from France, were zealous each to establish the mode he had imported. The bishop worked his way at last through the confusion, and established a *Use Ordinale*, or *Consuetudinary*, that is, a complete service for the church. It was so much approved that it was adopted by most of the other cathedrals in England, Wales, and Ireland. "It not only regulated the form and order of celebrating the mass, but prescribed the rule and office for all the sacerdotal functions." No doubt all the contending parties at Sarum, after a little time for allaying the spirit of competition, were right glad to have it all authoritatively and finally settled what sort of prayers they really were to perform, that they might have no further trouble of thinking about the matter.

"The reader of even so slight an ecclesiastical record as this

biographical catalogue, will be struck with the very remarkable fact, that the profoundest homage to the Papal Church was compatible, in the English ecclesiastics, with a very great degree of refractoriness, and at times, downright hostility, to the Pope's authority and mandates, when these happened to be in opposition to their own will and interests.

After our author has led the whole train of prelates before us and out of sight, he describes the form, arrangement, and construction of the building, which is to contain so many more of its transient mitred regents. This portion of the work compresses much information in a small space, and it excites afresh our astonishment at the ability and daring displayed by the architects. It was in the disposition of stones that the intelligence of the age mounted the highest. The freedom and vigour of mind evinced in their department by the architects of this structure, bore about the same proportion to that of the contemporary spirit in persons in theirs, as its wonderful tower and spire to the chimneys of the surrounding houses.

From Mr. Britton, however, those able but unknown adventurers towards the clouds receive little thanks for their loftiest exploit. It will be fortunate if he does not find himself involved in a violent antiquarian hostility for having dared to pronounce so fine a thing as the spire an ill-judged addition to the edifice. We will quote his words, but dare not hazard any opinion on such a question :—

"Although this spire is an object of popular and scientific curiosity, it cannot be properly regarded as beautiful or elegant, either in itself, or as a member of the edifice to which it belongs. A may-pole or a poplar-tree, a pyramid or a plain single column, can never satisfy the eye of an artist, or be viewed with pleasure by the man of taste. Either may be beautiful as an accessory, or be pleasing in association with other forms. The tall thin spire is also far from being an elegant object. Divest it of its ornamental bands, crockets, and pinnacles, it will be tasteless and formal, as we may see exemplified in the pitiful obelisk in the centre of Queen Square, Bath : but associate it with proportionate pinnacles, or other appropriate forms, and like the spire of St. Mary's Church in Oxford, or that of the south-western tower at Peterborough Cathedral, we are then gratified."—P. 74.

With respect to the plates, it would not be easy to find any language too emphatical in praise. Nothing more exquisite has been seen, or can be conceived, than the execution of the greater number of them. The drawings are chiefly by Mackenzie, and two thirds of the engravings are by J. and H. Le Keux. Several are only etched in outline, especially the monuments; and this is the very utmost labour that such pieces of sculpture deserve. But as many as twenty, including all the views of the edifice, exterior and interior, that are most adapted to effect as pictures, are carefully finished, and with a wonderful vigour and delicacy.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Contemplations of the State of Man, in this Life, and that which is to come By JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D., and late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. A New Edition, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich. By the Rev. JOHN NELSON GOULTY. 12mo 1817.

JEREMY TAYLOR is one of the chief of a tribe of powerful spirits, who are returning among us after a sojourn in comparatively oblivious estrangement from our literary sphere, to resume the place in general attention which has been usurped by an inferior order of thinkers. It would seem as if the sound of thunder had brought them back—that they are partly drawn by sympathy with that state of commotion and energy into which the general mind has been shaken and fired by the tumult of an unparalleled crisis of the moral world; of which one of the effects has been to throw an imputation of comparative tameness, limited power, and artificial execution, on the standard literature of the last century, and to create a taste for indulging in the stronger excitements of a bolder, and perhaps wilder manner of writing. We are willing to

anticipate great advantages from a revolution in taste, which will leave fewer readers by many, contented in the school of elegant commonplace, and mere elaborate, systematic bound mediocrity. Many books well written, in a certain moderate sense of that description, will be very insipid to a reader coming directly from the enchanted wildernesses of Jeremy Taylor, to the flat, though possibly well-cultivated ground of a merely sensible composition,—much as there may have been in those wildernesses of what is unsightly and of what is of little use; for it would betray a perfect fanaticism of admiration, not to be struck with some futilities, and many gross offences to good taste, amid the intellectual scenery, depicted in the pages of this wonderful writer.

With respect to these Contemplations, we question whether they can be deemed to furnish a fair and sufficient exhibition of the author's powers. Most of his characteristic faults are prominently apparent; but we think the brilliance and sublimity are not quite in the same proportion as in some of his sermons; that, indeed, there are not many passages in his loftiest manner. We are also compelled to think that the greatest number of even thoughtful readers, must experience a want of sympathy with this mode of sentiment, in representing the vanity and misery of this life, and the mournful, revolting, and dreadful circumstances of its conclusion. Much of the representation is of a kind that does not come home to the actual feelings of men. The emphasis of lamentation is not felt to be laid right. The emotion that should be excited is repressed by a very palpable appearance of downright rhetoric, selecting topics for show, and those often of a very foreign and inapplicable kind; darkening the whole life with a systematic exaggeration, which takes no account of exceptions and qualifying circumstances; and expatiating on the hideousness of death, viewed as an absolute evil, and with a studied exclusion of those glimpses of celestial light, which transform the aspect of this dreadful spectre. For the purpose of a general estimate of the state of man on earth, that is not a correct view of death which represents it solely and absolutely as an evil, taking no account of the possible alleviations. It is

Indeed one of the prevailing faults of the declamatory parts of Taylor's writings, that he takes the *extreme* advantage of this topic. He accumulates all real and all imaginable aggravations, sometimes to the extent of a fantastic extravagance of the good or evil he is representing, and will suffer no intrusion of those ideas which are absolutely requisite to limit and modify the exhibition to a reasonable conformity to reality or probability. So that the reader, carried along in concurrence with the sentiments to a certain length, absolutely stops at last to see how much further the orator will go. And while he admires the inexhaustible ingenuity, he nevertheless feels the genuine force of the subject acting upon him with diminishing rather than augmenting effect, in proportion as the representation appears to be growing into oratorical excess.

No reader of taste can fail to be struck, in perusing this volume, with a fault which prevails in his other writings,—a careless and even violent mingling of what is coarsely material, with what is highly intellectual and abstracted, and of what is very homely and even low, with what is splendid and sublime. We most readily admit, indeed, and should even zealously contend that nothing can be more opposite to a just notion of eloquence than a rule to exclude familiar and very humble objects and topics from all intervention in the illustration of great subjects. Under the direction of taste, a genius even less prolific and plastic than that of Taylor, can conjure very mean matters, with a marvellous appearance of appositeness, into very unexpected relations and dignified services; and this he does in innumerable instances. But, nevertheless, he does often fling, and blend, and heap together the mean and the magnificent, the gross and the subtle, the most vulgar objects of the senses and the most recondite forms of thought in so very crude a combination as to exhibit the most uncouth and sometimes almost monstrous conformations of ideas. Perhaps the works of no other eloquent and devout author can match such a sentence as the following (p. 220), suggested by the use in Scripture of the term “supper,” as applied to the happiness of religion and of heaven: “The principal *dish* which is served in at this great supper is the clear vision of

God, and all his divine perfections." In representing the manner in which a departing saint is welcomed in heaven, and the blessed often repeating in divine music these words, Well done, good and faithful servant, &c., he adds, in the most grave and positive manner, "which words they shall repeat inquires." He says God shall be to the blessed in heaven "music to the ear, sweetness to the taste, balsam to the smell, flowers to the touch." In another place in a similar occasion he has it, "the comfortable smell of amber." Speaking of the rapid diminution of our time, he says, "the motion of the heavens is but the swift turn of a spindle which rolls up the thread of our lives; and a most fleet horse on which death runs post after us." Speaking of the importance of being ready for death, as enforced by the consideration of the uncertainty of life, he says: "It's good ever to have our accounts made with God; since we know not but he may call us in such haste as we shall have no time to perfect them; it's good to *play a sure game*, and be ever in the grace of God." And a little further on, enforcing the awfulness of the expenditure of time, in the view of what may be gained by it or lost, he thus sustains the dignity of the topic: "Endeavour, then, whilst it lasts to *get a good bargain*; for this life once past, there is no more occasion for traffic." In the same chapter he says: "The artillery of death is already shot, and there is no quarter of an hour wherein it flies not more than ten millions of leagues to overtake thee." There are parts of this chapter, nevertheless, ("Of Death, and the certainty of it,") which are signally powerful and striking. In some of them the thought is brought forward in the form of illustrative comparison, presenting itself in an abrupt, inartificial manner, and with a rough, homely familiarity of expression. The following may be taken as one of a multitude of specimens to be found in this volume of the bold, rough-featured kind of composition, which so frequently in the Bishop's writings comes out with a sudden assault upon the reader, instead of inviting his attention with selected and well-managed phrases:—

"To this uncertainty of death is to be added that of being only one, and only once to be tried; so as the error of dying in

cannot be amended by dying well another time. God gave ~~this man~~ his senses and other parts of his body double; he gave him two eyes, that if one failed he might serve himself of the other; he gave him two hands, that if one were lost yet he might not wholly be disabled; but of deaths he gave but one; and if that one miscarry, all is ruined. A terrible case, that the thing which most imports us, which is to die, hath neither trial, experience, or remedy; it is but only once to be acted, and that in an instant, and upon that instant all eternity depends, in which if we fail, the error is never to be amended.

"If an ignorant peasant, who had never drawn a bow, should be commanded to shoot at a mark far distant, upon condition that if he hit it, he should be highly rewarded with many rich gifts, but if he missed it, and that at the first shoot, he should be burnt alive, in what straits would this poor man find himself! How perplexed that he should be forced upon a thing of that difficulty wherein he had no skill, and that the failing should cost him so dear as his life; but especially that it was only once to be essayed, without possibility of repairing the first fault by a second trial! This is our case: I know not how we are so pleasant; we have never did, we have no experience or skill in a thing of so great difficulty; we are only once to die, and in that all is at stake; either eternity of torments in hell, or of happiness in heaven: how live we then so careless of dying well; since for it we were born, and are but once to try it."

Another paragraph may be quoted to exemplify the tumultuous torrent-impetus with which the course of ideas often rushes along, daringly careless of congruity and probability:—

"As in this life the rigour of God's justice is, as it were, repressed and suspended, so in that point of death, when the sinner shall receive judgment, it shall be let loose and overwhelm him. A great and rapid river which should for thirty or forty years together have its current violently stopped, what a mass of waters would it collect in so long a space. And if it should then be let loose, with what fury would it overrun and beat down all before it. And what resistance could withstand it! Since then the Divine justice, which the prophet Daniel compares, not to an ordinary river but to a river of fire, for the greatness and fury of the rigour, shall be repressed for thirty or

forty years during the life of man, what an infinity of woe will it amass together, and with what fury will it burst out upon the miserable sinner in the face of the offended Judge? And, therefore, the prophet Daniel saith, that a river of fire issued from his countenance, and that his throne was of flames, and the wheels of it burning fire; because all shall then be fire, rigour, and justice. He sets forth unto us his tribunal throne, with wheels, to signify thereby the force and violence of his omnipotency, in executing the severity of his justice; all which shall appear in that moment when sinners shall be brought into judgment, when the Lord shall speak to them in his wrath, and confound them in his fury."

The vigour of conception, the austerity, the kind of assailable impetuosity, of which such passages will give some slight idea, are exemplified to a degree almost oppressive, in the part of the book which displays, at great extent, the state of lost spirits: it largely exemplifies also, the violent confusion of the different elements of thought in a chaotic turbulence. Physical plagues and mental agonies are closely mingled together, as at once in fierce conflict and co-operation over their victims, whose misery is confounded while it is augmented between the coarsest disgusts of sense and the more refined anguish of reflection; between the thought of the eternal loss of the Divine favour, and the intolerable annoyance of the stench which it is repeatedly, and formally, and with all possible emphasis, asserted that the bodies of the damned, as well as certain vehicles analogous to bodies, attached to the devils, will perpetually emit while they are eternally burning. In the revolting combination the torments of a physical kind are made much the more conspicuous, and are particularized and amplified with all the grim and prolific ingenuity of Dante. The pious Contemplator deemed himself authorized by those few terrific material images which have been employed in the Bible for a figurative intimation of the severity of the future punishments of the wicked, to exhibit, in the most positive manner, as matters of literal reality, every horrid form of material torment, and every loathsome form of offensive sensation, which he could stimulate his imagination to conceive. Much of this portion of the work, therefore,

instead of being awfully and dissuasively impressive, is purely and utterly hideous. The mind recoils in disbelief, regarding it as nothing else than a frightful and disgusting fiction of what there may be a temptation to call a fierce poetical imagination. And if we had not good reason, from other evidence, to regard the pious author as, in a considerable degree, a man of gentle spirit, we should receive a very ungracious impression of the temper of his mind from that appearance, almost, of ease to himself, with which he dwells and dilates on the infernal horrors—that protracted creative activity, that something like poetical interest, with which he invents and ramifies and accumulates and arranges modes of torment. And this impression forces itself on the reader the more, from the circumstance that the author instead of being, while declaiming these horrors rapt away in an awful and prophetic trance, which would obliterate for the time, his sense of immediate relation to this world and to the human beings in it and suspend in a degree the claims of human sympathy, is giving every moment the most palpable signs that he is consciously and closely in the company of his fellow mortals: his discursive discourse being full of references to familiar circumstances in our life, and nature, and society. He seems to be pointedly looking into faces, and observing the breathing and action of life, and almost feeling the warmth and pulsation in the hands of human creatures, while he enters to the utmost particularity, and with the most frightful and often the coarsest vividness of description, on the corporeal textures of condemned sinners. The intense fire of his imagination flames directly from the human fuel around him—so very directly from the physical substance of the human nature and from its grossest constituents and accidents that the burning has no sublimity in its horror. The light it gives is fit to be reflected from the countenance of a worshipper of Moloch.

On such subjects and on all others the author displays a mighty power of aggravating the emphasis by means of some single striking image or supposition, not seldom, however, the thought so employed shall have a certain character of enormity, either essentially in the conception,

or as being pushed to extravagance. The great river obstructed and damned up for thirty or forty years is an example. We will transcribe two or three more :—

“Such are the torments and miseries of hell that if all the trees in the world were put in one heap, and set on fire, I would rather burn there till the day of judgment, than suffer only for the space of one hour that fire of hell.”

“We ought not to think much at the sufferings of a thousand years’ torments, or to remain in hell itself for some long time, so we might behold Christ in his glory, and enjoy the company of saints, and be partakers of so great a happiness but for one day.”—“If those joys of heaven were short, and these of earth eternal, yet we ought to forsake these for those.”

“So powerful is that love and joy which springs from the clear vision of God, that it’s sufficient to convert hell into glory ; insomuch, as if to the most tormented soul in hell, were added all the torments of the rest of the damned, both men and devils, and that God should vouchsafe him but one glimpse of his knowledge, that only clear vision, though in the lowest degree, were sufficient to free him from all those evils both of sin and pain.”

“So foul and horrid is a mortal sin in its own nature, that though it passed only in thought, and none knew it but God and he who committed it, and which endured no longer than an instant, yet it deserves the torments of hell for all eternity.”

For the purpose of aggravation he seeks to put an idea in the most extreme and violent form of language which shall startle us with a first impression of portentous absurdity. But, indeed, no second thoughts can excuse such a mode of expression ; for instance, as when he represents sinners in their condemnation at the Divine tribunal, as found guilty, not only of self-destruction, but of Deicide ! His words are :—

“The murderer who stands charged with the life of a man although it be of some wicked person, yet fears to be apprehended and brought to judgment ; how is it then that he who is charged with the life of God trembles not ? Consider how dreadful it shall be unto a sinner, when he shall receive a charge not only of his own being, and his own life, but also of the being and life of God.”

The plain meaning of these expressions, even taken thus

detached from the context, will be readily apprehended; but assuredly a great deal of corrective discipline was wanted by an eloquence which could avail itself for aggravation of such a license of language.

Taylor is the most arbitrary tyrant over ideas and words that ever had the business of subduing, and ruling, and employing them. When he takes a fancy to make any of them serve a purpose, he cares not how repugnant or unadapted they may be. They are coerced with hasty violence into the appointed places; and there they are kept, how glaringly evident soever it may in any case be, that there they are necessarily counteracting the purpose for which they are forced thither. He would sometimes appear as if contented to lose the proposed effect, for the wanton indulgence and display of mere power. It is peculiarly so in his excessive exaggerations. When, for instance, in representing the brevity of life, and adverting to the antediluvian age, as no exception to that representation, he says: "Those who lived more than eight hundred years esteemed their life but as a shadow, and in the instant when they died judged they were scarce born: a life of eight hundred years was no more than the flitting up and down of a little sparrow, or the flight of an arrow;"—and this is not in any direct comparison to eternity: it is impossible he should not have been sensible he was bringing ideas together but to contradict one another.

In contemplating great monarchies, in existence or in history, we are, from what cause soever, the less offended at the view of some disorders and abuses, some excesses and caprices, in the exercise of power, in proportion to the extent of the dominion. If the intellectual emperor and tyrant of whom we are talking is to have the benefit of this our instinctive idolatry of power, he will be but little injured in our esteem by all his extravagances, his violences, his sweeping, indiscriminating dictates, his uncouth or monstrous combinations, his wild orgies and frequent permission of the *saturnalia* of ideas; for the extent of his range is quite marvellous, especially for all kinds of illustrative facts, analogies, similes, and all manner of spectacles, fantastic, splendid, or fearful; and, if we were to speak with special reference to this book, we might add repulsive.

It appears to us that this great orator fails very much in the pathetic; not for want of passion, perhaps, but for want of simplicity. We are never long borne away by a current of feeling too deep and high for us to be touched, retarded, diverted, or intercepted and caught by things in the way. The pathetic effect of many a glowing passage is spoiled by some grotesque phantasm, or ingenious or erudite allusion, or complication of quaintnesses and rudenesses of phraseology. There is frequently also what we do not well know how to describe otherwise than as a hardness and harshness of sentiment, a somethiing austere and roughly judicial, in parts that might otherwise produce great emotion. While the orator utters the expressions that belong to passion, he scarcely ever seems dissolved in passion, and the reader is not absorbed in sympathy.

These last remarks are made as particularly applicable to the present work. Its predominantly gloomy character is not that of a pensive melancholy, affecting, inspiring, and tending immediately to sublimity and devotion; but a rugged, frowning austerity, which can recount miseries and menace horrors in a firm harsh tone, only inflected sometimes, rather than relaxed, by the rapid force of mind which throws a certain kind of vivacity into the train of the most gloomy ideas, and most rigorous denunciations. The terrors of death we have before remarked that the author represents in a manner much too indiscriminating; and he will sometimes, as if in a kind of tragical wantonness of aggravation, make, without the slightest hesitation, such alarming implications or assertions, as it is really difficult to believe expressive of his deliberate opinion, — at least if they mean all they seem to mean. Such a sentence, for instance, as the following, — does it not assert that no man can know, before his death, whether his future state shall be happy or miserable? and if it does, are we to believe that to have been the author's decided judgment? Or has the clause we put in italics *no* definite meaning, being only flung out, in a kind of gloomy sport of fancy, to darken the meditation?

"Death, because it is the end of life, is by the philosopher said to be the terrible of all things terrible: what would he

have said, if he had known it to be the beginning of eternity, and the gate by which we enter into that vast abyss, *no man knowing upon what side he shall fall into that profound and bottomless depth!*"

A circumstance contributing greatly to enhance the gloomy character of the book, is the very sparing reference made to the effect of the merits and sacrifice of Christ, and the assistance and operations of the Divine Spirit; together with the expressions recurring here and there, which *seem* to refer a creature most guilty and unworthy at the best, to a desperate resource, as to the interests of eternity. We presume the Bishop did not mean to teach, systematically, that a man's confidence, in the approach of death and judgment, must be chiefly founded on his own virtues; but something apparently so much resembling this principle is suggested by expressions like the following, as to deepen the gloom of his formidable representation of death. Describing the arraignment at the Supreme tribunal, he says,—

"Thou art to expect no patron, no protector, but thy virtuous actions: only they shall accompany thee, when all shall leave thee, they only shall not forsake thee; the rich man shall not then have multitudes of servants to set forth his greatness, nor well-fee'd lawyers to defend his process; only his good works shall bestead him, and they only shall defend him."

But there is so much that is oratorically, confusedly, and in a sense carelessly, thrown out in the rapid career of our author's composition, that it would be quite unjust to hold him accountable for the full import and consequences of every transient expression or proposition he may scatter in his course. What would a strict commentator do, for instance, with a sentence in which, after showing what an aggravation it will be to the remorse and despair of lost sinners, to think how much God had done towards effecting their welfare and salvation, the Contemplator says, in so many words, "They shall tremble to see what God did for the good; and that he did so much as *he could do no more!*" In short, we must remark, at the hazard of being charged with a fifth or a tenth repetition of our own sen-

tences, that the work displays a most wonderful latitude and wildness of unguarded assertion.

The portion which displays the state of the 'blessed in heaven, has many forcible and brilliant passages. Especially a part of the fourth chapter of the second book ("On the Greatness of Eternal Pleasures,")—the part suggested by that one of the many pathetic sublimities of the Bible, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," is in a lofty and enchanting strain, in Taylor's best manner. The intervention may be suspected of a slight degree of beautiful fallacy; but there is truth enough to sustain the sublimity. This is doubtless the most elevated part of the work; and it bears something analogous to the celestial roseate hue which forms an evening vision of such exquisite beauty on the summits of the highest mountains.

The main substance, however, of what we should regard as the most useful in the book, consists in a certain portion of the striking illustrations and solemn enforcements of those trite topics, the shortness and uncertainty of life, the unsatisfactory nature of sublunary things, and the dreadful folly of forgetting the approach of death and judgment. For the vigorous, and, if we may so express it, fulminating manner in which these subjects are forced on the reader's mind, we should deem the republication a service to the public, in spite of the grave exceptions it is impossible to help making, to both the style and the matter of the work. And also to some persons not hitherto acquainted with Taylor, and deficient in the courage for approaching him amid his formidable array of folios and quartos, this small volume may serve as a specimen highly characteristic, though on the whole estimate not quite equal in quality to the average merit of a similar quantity of composition taken in some of his best works. Within the space of a few pages, anywhere, there is something above the reach of ordinary writers. It is true, at the same time, that Taylor, like other distinguished divines of the same age, had the fault of an indiscriminating and immeasurable copiousness. He seems to go on writing absolutely everything that occurs to him, without the slightest attempt at selection or compression. There is consequently interfused through the composition, in a very considerable proportion, matter

of an indifferent quality, a multitude of make-weight and inert sentences, among which the reader must not be surprised to meet some of the humblest commonplaces and truisms. But he really *cannot* help surprise at the excessive credulity of which this volume affords several exemplifications. The author seems not to have had the slightest surmise of mendacity or credulity in the authorities on which he describes the Egyptian Thebes, as a city of which "most of the houses were of alabaster marble, spotted with drops of gold," and which had a hundred gates, "out of each one of which there issued ten thousand armed men, which in the whole came to be an army of a million." But this is an utter trille to what immediately follows: he tells us with all the apparent gravity of the most perfect faith, that,—

"Marcus Polus writes, that he passed by the city of *Quinsay*, which contained *four-core millions of souls*: and Nicholas de Conti, passing not many years after by the same way, found the city wholly destroyed, and begun to be newly built after another form. But yet greater than this was the city of Nineveh," &c.

ASTRONOMY AND THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION.

A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy By THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. 8vo. 1817.

If infidelity is so busily and zealously intent on its purpose, that no means of offence against revelation can be too inconsiderable to be eagerly seized for the use of the warfare, it may be conceived what a value will be set on any reinforcements that can be obtained from the dignified resources of the sublimest science. If the pottiest quibbles, if witticisms, smart or dull, or the lying wonders of Popery, or Chinese chronology, or the virtues of Mahomedans and Pagans, are all welcome for the array against Christianity, what proud exultation may well be felt at the view of any

possibility of engaging, "the stars in their courses to fight against it."

Any possible result of this ambitious attempt may be awaited by the believer in Christianity, with perfect tranquillity. He stands on a ground so independent of science, that nothing within the *possibility* of scientific speculation and discovery can essentially affect it. A train of miracles, attested in the most authoritative manner that is within the competence of history; the evidence afforded by prophecies fulfilled, that the Author of Revelation is the Being who sees into futurity; the manifestation, in revealed religion, of a superhuman knowledge of the nature and condition of man; the adaptation of the remedial system to that condition; the incomparable excellence of the Christian morality; the analogy between the works of God and what claims to be the word of God; and the interpositions with respect to the cause and the adherents of religion in the course of the Divine Government on the earth:—this grand coincidence of verifications has not left the faith of the disciple of Christianity at the mercy of optics and geometry. He may calmly tell science to mind its own affairs, if it should presume, with pretensions to authority, to interfere with his religion.

He may content himself thus to repel the arrogance of science, when it intrudes in the spirit of a proud and inimical interference. But if, in a large and enlightened contemplation, it is found that science comes to be in harmony with religion, and even to subserve and magnify it, such tribute and alliance are by all means to be accepted. All wise men will protest against that feeling which some good men seem willing to entertain, as if the more limited and exclusive a thing religion could be made the better; a feeling which may have sometimes been heard to utter itself in expressions like these: "Beware of losing your religion in those delusive vanities to which you give the denomination of enlarged views, sublime contemplations, and the like. What have we, or our religion, to do with the universe, or its fancied inhabitants? The business of religion is the salvation of our souls; and if we are duly attentive to that concern, we shall have no time or inclination for vain speculations about the economy of other worlds

and races, about the moral condition of people in the stars." It is easy to reply, by remarking, that the amazing fact, placed within the evidence of our senses, of the existence of a countless and inconceivable multitude of worlds, each of them of a magnitude to which ours is but an insignificant ball, cannot be thus lightly disposed of, but demands a sentiment corresponding to such a fact; that, as one Being has created and sustains them all, they may rationally be conceived to constitute one system, in the sense of being formed and arranged on a scheme which combines them all in a relation to one another, in reference, at least to an ultimate effect or object which they are co-operating to accomplish; that, if any principles or illustrative phenomena of this grand union can be described, they are obviously available for the loftiest purposes of religion; that, whether they can or not, the amazing vision of the universe simply, in its mere mass and infinity of magnificence, tends mightily to exalt our conception of the Divinity; and that, therefore, to affect to render so much the greater homage to the principle and purpose of religion, in regarding the grandeur of the universe as quite foreign to it, would more justly incur the suspicion of contractiveness of intellect, than claim to be regarded as a concentration of piety, too intent on the personal interest of religion to go so far abroad in imagination.

In this series of Discourses, it appears to be quite as much the eloquent author's object to co-extend the truths and feelings of revealed religion, with the demonstrations and speculations of astronomy, to the utmost vastness of its field, thus at once giving the amplitude of the science to religion, and the sanctity of religion to the science,—as to defend religion against the objections attempted to be drawn from the discoveries of astronomy.

'The first half' of the performance, however, keeps in view the argument against Christianity, which "does not," our author says, "occupy a very pre-eminent place in any of our treatises of infidelity, but is often met with in conversation; and we have known it to be the cause of serious perplexity and alarm in minds anxious for the solid establishment of their religious faith."

"This argument involves in it an assertion and an inference.

The assertion is, that Christianity is a religion ~~as~~ from ~~of~~ ~~esses~~ to be designed for the single benefit of our world, and the inference is, that God cannot be the Author of this religion, for he would not lavish on so insignificant a field such peculiar and such distinguishing attentions as are ascribed to him in the Old and New Testament."

To meet the objectors in the fullest, boldest manner, but also with the further and higher purpose, no doubt, of aiding the mind in its apprehension of that Spirit who is the sovereign possessor of all existence, the preacher commences with a magnificent view of the modern astronomy. Great indeed may well be the dismay of those religious persons who dread and detest being disturbed in the indolent quietude of their little homestead of thought, the narrow range of ideas which can be surveyed without an effort,—at hearing it demanded that the theory of religion be expanded to the compass of taking account of the universe, a scene which, whatever may be its limits, is, as to the human power of comprehension, much the same as infinite, and demanded for the plain reason, that religion being the intellectual apprehension and the moral sentiment due to God, and this idea and sentiment being justly required to correspond to the whole of the manifestations which that Being has made of his glory, the lustre and immensity of such manifestations, presented through the entire visible creation, place all that creation within the cognizance of religion: so that a religion which should decline to include these innumerable and far-off displays of Deity within its comprehension, in forming its conception of the attributes, the works, and the government of the Almighty, would therein choose to content itself with a less glorious idea of him, and to offer him a less sublime worship, than that Being has given us the means to form and to offer.

While, however, such a representation may be received ungraciously by minds that have never once surmised such a thing as an obligation enforced upon our religion, as to the extent of its contemplations, by the remotest stars discovered by the telescope, we are very confident that many serious but partially cultivated persons, who have been impatient of the conscious narrowness of the scope

of the religious ideas, will be greatly and devotionally benefited, by this sublime introductory Discourse of Dr. Chambers.

In advancing into the regions of astronomy, in the spirit of religion, he takes both his text and his tone from a writer in whose mind the magnificence of the modern astronomy, could its wonders have been revealed to him, would have but inspired a so much the more exalted devotion.

"The Psalmist takes a still loftier flight. He leaves the world, and lifts his imagination to that mighty expanse which spreads above it and around it. He wings his way through space, and wanders in thought over its immeasurable regions. Instead of a dark and unpeopled solitude, he sees it crowded with splendour, and filled with the energy of the Divine presence. Creation rises in its immensity before him, and the world, with all which it inherits, shrinks into littleness at a contemplation so vast and so overpowering. He wonders that he is not overlooked amid the grandeur and the variety which are on every side of him; and passing upwards from the majesty of nature, to the majesty of nature's Architect, he exclaims, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?'

"There is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky, to lift the soul to pious contemplation. That moon, and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift you above it. You feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction above this little theatre of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to reverie, and is transferred in the ecstasy of its thoughts, to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

"But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable, and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens, has, in all ages, been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times, to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked on as the most certain and best established of the sciences."

The rapid and comprehensive "Sketch," which is quite in the manner of a person familiar with the speculations and facts of astronomy, begins with the planets of our sun, and the philosophic divine illustrates the very strong pro-

bability of their being inhabited. He argues from their magnitude, and their several striking points of analogy to this world of ours. They have their movements on their own axes, their regular periodical revolutions round the sun, and their vicissitudes of seasons. Several of them have moons to alleviate the darkness of their nights.

"We can see of one, that its surface rises into inequalities, that it swells into mountains and stretches into valleys; of another, that it is surrounded with an atmosphere which may support the respiration of animals; of a third, that clouds are formed and suspended over it, which may minister to it all the bloom and luxuriance of vegetation; and of a fourth, that a white colour spreads over its northern regions, as its winter advances, and that on the approach of summer this whiteness is dissipated—giving room to suppose, that the element of water abounds in it, that it rises by evaporation into its atmosphere, that it freezes upon the application of cold, that it is precipitated in the form of snow, that it covers the ground with a fleecy mantle, which melts away from the heat of a more vertical sun; and that other worlds bear a resemblance to our own in the same yearly round of beneficent and interesting changes."

We will acknowledge some little defect of sympathy with the delight which Dr. Chalmers expresses at the ascertainment of so very close an analogy as indicated in the last instance. Really this downright "fleecy" phenomenon of winter falls somewhat chilly on that animated visionary and half poetical idea, which we should have been better pleased to have been permitted to entertain of the physical condition of the inhabitants of these other worlds. This hemisphere of snow not only shuts down too much in the way of an extinguisher on that enchanting imagery of a local economy in which the imagination would have loved to place those unknown races of beings, and forcibly suggests ideas of dreariness, hardships, and even morbid physical affections, and hostility to life; it would also, as possibly or probably accompanied by these physical evils, seem too ominous of something much worse. The mind is forced to admit some fearful surmise of the too possible existence, in those worlds, of that horrible thing which has blasted the natural beauties and delights, and mainly created the natural evils, of these terrestrial scenes. An analogy so very close to an order of elemental nature which in this

world inflicts so much inconvenience and suffering—in which suffering, though immediately inflicted by the instrumentality of the elements, we have the effect of sin—must throw us on the ground of some abstracted moral considerations, to maintain our obstinate hope that this infernal plague has not invaded the people of those abodes.

The passage we have transcribed is followed by one in which, highly picturesque as it is, the Doctor's elated imagination has carried him into a very palpable extravagance, in conjecturing such possibilities of improvement in the artificial subsidiaries to sight, as shall bring at last to our perception the green of the planetary vegetation, the dead wintry hue induced by its disappearance, the marks of cultivation extending over tracts previously wild, and even the cities forming the central seats of mighty empires. Were we obliged to go the whole length which analogy might seem to lead in shaping to our imaginations the economy of those regions, might we not reasonably be glad that such distinctness of detection as our author is willing to anticipate, is physically impossible, lest there should otherwise have been some danger of our having at length the mortification to devery such things as munitions of war, or idol's temples, or Popish cathedrals?

There can be no scruple in assuming, a general principle, that it is in the highest degree improbable the Almighty Spirit should have constructed vast fabrics of matter, to remain disconnected from mind, as a conscious power to which those fabrics may be available for use. Useless to the Creator himself, they would be useless absolutely, if not serving to the purpose of the occupancy, and support, and activity, and contemplation of sentient intelligent creatures. Prodigious orbs, disposed too in the order and movement of system, but thus desolate and dead, and merely running vast circles in space, would really suggest something like the idea (we speak with reverence) of the Creator's amusing himself with an ingenious contrivance. Any notion that the other planets of the solar system were created for the use of this earth, would be now too ridiculous for the grossest ignorance to dream.

When to this consideration, of the extreme improbability of immense conformations of matter being made to be devoid

of the occupancy of mind, is added the whole account of the ascertained points of analogy between the other planets and our own, we think that, except to minds repugnant to magnificent ideas, the probability that the other orbs of our system are inhabited worlds, must appear so great, that a direct revelation from heaven declaring the fact, would make but very little difference in our assurance of it.

Following the discoveries of science no further than the limits of this solar system, we behold them, says Dr. Chalmers :—

“Widening the empire of creation far beyond the limits which were formerly assigned to it. They give us to see that you sun, throned in the centre of his planetary system, gives light, and warmth, and the vicissitude of seasons, to an extent of surface several hundred times greater than that of the earth which we inhabit. They lay open to us a number of worlds, rolling in their respective circles round this vast luminary—and prove that the ball which we tread upon, with all its mighty burden of oceans and continents, instead of being distinguished from the others, is among the least of them; and, from some of the more distant planets, would not occupy a visible point in the concave of their firmament. They let us know that though this mighty earth, with all its myriads of people, were to sink into annihilation, there are some worlds where an event so awful to us would be unnoticed and unknown, and others where it would be nothing more than the disappearance of a little star which had ceased from its twinkling.”

But how humiliating it is to the proud ambition of the human faculties, that thus we are already almost overwhelmed with images of grandeur when we have hardly made a first step, hardly an infant's step, in that stupendous excursion to which the mind is summoned forth.—summoned, not by wild fancy or poetry, but by grave peremptory science, with a plain austerity as if in scorn that such a thing as poetry should have been suffered to pretend to a loftier sublimity than truth and fact! It is indeed most striking to observe how all the sublimities of imagination and invention dwindle and grow dim as placed in comparative measurement against the virtual infinity of the system of visible existence; as brought into the converging light of indefinite millions of suns. It is not only that this immensity of splendid

material substance has, simply so contemplated, an overpowering magnificence, rendered inconceivably more august by the accession of the idea that intelligent beings in multitudes beyond all knowledge, or calculation, or conjecture, of any intelligence but One, dwell in the universe of daylight emanating from all these luminaries; the ultimate sublimity of all this glory of material existence is, that it gives the sign everywhere, through its immeasurable extent, of the presence of another Existence. The mystery of a pure Spirit, infinite, and yet bearing no relation to place, so confounds the understanding, and something at least *analogous* to vast extension is so necessary to our conception of magnitude of being, that the mind is glad, in essaying to contemplate the greatness of the Divine Essence, to accept in aid *the effect* of boundless local extension, in the way of a distinct recognition of that Essence as present in one, and in another, and in each, and in all, of the material glories of an indefinite universe: and this it can in some measure do, or at least is beguiled to feel as if it could, without directly attributing to that Spirit a physical mode of extension from one part and one limit of the creation to another and the opposite. Thus the material universe, with all its splendours and magnitudes, ascertained, conjectured, or possible, may be regarded—not as a vehicle, not as an inhabited form, or a comprehending sphere, of the Sovereign Spirit, but as a type, which signifies, though by a faint, inadequate correspondence after all, that as great as the universe is in the material attributes of extension and splendour, so great is the Divine Being in the infinitely transcendent nature of spiritual existence. The least and narrowest idea to be entertained is, that *in this spiritual and transcendent mode* the predominating intelligence has the extension of the universe. What emphasis will such a view give to the sentence of the poet,—

“An undevout astronomer is mad.”

And yet how seldom do we find the magnificent images of astronomy brightened into still nobler lustre by the spirit of piety which gives them so consecrated a character in the work of Dr. Chalmers.

From the solar system the inquiring contemplation is carried to those other countless luminaries, all shining from

such an inconceivable distance. The preacher passes rapidly and with a commanding reach of thought over the most wonderful facts and speculations of the subject. The distance is the first of the facts which so defy human comprehension.

"If the whole planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it would appear only a small lucid point from the nearest of the fixed stars. If a body were projected from the sun with the velocity of a cannon ball, it would take hundreds of thousands of years before it described that mighty interval which separates the nearest of them from our sun and our system. If this earth, which moves at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a half miles a day, were to be hurried from its orbit, and to take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would not have arrived at the termination of its journey after taking all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the world. These are great numbers and great calculations, and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting to grasp them. We can state them in words, we can exhibit them in figures, we can demonstrate them by the powers of a most rigid and inflexible geometry. But no human fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception."

The immense magnitude so demonstrated of those stars, their shining with their own light, the 'periodical variations of light' observed in some of them as probable indication of a revolution, as in the case of our own solar star, on their axes, authorize a most un doubting assumption (opposed by no argument, and confirmed by the consideration that so much the mightier is the display of the Creator's glory) that they are all the central lights of so many systems.

As to their number, 'the unassisted eye can take in a thousand, and the best telescope which the genius of man has constructed can take in *eighty millions*.' And nothing, as our author suggests, could be more irrational than to fancy that the utmost number of such luminaries comprised in the universe may be just that number which the people of one of the planets of one of the suns have, at a particular period of time, contrived optical instruments competent for describing. Quite as reasonable would the assumption have been upon the discoveries by means of the first telescope that was made as upon those of Herschel. When we reflect what kind of creature it is to whose view thus much

of the universe has been disclosed,—that the physical organ of this very perception is of such a nature that it might, in consequence of the extinction of life, be reduced to dust within a few short days after it had admitted rays from the stars; while, as to his mental part, he is, besides his moral debasement, at the very bottom of the gradation of probably innumerable millions of intellectual races (certainly at the bottom, since a being inferior to man in intellect could not be rational); when we think of this, it will appear utterly improbable that the portion of the universe which such a creature can take knowledge of, should be more than a very diminutive tract in the vast expansion of existence. And if the subject be considered in reference to the Supremo Originating Power, the probability becomes indefinitely stronger that beyond the sphere of our perceptions, enlarged as it is by artificial aids, there is all but infinitely more of material existence than there is within its compass. It being demonstrated by that vastness of material glory which is ascertained to exist, that magnitude and multitude were of the essence of the Creator's plan, we are well authorized in the assurance that the magnitude and the multitude must be on the most transcendent scale, a scale approaching as near towards a correspondence to the infinite supremacy of his own nature, as finiteness of one nature can (if we may be pardoned such expedients of expression) towards infiniteness of another. It is, therefore, but little to say that the material creation is probably of such an extent that the greatest of created beings not only have never yet been able to survey it all, but never will to all eternity. For must it not be one great object in the Creator's design that this magnitude should make a sublime and awful impression on his intelligent creatures? But if the magnitude is to make this impression, what would be the impression made on created spirits by their coming to the end, the boundary of this magnitude? It is palpable that this latter impression must counteract the former. So that if the stupendous extension of the works of God was intended and adapted to promote in the contemplations of the highest intelligences an indefinitely glorious though still incompetent conception of the Divine infinity, the ascertaining of the limit, the distinct perception of the finiteness, of that manifestation of

power, would tend with a dreadful force to repress and annihilate that conception; and it may well be imagined that if an exalted adoring spirit could ever in eternity find himself at that limit, the perception would inflict inconceivable horror. In short, this is the subject on which it is purely impossible to be extravagant in the way of simple amplification and aggravation of thought. And there is not the slightest transgression of sobriety in the language of our author when he speaks of "those mighty tracts, which shoot far beyond what eye hath seen or the heart of man conceived,—which sweep endlessly along, *and merge into an awful and mysterious infinity*;" or when he adopts the conjecture, in explanation of the *nebulae*, that the fixed stars,—

"Instead of lying uniformly, and in a state of equi-distance from each other, are arranged into distinct clusters; that in the same manner as the distance of the nearest fixed stars, so inconceivably superior to our planets, from each other, marks the separation of the solar so the distance of two contiguous clusters may be so inconceivably superior to the reciprocal distance of those fixed stars which belong to the same cluster, as to mark an equally distinct separation of the clusters, and to constitute each of them an individual member of some higher and more extended arrangement"

Or, when admonishing the philosopher against pride in the great discoveries of astronomy, he reminds him that there is,—

"An unscaled barrier, beyond which no power either of eye or of telescope shall ever carry him, that on the other side there is a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, to which the whole of this concave and visible firmament dwindles into the insignificance of an atom; and though all which the eye of man can take in, or his fancy grasp at, were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field over which the Divinity may expatiate, and which he may have peopled with innumerable worlds. If the whole visible creation were to disappear, it would leave a solitude behind it; but to the Infinite Mind, that can take in the whole system of nature, this solitude might be nothing, a small unoccupied point in that immensity which surrounds it, and which he may have filled with the wonders of his omnipotence. Though this earth were to be burned up,

though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were to be put out for ever—an event so awful to us and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and of population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty "

We may be sure, as we have already suggested, that each of the elements of the manifestation of an Infinite Being, will do him justice thus far, that it will have a practical infiniteness relatively to the capacities of his intelligent creatures, that the utmost that will be permitted to the comprehension of these intelligences, will be the mere abstract truth that some of these elements cannot, from their very nature, be literally infinite, that their amazement will be eternally augmented by the very circumstance of this sublime enigma, of an element which must thus by its nature be limited, and yet leaves them all, through the eternity of their experiments and excursions, as far from any sensible approach to the verification of the limit, as at the first step they made into the mysterious expansion. But if we take our conjecture of the intellectual magnitude, and the probable excursive powers, of the highest of the created beings, from the consideration of the infinite power and beneficence of the Creator, and of what it is rationally probable that such a Being would create in the nature of mental existences, to admire, adore, and serve him, we shall be warranted to imagine beings to whom it may be possible exultingly to leave sunbeams far behind them in the rapidity of their career, from systems to systems still beyond. And if we add to the account the equal probability of a perpetual augmentation of their powers in a ratio correspondent to a magnitude already so stupendous, and crown it with the idea of an indefatigable exertion of those powers in discovery and contemplation of the Creator's manifestations through everlasting ages—there will then be required a universe to which all that the telescope has described is but as an atom, a universe of which it shall not be within the

possibilities of any intelligence less than the infinite to know—

“Where rears the Terminating Pillar high
Its extramundane head.”

We need not dwell on the considerations, on the ground of which Dr Chalmers insists it would be most absurd to disbelieve, absurd even to doubt, that this boundless multitude of worlds, this scene of almighty power and glory, is populous through all its systems with contemplators and worshippers of the Divinity

If such a representation give, after all, but an infinitely feeble glimmer of the truth, respecting the magnitude of the creation, we may, in the name of both sense and piety, assume, with the utmost confidence, to repeat our reprehension of that mode of religious faith and sentiment, which would pretend to have so much the more of celestial light for excluding the beams of all the stars. *What* is it, we would ask, that comes upon us in those beams,—in the beams of those luminaries which are beheld by the naked eye, next of those countless myriads beheld by the assisted eye, and then of those infinite legions which can never be revealed to the earth, but are seen by an elevated imagination, and will perhaps burst with sudden and awful overflowance on the departed spirit? *What* is it, but the pure unmingled reflection of Him who cannot be beheld in himself, who, present to all things, is yet in the darkness of infinite and eternal mystery, subsisting in an essence unparticipated, unapproached by gradation of other beings, impalpable to all speculation, refined beyond angelic perception, foreign from all analogy—but who condescends to become visible in the *effects* of his nature, in the lustre of his works? And is it not, we ask again, one of the grand difficulties in religion, and one of the things most ardently to be desired, to obtain a glorious idea of the Divinity, passing afar from that littleness and anthropomorphism which so confine and degrade our contemplations and devotions? It cannot but be one of the plainest *duties* of religion to aspire to the attainment of such an idea. And, therefore, a strong remonstrance may justly be directed to the *conscience* of a professed worshipper who cares not how

little of the element of sublimity there may be in his conception of the adorable object,—who feels no *religious* mortification to think that the grandest idea of the Almighty which he does effectually realize in his mind, is in all probability prodigiously below what would be the true and full representative idea of one of the highest angels.

We have expatiated thus out of all proportion on the first part of this interesting volume, from a consideration of the unquestionable fact, that there is among serious persons a quite *irreligious* neglect of one of the two grand forms of divine revelation, the word and the works of the Almighty; and that even among Christian teachers there is often a very unthinking and ill-discriminating mode of depreciating the latter in the comparison; a practice against which they might have been warned by observing the endless references in the word of that Being to his works; and by observing how very often the Word rests the fulness of the meaning of its dictates and illustrations upon an adequate view of the works. They might have been made aware to what a littleness of significance a thousand expressions in the Bible, relating to the Deity himself, are reduced by a want of extended and admiring ideas of the labours, if we may so express it, and the magnificent empire of the Sovereign Spirit. They might have been taught to suspect that it must be a very doubtful Christian excellence to be but little in sympathy with those devout minds which, in the very condition and act of being the channel of divine communication to mankind, were so often elated at the view of sun and starry heavens, even at a period when the vision of those wonders was littleness itself in comparison of that magnificence to which science has now expanded it. Not, assuredly, that Christian teachers should become deep students in science, or lecturers on astronomy; but the great elementary views of the universe are of easy attainment, and have a simplicity readily available for magnifying our contemplations and our representations of the divine majesty. We trust Dr. Chalmers's work will prove in this respect of very eminent value and use to the religious public.

Such a view of the magnitude of the creation shows the inconceivable insignificance of this our world; inasmuch

that, according to our author's simile, its total annihilation would be no more sensible a loss to the universe, than the falling of a leaf into a stream which carries it away, with a destruction of all its multitude of microscopic animalculæ, would be to an ample forest. Such is the importance in the universe, of the globe which appears so wide a scene to its intelligent inhabitants, baffling by its long succession of region after region, the realizing power of their imagination;—the globe, of which the most protracted journeying life would suffice but for the survey of a very small portion;—for the ascendancy over narrow sections of which, opposed millions have, through every age, been inflamed to mutual bloodshed and extermination;—for the acquisition of little specks of which, in an appropriation through a few fleeting years, innumerable individuals are at all times toiling with an ardour which merges all other interests;—of which, in short, its transient inhabitants are seeking to make a Heaven and a God. Such, relatively to the grand whole, is the importance of this orb, and of the creatures to whom it appears so immense and interesting an object. Truly it was reserved for the modern astronomy to supply an adequate commentary on our author's text: "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him?"

But here, instead of an humble and adoring gratitude that the Almighty *does*, nevertheless, visit man, in ways of marvellous condescension and benignity, there comes in the malignant suggestion, that our world being so trivial an object in the creation, it is absurd to imagine that the Being who presides over it all should give such attention to this atom of existence, as the Christian religion represents him to do, and therefore the religion that so represents cannot be true:—

"Is it likely, says the infidel, that God would send his eternal Son, to die for the puny occupiers of so insignificant a province in the mighty field of his creation? Are we the befitting objects of so great and so signal an interposition? Does not the largeness of that field which astronomy lays open to the view of modern science, throw a suspicion over the truth of the gospel history; and how shall we reconcile the greatness of that wonderful movement which was made in heaven for the redemption

of fallen man, with the comparative meanness and obscurity of our species ?

"Such an humble portion of the universe as ours, could never have been the object of such high and distinguishing attentions as Christianity has assigned to it. God would not have manifested himself in the flesh for the salvation of so paltry a world. The monarch of a whole continent would never move from his capital, and lay aside the splendour of royalty ; and subject himself for months, or for years, to perils, and poverty, and persecution ; and take up his abode in some small islet of his dominions, which though swallowed by an earthquake, could not be missed amid the glories of so wide an empire ; and all this to gain the lost affections of a few families upon its surface."

How little apprehension our author, as a Christian advocate, felt at meeting this objection, appears from the ambitious delight with which he has dilated the view of that grandeur of the universe, on which the objection is founded. He proceeds to the argument for silencing it in the second Discourse, which commences with some striking observations on the imperfect community of feeling and of intellectual perception between human beings. These are made to bear on the character of Sir Isaac Newton, in the way of representing that the generality of even cultivated men are perfectly unapprized of, and incapable of adequately estimating some of the most important circumstances in the agency of that philosopher's mind. They look at his brilliant discoveries, and admire, in a general way, the mighty force of genius and intellect so obviously manifested in them ; but have no comprehension, and from the nature of the case can have none, of that absolutely sublime self-command and self-denial which accompanied in continual exercise the process which resulted in so vast an extension of the dominion of science. They cannot be aware what a course and what a magnitude of achievement it was of self-emancipation from all pre-occupying systems and notions ; of calm endurance of the hostility of those who could not be so emancipated ; of repression of all temerity of speculation that might have sprung from conscious power and success ; of invincible coolness and persevering labour amid the dazzling disclosure of magnificent novelty ; of resistance to all the beguilement of the splendid plausibilities

which must often have presented their sudden fascinations to such a mind and such a career; in short, of incorruptible reason which never lost sight of the tests of truth, nor failed to acknowledge submissively the limits to the range of the human intellect. An entire exemption from arrogance and presumption, and an invariable, inviolable fidelity to the principle of admitting nothing but solid evidence as the foundation of any part of his theories are described as the distinctive qualities of what may be called the moral government of Newton's intellectual powers and operations. With just indignation, therefore, our author reprehends the ignorant arrogance of pretenders to philosophy who come into possession of Newton's grand discoveries with an ease which might have precluded but does not preclude any indulgence of such an impertinent feeling as pride, avail themselves in the prosecution of other speculations of these great conquests of science in a spirit perfectly the reverse of that of the mighty thinker who made them: of which anti-philosophical and anti-Newtonian spirit, one of the most remarkable samples is this argument against Christianity.

Dr. Chalmers exposes with great force of aggravating illustrations, the total baselessness and extravagant arrogance of the assumption that the dispensation of the Messiah does in no manner involve or affect any other tribes of beings than the human race. It must be confessed that the matter is carried somewhat to the extreme in supposing, as a parallel case, such a hardly possible absurdity as that of a man's gravely delineating, on the ground of assumptions drawn from some general analogies among the planetary worlds, a scheme of a department of the natural history,—of the botany for instance, of some of the planets, and proceeding to the length of theorizing on the moral temperament of their inhabitants. There is some trifle less temerity in hazarding negative general assertions than in hazarding positive specific statements respecting the unknown economy of other worlds. The parallel holds, however, in the essential point of absolute want of all evidence, and therefore of all reasonable ground for the assertions.

“How do infidels know that Christianity is set up for the single benefit of this earth and its inhabitants? How are they able to tell us that if you go to other planets the person and the

religion of Jesus are there unknown? We challenge them to the proof of this said positive announcement of theirs. We see in this objection a glaring transgression on the spirit and the maxims of that very philosophy which they profess to idolize. They have made their argument against us out of an assertion which has positively no feet to rest upon—an assertion which they have no means whatever of verifying—an assertion, the truth or the falsehood of which can only be gathered out of some supernatural message, for it lies completely beyond the range of human observation."

Those who raised the objection were aware that, to give it full effect it was necessary the religion itself should be made accessory to its own intended humiliation; that the book professing to be a comprehensive revelation of its constitution should be understood to avow, or most decidedly imply, that the pretended mediatorial economy of the Son of God, is limited exclusively to the human race. It was obvious that unless this were understood, the hostile argument must in every way and in every part be founded on a pure assumption. But it is curious to observe how easily and unceremoniously this pre-requisite fact was taken for granted; and without, probably, one hour's impartial inquiry how the Bible does actually represent the matter, it was confidently affirmed as a thing liable to no question that the pretended dispensation of the Messiah is, by the import of its own declaration, restricted from any wider sphere than that of man and his interests.

Now it is positively denied that the Scriptures make any such representation; it is next asserted without contradiction that no such information has come by any *other* superhuman communication; and when it is added that there is nothing in the nature of the case to justify or countenance any such assumption, the infidel's asserted fact, from which he infers that Christianity is an imposture, is exploded away. The argument is the simplest and the shortest possible; but it is amplified with great force of imagination by Dr. Chalmers in a series of bold suggestions of what *may* be true, as to the extent of the Christian economy, for anything the infidel can know to the contrary.

"For anything he can tell [and with this precise phrase are pointed a whole quiver of assailant sentences—no less than ten in immediate succession] sin has found its way into other

worlds. For anything he can tell, their people have banished themselves from communion with God. For anything he can tell, many a visit has been made to each of them on the subject of our common Christianity by commissioned messengers from the throne of the Eternal," &c., &c.

And is it not about as silly as it is arrogant in these infidels to affect *to dictate to religion what they choose it shall be*, that they may have the greater advantage against it? It seems much of a piece with that memorable proceeding of certain of the fraternity, the decreeing death to be an eternal sleep,—which made just no difference at all in the real attributes of death, and made a difference but so much for the worse in the feelings of whoever could, in such self-betraying folly and presumption, advance the more carelessly and confidently to the encounter with that formidable power. Neither death nor religion will consent to forego its qualities in obsequiousness to the arbitrary definitions of man; nor submit to the circumscription which it might be commodious for him to impose.

The advocate of Christianity, then, confidently repels the assumption of its enemies as to the limitation of its sphere; but at the same time he is hardly less confident in the assurance that even were the assumption conceded to them, and were it avowed by the Christian revelation that the economy therein declared, in terms importing so marvellous an intervention of Deity, does really concentrate all these glories of grace and power on man exclusively,—even then it could easily be shown that the notion of this being so immeasurably out of all proportion to the despicable insignificance of this spot of earth and its inhabitants,—that it is irrational to believe it is a notion betraying great narrowness of mind—proud as its entertainers are of this fancied elevation of thought.

On this lower ground Dr. Chalmers powerfully maintains the argument in the third Discourse, "On the Extent of the Divine Condescension." "Let us," he says, "*admit the assertion [of the confined scope of the Christian economy], and take a view of the reasoning which has been constructed upon it.*" The exposure of this reasoning begins with the remark (which expresses the essential principle and force of the whole refutation), that this doctrine of disbelief arises

entirely from the combined feebleness and arrogance of the conception entertained of the Deity. It is a conception which presumes to limit the powers of that Being, and which takes its authority to do so from the very fact of the demonstrated immensity of those powers. By practically demonstrating his ability to make and sustain a system so amazingly vast, he has demonstrated his *inability* to give a distinct and perfect attention to each part. We cannot comprehend the possibility of the combination or union of this immense generality, and this absolutely perfect particularity, of the exercise of intelligence and power,—and, therefore, it is impossible, even to the Supreme Mind. In other words, that Mind has been too ambitious of being the God of an indefinite multitude of worlds and races, to be a God, in the fulness and perfect exercise of the Divine attributes to any one of them in particular. The exceedingly monstrous absurdity as well as presumption of thus inferring littleness from greatness, and on the very ground that that greatness is proved to be infinitely transcendent, is exhibited in its just character and with just reprobation in several powerful and eloquent passages, too long to be transcribed. Who can think of the subject without being confounded at the dire perversity of the human mind that thus, instead of following forth the plain, rational indication afforded by the fact of infinite perfection evinced in one mode to the delightful, and sublime, and adoring effect of attributing perfection in all modes, would choose to violate the clearest rules of sense in order to degrade and eclipse the glorious idea of the Divine nature,—as if to indemnify and avenge itself for the insignificance of its own!—God shall not in *every* way infinitely surpass man, and defy his comprehension. This is the principle, Dr. Chalmers says, of the kind of infidelity under consideration:—

“To bring God to the level of our comprehension, we would clothe him in the impotency of a man. We would transfer to his wonderful mind all the imperfection of our own faculties. When we are taught by astronomy that he has millions of worlds to look after, and thus to add in one direction to the glories of his character, we take away from them in another, by saying that each of these worlds must be looked after imperfectly. The use that we make of a discovery that should heighten our

every conception of God, and humble us into the sentiment that a Being of such mysterious elevation is to us unfathomable, is to sit in judgment over him, ay, and to pronounce such a judgment as degrades him, and keeps him down to the standard of our own paltry imagination! We are introduced by modern science to a multitude of other suns and other systems; and the perverse interpretation we put upon the fact that God *can* diffuse the benefits of his power and his goodness over such a variety of worlds, is that he *can not* or will not bestow so much goodness on one of those worlds as a professed revelation from Heaven has announced to us."

The argument might be authoritatively insisted upon, and without fear of rational contradiction, that the exercise of intelligence and power manifested to demonstration in maintaining the system of the amazing whole, does *necessarily* include a distinct attention to all the constituent parts, down to the minutest. For, in the most general and the simplest notion possible of that comprehensive exercise, we make it take distinct account of the great leading and immediate constituents or components of the system, with their relations and adaptations, but these have also *their* constituents, by means of which they are what they are in themselves, and what they are relatively to the whole system; and then these again, these subordinates, have *their* constituents also, with their relations and adaptations; and so downward in an indefinite gradation. Now, it is evident that, throughout this retiring series, the state or constitution of things at each further remove, must depend on the state or constitution of things at the next remoter condition of their existence; and so onward, to that state of things, whatever it is, in which created existence has its essence and its primary constitution: so that the ultimate state of things, as appearing in a perfectly constituted universe, depends, through a long and continuously dependent gradation, on the nature and adaptations of their primary constituents. And how, therefore, can a given state of things in their ultimate constitution be secured without a certain condition of things being maintained in the primary mode of their existence? And how can this be without the divine inspection and power being constantly exerted on them all in that, their original mode?

But not to seek the aid of these subtleties: it is imme-

diately obvious that an incomparably more glorious idea is entertained of the Divinity, by conceiving of him as possessing a wisdom and a power competent, without an effort, to maintain an infinitely perfect inspection and regulation, distinctly, of all subsistences, even the minutest, comprehended in the universe, than by conceiving of him as only maintaining some kind of general superintendence of the system,—only general, because a perfect attention to all existences individually would be too much, it is deemed, for the capacity of even the Supreme Mind. And for the very reason that this would be the most glorious idea of him, it must be the true one. To say that we can, in the abstract, conceive of a magnitude of intelligence and power which would constitute the Deity, *if he possessed it*, a more glorious and adorable Being than he actually is, could be nothing less than flagrant impiety.

On even such general and *à priori* grounds the preacher is authorized to meet the infidel objection by the following position:—

“That God, in addition to the bare faculty of dwelling on a multiplicity of objects at one and the same time, has this faculty in such wonderful perfection, that he can attend as fully, and provide as richly, and manifest all his attributes as illustriously, on every one of these objects, as if the rest had no existence, and no place whatever in his government or his thoughts.”

But, he insists chiefly and wisely on the strong and accumulated *proofs of fact*, that the divine intelligence and energy are thus all-pervading and all-distinguishing. He appeals, in the first place, to the personal history of each of his hearers, and of each individual of the species, as most simple and perfect evidence that God is maintaining, literally without the smallest moment's intermission, an exercise of attention and power inconceivably minute and complex, and as it were concentrated, on each unit. Each is conscious of a being totally distinct from all the rest; as absolutely self-centred and circumscribed an individual as if there were no other such being on earth. And thus distinct is each as an object of the Divine attention, which in a perfect manner recognizes the infinite and to us mysterious difference

between the greatest possible likeness and identity. But think of the prodigious multitude of these separate beings, each requiring and monopolizing a regard and action of the Divine Spirit perfectly distinct from that which each of all the others requires and engages. A mere perception of every one of the perhaps thousand millions of human beings,—a perception that should simply keep in view through every moment each individual as a separate object and without distinguishing any particulars in the being or circumstances of that object,—would evince a magnitude and mode of intelligence quite overwhelming to reflect upon. But then consider, that each one of these distinct objects is itself what may justly be denominated a system, combined of matter and spirit, comprising a vast complexity of principles, elements, mechanism, capacities, processes, liabilities, and necessities. What an inconceivable kind and measure, or rather magnitude beyond all measure, of sagacity, and power, and vigilance, are required to preserve *one* such being in a state of safety, and health, and intellectual sanity. But then, while the fact is before us, that so many millions are every moment so preserved, and that during thousands of years the same economy has been maintained, and that not a mortal has the smallest surmise but that it can, with perfect ease, be maintained for ages to come,—the suggestion that all this is *too much* for the Almighty, never once obtruding itself to disturb any man's tranquillity—while there is before us the practical illustration of a power combining such immense comprehension with such exquisite discrimination, how well it becomes our intellect and our humility to take upon us to decide *what* measure and manifestations of his attention such a Being may or may not confer upon one world, in a consistency of proportion with the attention which is to be perfect in its exercise on each and all!

The argument from the demonstrated perfect and continuous attention of the Divine Mind to objects comparatively insignificant, becomes indefinitely stronger when carried down to those forms of life which are brought to our knowledge by the utmost powers of the microscope. A doctrine or a disbelief founded on inference from one view of the works of God, must, to be rational, comport

with the just inferences from every other. Yet those who justify their infidelity by the discoveries of the telescope, seem to have chosen to forget that there is another instrument, which has made hardly less wonderful discoveries in an opposite direction; discoveries authorizing an inference completely destructive of that made from the astronomical magnitudes. And it is very gratifying to see the lofty assumptions drawn, in a spirit as unphilosophical as irreligious, from remote systems and the immensity of the universe, and advanced against Christianity with an air of irresistible authority—to see them encountered and annihilated by evidences sent forth from tribes and races of beings, of which innumerable millions might pass under the intensest look of the human eye imperceptible as empty space. No need, for the discomfiture of these assailants making war in the pomp of suns and systems, of anything even “so gross as beetles,” or as the hornets, locusts, and flies, which were arrayed against the pagans of former ages and other regions. In all their pride they are “crushed before” less than “the moth,” beyond all conception less. Indeed the diminutiveness of the victorious confronters of infidel arrogance, is the grand principle of their power; insomuch that the further they decline in an attenuation apparently towards nothing, the greater is their efficiency for this controversy; and a might altogether incalculable and unlimited, for this holy service, resides in those beings of which it is no absurdity nor temerity to assume that myriads may inhabit an atom, itself too subtle for the perception of the eye of man.

Let a reflective man, when he stands in a garden, or a meadow, or a forest, or on the margin of a pool, consider what there is within the circuit of a very few feet around him, and that too exposed to the light, and with no veil for concealment from his sight, but nevertheless invisible to him. It is *certain* that within that little space there are organized beings, each of marvellous construction, independent of the rest, and endowed with the mysterious principle of vitality, to the amount of a number which could not have been told by units if there could have been a man so employed from the time of Adam to this hour. Let him indulge for a moment the idea of such a perfect transforma-

tion of his faculties as that all this population should become visible to him, each and any individual being presented to his perception as a distinct object of which he could take the same full cognizance as he now can of the large living creatures around him. What a perfectly new world! What a stupendous crowd of sentient agents! What an utter solitude, in comparison, that world of living beings of which alone his senses had been competent to take any clear account before! And then let him consider, whether it be in his power, without plunging into gross absurdity, to form any other idea of the creation and separate subsistence of these beings, than that each of them is the distinct object of the attention and the power of that one Spirit in which all things subsist. Let him, lastly, extend the view to the width of the whole terrestrial field of our mundane system of the universe, with the added thought how long such a creation has existed, and is to exist!

And now, with such a view of what that Spirit is doing, has been doing through an unimaginable lapse of ages, and may do through an unbounded futurity, is it within the possibilities of human presumption and absurdity, vast as they are, to do anything *more* presumptuous and absurd, than to pretend to decide beforehand what is beyond the competence of the power, or out of proportion for the benevolence of that Spirit? Yes, it *is* within those possibilities; for the presumption and absurdity may be inconceivably aggravated by that decision being made in express and intentional contradiction to a powerful combination of evidence, that he actually *has* done a given work of signal mercy to the human race.

The topic of the infinite multitude of beings impalpable and invisible from their minuteness, attesting, in every spot of the earth, a Divine care and energy indefatigably acting on each, is vigorously illustrated and applied by our author, who considers the infidel objection as by this time fairly disposed of. It is hardly necessary to recapitulate, but the argument stands briefly thus: No inference drawn from the stupendous extent and magnificence of the whole creation, is of the slightest authority, unless it consists with the inferences justly to be drawn from what we know of particular parts; the anti-Christian inference drawn from

that magnificent whole is decisively contradicted by the known facts in this particular part that we inhabit, which give such a demonstration of infinite greatness fixed in benevolent attention on indefinite littleness, while superintending the mighty aggregate of all things, as to leave no ground for a presumption that such an interposition as that affirmed by Christianity, implies too great a measure of Divine attention and action towards man, to be believed: therefore it may be believed, and authoritatively demands to be believed, *if it comes with due evidence of its own*. The whole object of the argument is to show that the ground is perfectly clear for that evidence to come with its full appropriate force: the statement of that evidence was no part of the author's object

At the close of this argument, one or two considerations may deserve to be briefly adverted to. The infidels whose objection the Doctor is resisting, would never have thought of raising that objection as against that theory of Christianity which has in recent times assumed to itself, as its exclusive right, the distinction of "rational." And to professors of that system our author's whole effort of argument and eloquence appears, with the exception of the display of the modern astronomy, little better than a piece of splendid impertinence; since there could be nothing very wonderful or mysterious in the circumstance of God's appointing and qualifying, among any race of his rational but fallible creatures, a succession of individuals, of the mere nature of that race, to be teachers of truth and patterns of moral excellence to the rest, and in distinguishing one of them by the endowment of a larger portion of light and virtue than any of the others. It is only against what we shall not hesitate to denominate the evangelical theory, which is founded on the doctrine of a divine incarnation and an atoning sacrifice, that the objection in question can be advanced with any serious force.

And this suggests another consideration. This being assumed as the true theory, a doubt may perhaps be raised, whether the preacher's argument from the astonishing extent and distinctness of the attention and care exercised by the Deity on this most inconsiderable of his creatures, be available or strictly applicable; whether there be any

thing so analogous between the natural and providential economy and a dispensation so signally peculiar as that of redemption, as to admit of an argument from the evidence of the one to the probability of the other. The Doctor *finly* assumes this analogy.

For our feeble powers of contemplating the government of the Almighty, and for facility of proper instruction, there may be an advantage in our usual mode of viewing that government as distinguished into separate departments, as of nature, providence, and grace. But we should greatly doubt whether, in a higher contemplation, this notion of separate departments would not vanish away. For if, in the first place, we endeavour to elevate our thoughts to the divine nature, in contemplation of any of the attributes—the power, for instance, or the goodness—we cannot conceive of that attribute in any other way than as a perfectly *simple* quality, than, if we may presume to apply such an expression, a homogeneous element; capable of an infinite diversity of modes of operation and degrees of manifestation, but not consisting of a combination of several distinguishable modes of the quality, each specifically applicable to a distinct department of the divine government.

If, in the next place, we descend to the view of this world as a scene of that government, we may, on a slight general inspection, seem to distinguish several departments so dissimilar to one another, as to have but a very partial relation or mutual dependence; each existing as if chiefly for itself, and each requiring not only an appropriate mode of the operation of the divine power or goodness, but an appropriate modification in the attributes themselves; and we shall speak accordingly, of the kingdom of nature, providence, and grace. But, if we think long, and comprehensively, and deeply, these artificial and arbitrary lines of demarcation will gradually melt from sight; while instead of them there will become visible the grand lines of one vast system, lines running throughout it in all directions, evincing a perfect relation through all that we had regarded as almost independent parts; or rather evincing a *unity* of economy, consisting of an infinity of particulars combined with Divine art. And, therefore, though some of these particulars will appear prominent, by a richer lustre of the

Divine goodness, they will still stand in an inseparable relation to all the other particulars in which that goodness is manifested, while all these other particulars stand in a contributive connexion, and a relative value, to those richest and best.

It must follow, that it is incorrect and absurd to say, that the striking manifestations of the Divine power and goodness in a department of what we call the world of nature, are of an order so perfectly foreign to the principle of a certain other and far greater affirmed manifestation of those attributes, as to furnish no analogy by which to combat the objected improbability of that greater manifestation.

But suppose we place out of the argument the marvellous evidences revealed by the microscope of the determination of the attributes of the Infinite Spirit to the most diminutive objects, and consider only the exquisite minuteness of their unremitted exercise towards man. *He*, at least, is a *system*, in which each part and circumstance is in strict relation to all the other parts and circumstances. Both from the nature of the case, and from numberless illustrations of fact, it is evident that the apparently slightest circumstances of his being and condition may have a vital connexion with the most important. There is no dis severing the human individual into independent portions, to be the subjects, respectively, of unconnected economies of divine government. It may be assumed that God does nothing for him purely and exclusively *as an animal*, but that his whole combined nature is kept in view in the Divine management. The natural providence, if we may so call it, and the moral government, must be inseparably combined in one process, which cannot leave untouched the spiritual part. But then, it cannot be alleged that the astonishingly condescending and minute attention, which we see to be exercised by the Divine Being upon a thousand small particulars in the nature and condition of man, is an agency so foreign to the interests of his soul, that no inference can be drawn from it relative to the probability of the highest possible expedient adopted for those interests by that Being.

While, however, we think our author is perfectly warranted in the course of argument he has pursued, it is not to be denied that in a few instances he has, inadvertently,

fallen into expressions which do injustice to the surpassing *degree* and the transcendent *mode* of the manifestation of the divine goodness as given in the great expedient of redemption. The relation prevailing through all the agencies of the divine goodness, comports, it is unnecessary to say, with a stupendous superiority of degree in which that goodness is manifested in some parts of the government of the Almighty. One of the expressions we allude to occurs in the following passage:—

“Let such a revelation tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down [this refers to the economy of Mediation] for the benefit of one single province of his dominions, *this is no more than what I see lying scattered, in numberless examples, before me*; and running through the whole line of my recollections; *and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself*; and, now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for his notice, or too humble for the visitations of his care.”—P. 116.

We have justly ascribed such expressions to “inadvertency,” for the Doctor loses no occasion for enforcing the glorious supremacy of the dispensation of Christ over the other illustrations of the Divine benignity; nor can any terms be more animated than those which he has employed to this effect, in some passages of the Discourse on the argument of which we have so very disproportionately enlarged.

The direct and conclusive argument against the infidel objection closes here. It rests its strength on indisputable matters of fact. And it leaves the infidel literally not an atom to stand upon; for it animates even atoms to an implacable hostility against him.

In drawing towards an end of our analysis of these Discourses, we think it may not be amiss to repeat that Dr. Chalmers uniformly recognizes the complete sufficiency of the evidences for Christianity, independently, altogether, of the questions which he is discussing: insomuch that that evidence would remain invincible if his whole argument were judged or proved to have failed;—that is to say, if it

were judged or proved, in the first place, that the astonishing expenditure, shall we call it, of the exercise of the Divine attributes upon the individuals of an inconceivable multitude of the most diminutive beings, and upon an inconceivable number of minute particulars and circumstances relating to man (beings and circumstances so stupendously small as parts of the universal system), is *not* enough to furnish any argument against the improbability of such an expedient for human happiness as that which revelation declares ;—and if it could be proved, in the next place, that this revealed economy of redemption disclaims any extension, or, at least, is silent as to any extension, of its relations and utilities to any other portion of the great system extraneous to the sphere of human existence.

Supposing the matter to be acknowledged to be thus, and supposing it to be then acknowledged, that we cannot understand how it can consist with the rules of proportion in the government of so vast a whole, for the Governor to do so great a thing for a most inconsiderable part,—this leaves the positive evidence in undiminished authority. This acknowledgment of ignorance amounts to this and no more,—that we cannot advance a certain philosophic argument, *à priori*, in corroboration of that evidence. The absence of that argument detracts not a particle from the arguments which are present, and on which alone the cause ever professed to rest its demonstration. This acknowledgment of ignorance is simply a confession that there is utter *mystery* on a side of the subject where it would have been gratifying to be able to find the means of raising a philosophic argument in favour of Christianity. And, verily, mystery, as relative to the human understanding, forms a marvellously pertinent allegation against an asserted and strongly evidenced fact in the Divine government of the universe !

The case is quite changed, if a man, instead of this acknowledgment of ignorance of the rule of proportion in that government, makes an avowal of knowledge ; if he says he can judge of that rule, and can see that the asserted fact in question is incompatible with it, and therefore must disbelieve that assertion, in contempt of all the alleged positive evidence. But we have then “a short method” with him.

We have to tell him that he is to take the consequences of a flagrantly irreligious, if not unphilosophical presumption; for that he *cannot* judge of that rule, and therefore it must be at his peril, that in the strength of his ignorant assumption to do so, he dares make light of that evidence.

Perhaps it was not strictly necessary to make these remarks at this length; Dr. Chalmers has several times used expressions to preserve it clearly in the reader's recollection, that the Christian evidence is not to be implicated in any way of dependence, in the smallest degree, in a course of argument which is purely subsidiary; but it may not be impertinent to have marked the distinction in a somewhat more formal manner in the above sentences. That Christianity is in no possible degree committed to hazard upon the force or failure of the pleading, is the more necessary to be kept in view in reading the latter Discourses in the series, because in them the author indulges in a train of speculation, supported in a great degree upon conjectures and a looser kind of analogies than those which have served him so well in the preceding part of the course; conjectures, however, and analogies, which he does not mistake for certainties and direct proofs.

It might have been a sufficient service to Christianity to make good the negative argument in its favour,—to show the futility of attempting to support against it a charge of being absurd and incredible, even though it did by the necessary constitution of such an economy, and by avowals in its own professed revelation, confine itself exclusively to the interests of man. But the preacher concludes his third Discourse with the assertion, that the vindication may be carried forward to a positive argument, confronting the infidel objection; for that revelation avows what reason might well surmise of such an economy, that it extends, in very important relations, to a much wider sphere than that of the exclusive human interests. Accordingly, the fourth Discourse proceeds to "The knowledge of man's moral history in the distant places of the Creation;" and it is followed by another on "The sympathy that is felt for man in the distant places of creation." The wide sweep of reasoning and imagination over the distant regions of the moral world, terminates in the sixth Discourse, "On the contest for air

ascendancy over man, amongst the higher orders of intelligence."

With regard to the general object pursued through this latter part of the course, we shall acknowledge at once that we are extremely sceptical, while we do most willing justice to the ingenious argumentation, and picturesque illustration, and buoyant and soaring fancy, which the preacher has so largely displayed in his progress. On a cool consideration of the subject, it would seem that the scriptural grounds for supporting the speculation are very slight; and it may perhaps be suspected that in the weight which our author rests on these, and in the degree of confidence with which he adduces arguments from analogy and surmises of general probability, he may have a little transgressed the rigid rules of speculation so justly applauded in the earlier Discourses.

The fourth and fifth Discourses have for their texts,—“Which things angels desire to look into;” and, “I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.” No fact beyond the limits of our world is more prominent in the declarations of the Bible than the existence of a high order of intelligences denominated angels. The equivocal and the lower application of the term in a number of instances can deduct nothing from the palpable evidence of the fact. But who and what are angels? The effect of an assemblage of passages relating to them in the Bible, the descriptions, narratives, and allusions, would seem to give an idea widely different from that of stationary residents in particular parts of the creation,—an idea rather of perpetual ministerial agency, in a diversified distribution of appointments, many of them occasional and temporary, in the fulfilment of which numbers of them visit or sojourn in this world. On the ground of analogy, we may be allowed to surmise that there may be spiritual ministers of this sublime order appointed to all other worlds in the creation. Now, as to the angels, that portion of them at least whose appointments have a relation to this world, there cannot be a moment's question whether they are acquainted with the condition of man, and take an interest in the economy of God's moral government over him. The Scriptures directly affirm it, and in many

ways imply it. But this proves nothing as to the knowledge or interest concerning man among the respective inhabitants of the distant parts of the creation. It is conceivable that there may be an indefinite reciprocation of intelligence among some of the angels commissioned to many regions of the universe, and they may, for anything we can know, impart, in the scenes of their ministry, some portion of the intelligence thus reciprocated: on the contrary, they may maintain an inviolable silence. But, indeed, though this inter-communication of these diversely commissioned agents may be conceived possible to some extent, no notion can be entertained of its approaching to completeness and universality. This would be to attribute faculties too vast for created intelligences,—too vast, because commensurate in each individual with the whole creation of God, if there be such ministerial agents deputed to every part of that creation. And however stupendously capacious their faculties might be, it is not conceivable that such a boundless diversity and multitude of contemplations and interests could consist with the devoted, unremitting attention to the specific objects of their respective appointments.

Next, with regard to the *inhabitants* properly so denominated, of the unnumbered millions of distinct worlds in the creation (the truth of that theory being assumed), there would seem to be insurmountable objections to the notion of their all receiving large information and feeling deep interest concerning the people and transactions of this planet. Let it be considered, that it is beyond all doubt that in every world where the Creator has placed intelligent beings (we leave out of the account whatever region it may be to which the fallen angels are consigned), he has made successive, diversified, and wonderful manifestations of his attributes in the peculiar economy of that world itself. It is not conceivable that he should not have made continually such disclosures of himself to them, carried on such a government over them, furnished so many proofs and monitions of their relation to him, summoned their powers so imperiously to the utmost service to him of which they are capable, that they will have within their own peculiar sphere copious interest and employment for their faculties during a large portion of their time. It is even reasonable to suppose that

to these distinct inhabited spheres as numerous as the most audacious conjecture of an angel can make them, there have been, in the history of each one of them without exception, some extraordinary and stupendous events and moral phenomena, standing in majestic pre-eminence for the contemplation of the inhabitants, and involving, as interventions of the Almighty, such glory, and miracle, and mystery, that "angels may desire to look into them." Why should it not be so? It plainly gives a loftier idea of that Being, that he should do such great things in all the worlds of his dominion, than that he should do them in only a few instances, or in only one, and that he should do them in an endless diversity of form and mode, than in only one. But if the fact should be so, consider what a countless multitude of things will deserve, perhaps equally deserve, as signal manifestations of the Divinity, to be brought within the view of those tribes of intelligent creatures whose expanded faculties and exalted position render it possible for them to extend their adoring contemplations afar over the dominions of God. It would follow, that their regards cannot be fixed on the economy of this world with so much of a concentration of attention and interest, as our author seems inclined to represent.

As to the conjecture that many, or that all the worlds of the creation may have a *direct* interest in the economy of redemption, as having possibly like our race incurred the crime and calamity of a moral lapse, the preacher only throws it out as one among a variety of imaginative surmisings, and is evidently not desirous to make it the basis, or a part of any positive theory. We think it cannot be entertained for one moment. The most submissive humility on all subjects relating to the divine government, and its mysteries and possibilities, cannot preclude an irresistible impression that the idea of so wide a prevalence of evil in the universe is absolutely incompatible with faith in the goodness of its Creator and Governor. Let any devout mind dwell awhile on the thought, and try whether it is not so. The prevalence of evil in only this one world is an inexpressibly mysterious and awful fact; insomuch that all attempts to explain *how* it is consistent with the perfect goodness of an Almighty Being, have left us in utter despair

of any approach towards comprehending it. A pious spirit, not deluded by any of the vain and presumptuous theories of philosophical or theological explanation, while looking towards this unfathomable subject, can repose only in a general confidence that the dreadful fact of the prevalence of evil in this planet is in some unimaginable way combined with such relations, and such a state of the grand whole of the divine empire, that it is perfectly consistent with infinite goodness in Him that made and directs all things. But, therefore, this confidence cannot subsist on any supposition that the other regions of that empire are also in any great proportion ravaged by this direful enemy and destroyer of happiness. On any such supposition, mystery changes into horror.

By the way, this topic supplies a mighty argument for that theory of an ample plurality of worlds of intelligent beings, so probable on philosophic grounds, and so consonant with sublime ideas of the Creator's power and glory. Unless we admit that theory, we assign to evil such a fearful proportion to the good in the condition of the intelligent creation, as to darken into intolerable gloom the collective view of its economy. How vast must the moral system be, to contain such a magnitude of good as to reduce this horrible mass of evil, existing and accumulating through thousands of years, to a mere circumstance, scarcely discernible as an exception to the estimate, that "all is good," merged and lost in the glory of the comprehensive whole! Not, indeed, that by a reference to that unknown whole, we can in the smallest degree diminish the mystery of the existence of evil in this one world,—of its existence at all in the creation of an infinitely good and powerful Being, but we do, in this idea of the immensity of that creation, obtain a ground for the assurance, that the proportion of good among the creatures of the Almighty, may all but infinitely transcend that of evil.

While we acknowledge that, for ourselves, we feel it necessary to entertain this idea of the immensity of the intelligent creation, in order to the full and consolatory effect of our faith in the goodness of the Supreme Being, we shall naturally wonder at the happier temperament of those theologians, if such there be, who meet with no very dis-

presenting difficulty on this whole field of speculation; who, while limiting their view of the intelligent creation to this world (combined with the assemblages of angels and departed human spirits), and seeing in this world, through its whole duration hitherto, such a prevalence of moral evil, that they deem an immense majority of the race consigned to eternal destruction, can yet, by the aid of some superficial theory of human volition, and some lightly assumed and presumptuous maxims respecting penal example in the order of the Divine government, escape, with great apparent facility, into great apparent complacency, from the overwhelming awfulness of the economy.

We should crave excuse for repetition while we try to select terms somewhat more precise, to say, that upon the theory of the immensity of the intelligent creation, we may take ground for the presumption that the rectitude and happiness, either absolutely perfect, or but slightly defective, of an inconceivable number of rational creatures, constitutes, over the vast general scene, a direct and infinitely clear manifestation of the Creator's goodness, leaving the solemn mystery, in this respect, to rest chiefly on this one small province of the universal dominion; that presumption aiding our adoration, though it does not extenuate the gloom of this mystery as respecting this world considered exclusively.

But to return, for a moment, to the more immediate topics of the Discourses. They glow with eloquent, poetical, striking representations of the earnest impassioned interest with which all the good beings, of even so stupendous a multitude of world, may be conceived to regard our race, as a family lapsed from their allegiance and their felicity, and under a dispensation of recovery. There is no pretending to know how much it is reasonable to conjecture on such a subject. A great deal of generous regard for the human race, may, with sobriety of imagination, be attributed to those ministers of the Almighty, who are charged with beneficent offices in the economy of this world. But when we think of the inhabitants of the universe, according to the computation all along maintained, or rather the theory, which defies all computation; when we consider that self-love must be the primary law of all created conscious exist-

ences, and that in all their localities and states this ~~will~~ will have its *immediate* sphere; when we seek to imagine a medium of announcement or representation by which our transactions and concerns should be vividly and protractedly impressed on the intellect and affections of the remotest foreigners of the creation; and when we reflect, according to what we have already suggested, that for the contemplation of those tribes or orders, whose faculties may be of a capacity to admit, and whose happiness may be made greatly to consist in their receiving, a sublimely enlarged knowledge of the creation, there will be an infinity of memorable and amazing facts of the divine government;—when we consider all this, we confess we cannot, without being haunted with an invincible sense of very great extravagance, listen to a strain of eloquence which would go the length of representing all the wise and amiable intelligences of all the systems of the universe, as employing a large proportion of the energies of their being on the history and destiny of our race.

The grand argument for assuming such a concentration of attention and interest upon this world, is the extraordinary and transcendent nature of the expedient for human redemption. And well may that argument be urged to the extent of an assurance, that if the Blessed and Only Potentate wills that the most signal facts of his government in one world should be celebrated in others, this expedient must stand in the most eminent order of the facts so celebrated. But when that argument is pressed to so extreme a consequence, as in our author's fervid conjectures and assumptions, one or two considerations will suggest themselves.

In the first place, there seems to be some inadvertency, common to him with many divines and pious men, in expressing the mode of apprehending the interposition of Deity, as manifested in the person of the Messiah. He sometimes falls into language which would do little less than imply that the Divine Nature, as subsisting in that mysterious connexion with the human, subjected itself to a temporary limitation, and, if we may apply such a term, monopoly, to that one purpose and agency of human redemption; as if Deity, so combured, contracted, and depressed itself from the state of Deity in the abstract, sustaining

the suspension of the exercise of those infinite attributes which can be limited to no one object, or operation, or world, for one instant. Not that any such limitation is *intended* so to be implied; but, under the defective effect of a language which bears a semblance of such an import, the argument in question (that from the pre-eminent marvellousness and benevolence of the expedient for redemption) is carried to an exaggerated conclusion. Of this deceptive character, we think, is the parallel which begins in page 150, between this great act of Divine interposition, and the supposed instance of a monarch of an extensive empire, who should, for a brief space of time, a few hours, or a day (which would, as the author remarks, be infinitely longer in proportion to the whole time of his reign, than the duration of the mediatorial period on earth as compared with the eternity of the Divine government), lay aside the majesty and the concerns of his general government, to make a visit of compassion to the humble cottage of some distressed or guilty family. It is obvious that this illustration should imply (or the virtue of the parallel is lost) that "in turning him to our humble habitations," (page 152) "the King, Eternal, Immortal, and Invisible" (in those absolute terms of Divinity the visitant is designated), did in some manner withdraw and descend from the full amplitude of the glory and exercise of the unalienable attributes of Deity. But surely, whatever was the mode of that mysterious combination of the divine with an inferior nature, we are required religiously to beware of all approach toward such an idea as that of a *modification* of the Supreme nature, and to preserve the solemn idea of a Being, absolute, unalterable, and necessarily always in entire possession and exercise of all that constitutes its supremacy and perfection. But the divine nature "manifested" in the human in the person of the Messiah, continued then and ever in such an unlimited state of glory and action, that it might be then, and at every moment of the mediatorial dispensation, making innumerable other manifestations of itself, and performing infinite wonders of grace and power altogether foreign, as the remote scenes of their display, from this world and the interposition for its redemption; an interposition, which could in no manner interfere with any other interpositions, of a kind indefinitely

dissimilar from it and one another, which the Sovereign Agent might will to effect in other regions.

Since, therefore, the inexplicable indwelling in the person of the Mediator, could in no manner affect the plenary presence and energy of the Divine nature, as while so indwelling, pervading also all the other realms of the universe; and since, while that mighty essence imparted immeasurable virtue to the Mediatorial work and sacrifice, it yet could not sustain any difficulty, degradation, or injury; as the griefs, the dreadful inflictions for the sin of the world, fell exclusively upon a subordinate being, belonging to our own economy; there would not seem to be an imperious reason for the universality of the inhabitants of the creation to be occupied with a paramount interest in the transaction, though so illustrious a display of the Almighty's justice and mercy toward one section of his dominion.

In the next place, we would notice a still more striking inadvertency in our excellent author's representations. In maintaining the probability of the knowledge and celebration of the wonderful expedient for the redemption of man, far through the numberless abodes of intellectual existence, he indulges habitually a strain of descriptive sentiment which would be precisely applicable, *if* that economy were designed to be, or were in fact, redeemingly comprehensive of the whole world of men. But then, is it applicable, as the awful truth stands displayed before us? He keeps quite out of view what that divine intervention was *not* designed to accomplish, as made evident in the actual state in life, and after death, of a dread proportion of the human race; and forms his conceptions of the manner of interest with which innumerable pure and happy tribes of the universe may be imagined to contemplate our world, as if this reality of things should not be apparent to them. It is too obvious how deeply this reality affects the ground of his sanguine and exulting presumptions of such an immensely extended interest and gratulation.

We should advert to those passages of Scripture which he has collected in page 117:—

“And while we, whose prospect reaches not beyond the narrow limits of the corner we occupy, look on the dealings of God in the world, as carrying in them all the insignificance of a pre-

viſual tranſaction ; God himſelf, whoſe eye reaches to places which our eye hath not ſeen, nor our ear heard of, neither hath it entered into our imagination to conceive, ſtamps a univerſality on the whole matter of the Chriſtian ſalvation, by ſuch revelations as the following : That he is to gather together, in one, all things in Chriſt, both which are in heaven, and which are in earth, even in him ; and at the name of Jeſus every knee ſhould bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that by him God reconciled all things unto himſelf, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.”

We do not know where to ſeek a rule of interpretation for theſe paſſages, the moſt eſſential expreſſions of which —“all things,” and “things in heaven”—are among the moſt indefinite phraſes in the Bible. It cannot be *proved* that their meaning does not comprehend more than ſuch a portion of ſuperhuman beings as may be placed within a circumscribed economy appropriate to our world, as ſome of the angels evidently are. But the circumſtance which is fatal to a very ambitious interpretation of them in their higher reference, is, the neceſſity of putting an exceedingly reſtricted one on them in their lower. How greatly leſs muſt be intended than the literal import of the expreſſion, “all things in earth,” is ſhown in the hiſtory and the actual and proſpective ſtate of the earth’s inhabitants.

We muſt not prolong a courſe of remarks in which we are ſenſible of having been unpardonably prolix, by commenting on the Diſcourſe, “On the content for an aſcendancy over man, among the higher orders of intelligence.” The firſt part of it is employed, at rather perhaps too great a length for a printed work, in repetition and recapitulation ; but this might be highly proper in the Diſcourſe as delivered at a conſiderable diſtance of time from the former ones in the ſeries. The exhibition of the warfare is in a high tone of martial energy. And what cauſe we have to wiſh, as Dr. Chalmers did in an able ſermon, published a few years ſince, that the ſpirit and ſplendour of oratory and poetry might, through a heaven-inflited fatalty, deſert, henceforward, all attempted celebrations of any other warfare than that between the cauſe of God and the power of evil, as put forth in infernal or in human agency !

We have no diſpoſition to accompany this portion of our ardent ſpeculator’s career, with exceptions to what we may

deem its excesses of sentiment, and imagery, and confident conjecture. What we are most tempted to remark upon in the description of the great contest carrying on between the intelligent powers of light and darkness, for a domination over the destiny of man, is a something too much like an implication that this destiny can really be, in any possible measure, a depending question between created antagonists, or that it can appear to them, on either side, to be so, while both of them must be aware of the absolute certainty that the will of the Almighty is infinitely sovereign over all things. Indeed, this consideration renders it profoundly mysterious that there can be any contest at all. And to say that the existence of the contest is mysterious, is saying, in effect, that it is impossible to attain a probable conception how the parties are actuated. The sense of this has always, with us, interfered with the interest of the former part of the "Paradise Lost." There appears an enormous absurdity in the presumptions and calculations on which the delinquent spirits adopt and prosecute their enterprise; an absurdity, we mean, on the part of the poet, in making them to act from calculations which it was absolutely impossible their enlarged understandings could entertain.

Nevertheless, we have the testimony, express and by diversified implications of the Holy Scriptures, for the fact of a formidable moral dissension among the higher order of intelligences, in which the condition of the human race has been awfully involved.

The concluding Discourse is on a topic of very serious and melancholy interest—the possibility to minds of feeling, and taste, and imagination, of being elated to noble contemplations, and affected by fine emotions, of a nature that shall seem to be intimately related to genuine piety, and may easily be mistaken for it, while yet the heart is destitute of all that is essential in the experience of religion. Nothing could be better judged than the placing of this subject in broad and prominent view at the close of such a train of contemplations. How possible it is that hundreds of readers may have expatiated in thought with emotions of sublime and delightful solemnity, on the scene of astronomical magnificence displayed in the introductory Discourses; and inasmuch as the glory of that scene is the glory of the

A mighty Creator, may have deemed their emotions to partake of, or be identical with, religious devotion—a sentiment and a state to which there were tests existing to convict them of being strangers. The preacher has forcibly illustrated, in many other forms, this treacherous semblance of religious vitality. And the feeling awakened at the view of so many interesting emotions, still useless, and by their deceptive influence, worse than useless, to the subjects of them, is so mournful, that the reader is almost impelled to relieve himself by seeking cause to think that some of the representations are over-wrought, and some of the decisions too severe; and he is tempted to be gratified at obtaining an alleviation of the painful effect of some of the stern adjudgments, at the expense of the judge, whose occasional violences of oratory, and negligences of discrimination, afford a hint that his sentence cannot be without appeal. Much important and alarming truth, however, there is in this Discourse. It contains the *elements* of an eminently useful and warning instruction. But the subject requires a much more elaborate and definite discussion; and we wish Dr. Chalmers may take another opportunity of treating it formally with the deliberate, best exertion of his mind.

On the merely literary character of his composition we shall content ourselves with a very few words. We cannot dissemble that we wish he would put his style under a strongly alterative discipline. No readers can be more sensible to its glow and richness of colouring, and its not unfrequent happy combinations of words; but there is no denying that it is guilty of a rhetorical march, a sonorous pomp, a “showy sameness;” a want, therefore, of simplicity and flexibility; withal, a perverse and provoking grotesqueness, a frequent descent, strikingly incongruous with the prevailing elatedness of tone, to the lowest colloquialism, and all together an unpardonable license of strange phraseology. The number of uncouth, and fantastic, and we may fairly say barbarous phrases, that might be transcribed, is most unconscionable. Such a style needs a strong hand of reform; and the writer may be assured it contains life and soul enough to endure the most unrelenting process of correction, the most compulsory trials to change its form, without hazard of extinguishing its spirit.

RYLAND'S MEMOIRS OF FULLER.

The Work of Faith, the Labour of Love, and the Patience of Hope, illustrated; in the Life and Death of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, late Pastor of the Baptist Church at Kettering, and Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society from its Commencement in 1792. Second Edition, with Corrections and Additions, chiefly extracted from his own Papers By JOHN RYLAND, D D 8vo 1818.

THE very strong, and, we trust, salutary interest, with which we have read this highly valuable publication, is of such a nature as to have much indisposed us to resume the volume for the purposes of ordinary criticism. It is not that subjects for criticism are not presented in plenty and variety, but the predominant feeling with which it seems to claim to be perused, is nearly identical with that with which we should wish to read a book of devotions. We should hope that, in the case of a large proportion of its readers, something like this will have been, and will be the prevailing state of mind, and we must confess we should think no little commiseration due in any instance where a very considerable measure of such a sentiment had not accompanied the perusal, whether the preventing cause were religious insensibility, or the prejudices of party and opinion.

Most readers of the book, we think, will be satisfied that the present biographer was the proper person, and probably the only person for the office which, nevertheless, he would gladly have consigned to any other competent and consenting writer, "while he would willingly have subserved the undertaking, without being known to have had a share in the compilation." The work has remained in the right hands. Dr. Ryland was nearly coeval with Mr. Fuller; became acquainted with him very early in the Christian course and public labours of both; communicated with him on the theological perplexities which exercised and embarrassed his judgment in the first years of his ministry; co-operated with him in public services; witnessed the unfolding of his talents and zeal, gradually grew into a friendship which continued through life, confirmed and perpetually augmented by a kindred zealous interest for the best cause, by agreement of religious opinions, and by progressive

mutual proofs of solid excellence of character; was consulted by him respecting his publications, entered with him into the spirit, and shared with him in the long and increasing labours of the missionary enterprise, received from him numberless confidential communications, relative to this and many other concerns, of both a public and personal nature, and finally, has had whatever advantage could be afforded by the discretionary use of all the manuscript papers left at his death, even the most private records of his exercises of piety, speculation, or sorrow.

All this, indeed, is obviously telling how decidedly and deeply in the spirit of *friendship* the biographer must have delineated his subject. And it were useless to deny that had it been possible for any man, of judgment and honesty equal to those of the excellent author of this volume, to have possessed, *without* any personal friendship of Mr Fuller, all that knowledge of his character and proceedings which it was so much through the medium of friendship that Dr Ryland acquired, he must, as being a more cool and rigorous, have been a somewhat more accurate estimator of the man. But it is plain that, on the one hand, it is impossible that any one *but* a friend could have acquired that intimate knowledge, that vivid idea of the character, under the influence of which the present biographer writes, and that, on the other, no man that should become an intimate friend of Fuller, could have failed to receive so strong an impression of his powers and his principles, as to reduce in the estimate his imperfections to a diminutive amount of deduction from so much excellence: they would not have appeared in any proportion authorizing the use of contrast.

For ourselves, we are most willing to receive the delineation from the hand of conscientious and judicious friendship, —epithets, we believe, never more applicable than in the instance before us. If there be any who are much more solicitous for a severe and punctilious justice, than for the benefit to be derived from contemplating a high Christian character and a life of extraordinary and memorable usefulness, they doubtless may with due industry come at the means of detecting whatever spots there were on so bright an object. We may, however, be permitted to question whether an earnest industry is ever exerted for such a

purpose without some promptings from a disposition which will be willing to magnify those spots when described.

These remarks, however, are by no means to be mistaken as implying that Fuller's oldest and most intimate friend has in this memoir attempted an exhibition of a perfect character. It is acknowledged in the work, repeatedly, that this eminent and most genuine servant of Christ and religion had in his temperament some share of that moral condition which all the servants of Christ deem it is well worth dying to escape from; while yet it is shown, with the most ample evidence, that if his character was marked by a certain rigour, by an excessive pertinacity of the importance of whatever he held as truth, by a too little qualified tone of condemnatory judgment, by some deficiency of what may justly be denominated liberality, as well of feeling as of opinion, and by a want of the conciliatory manner, the *suaviter in modo*, which is compatible with the greatest firmness of principle and purpose,—he was at the same time in all things solicitously conscientious, was beyond comparison a more rigid judge and censor of himself than of his fellow-mortals, and was habitually and profoundly abased in the presence of the Divine Judge.

Dr. Ryland modestly calls himself "Editor," and "Compiler," of the work. In fact, it is the considerably smaller portion of it that proceeds from his pen. But the selection and arrangement, from so large an assemblage of miscellaneous materials, may not have cost much less time and exercise of judgment than an equal length of free composition would have done. The selections are made partly from diaries, kept by Mr. Fuller through a number of years, but discontinued when his time became so imperiously occupied with the augmenting and complicated labours relative to the Indian Mission, and partly from his correspondence with our author, with his own family, and with other friends. But little use was deemed necessary to be made of his published writings, the series of which is briefly recounted, with a few pertinent explanatory and historical notices.* It is to be observed, with

* The Complete Works of the Rev. Andrew Fuller, with Memoir by his Son, are published in one volume, imperial 8vo., by Henry G. Bohn, 1856, price 15s. Also, a Selection of his Works, with Memoir. Small 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

respect to all the materials and periods of the memoir, that the biographer's having been, in the strictest sense, contemporary with Fuller, immediately acquainted with the circumstances affecting him through each stage of two-thirds perhaps of his life, and with the course of those opinions and controversies in the agitation of which he most laboriously matured his judgment, and evinced his talents, — has enabled him to give more of an illustrative connexion and personal character to the compilation, than any other hand could have done in working on the same written materials.

We can have no doubt that the selection is, as relative to the far larger portion of materials kept back, a judicious one. It was a task of great delicacy and discretion; as so many things, strikingly illustrative of the character, could not be published without involving, in an ungracious manner, and in some cases possibly a painful one to living persons, the character and circumstances of other men. There have doubtless passed under Dr. Ryland's review, many pieces in which the able discussion of subjects was, from the nature of the occasion that provoked it, so implicated with personal references, that it was better so much of Fuller's vigorous exercise of intellect should be lost to the reader, than that those occasions should be made the subjects of invidious, or at best unprofitable, observation. There must have been considerable difficulty in the process of selection from the diaries. From that source the Doctor has drawn much, of which he acknowledges that the severely self-observant writer would have deprecated the publication. He rests his justification on the conscientious conviction that the extracts may be useful, and the confidence that, therefore, if the appeal could *now* be made to that writer, he would not disapprove.

We are satisfied that, on the whole, our author has exercised his office with sound judgment, and certain that he has done it throughout in the genuine spirit of an earnest promoter of religion. Considered simply and technically, if we may so express it, in the capacity of biographer, he has certainly succeeded in giving a real, vivid, expanded representation of the man, by means of bringing into conformation a multiplicity of smaller and larger fragments in which that man had, on a variety of occasions and subjects,

in many different situations and states of feeling, so forcibly and characteristically displayed himself.

We believe that in no other way could so impressive a portraiture have been delineated. And we have dwelt the longer on the manner in which, and the resources from which, the work is composed, in consideration that, when a book is regarded as a "compilation," the reader is apt to be but little sensible of the labour that may have been required, or the knowledge and judgment that may be evinced.

As an introductory chapter, Dr. Ryland has given a brief view of the prevailing cast of opinion and preaching among the Baptists, in reference particularly to the Calvinistic doctrines, from an early part of the last century down to the period when Fuller entered on the public service of religion. And this is chiefly for the purpose of tracing the history of what has been sometimes named "The Modern Question." If there be readers whose memories or understandings have no recognition of this denomination or its import they may be excused: "There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." After all that either "philosophy," or theology, or practice, had been so long inquiring, or showing, or trying, there remained yet a novelty for the business and gratification of "modern" genius. It was reserved to be brought into "Question"—"Whether it be the duty of all men to whom the Gospel is published, to repent and believe in Christ." (Page 1). And this was stirred into active debate, it seems, in Northamptonshire, some years before the middle of the last century. Our author deduces the history of the controversy through its successive stages and disputers, to the period when Fuller was destined to be harassed by it into the polemic service into which he entered with the greatest reluctance, and in which he was to act so distinguished a part.

The account of his early life, from childhood to his entrance on the ministry, is related by himself in a number of letters written at much more advanced periods. The narrative has the remarkable merit, that the observations dictated by his mature and time-worn mind, do not lessen and stiffen the lively simplicity of the representation of

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

what he was in his early years. It is a very interesting story. It would have been evident to any moderately discerning observer, of his childhood and youth, that his moral and intellectual nature was composed of strong elements, notwithstanding that their deepest workings appear to have been carried on under the seclusion of a reserved habit,—reserved, at least, in so far; for his social, active, and even gamesome propensities would, indeed, imply a certain measure of what must have had the effect of frankness with his sportive companions. To such companionship it is too evident that parental authority must have surrendered him with far too little limit or selection. A proportion of religious instruction, however, found its way to his mind, and prepared him to be a subject of powerful impressions and alarms. At a very juvenile age the vigorous conflict began between conscience and inclination, abetted and stimulated by example. Notwithstanding all his *practical* gaiety among his associates, it is evident that nature had given a gloomy temperament to his strong passions; there can, indeed, be no doubt that the spirited sociableness which had the appearance of gaiety, partook very much of the deeper quality of ambition, supported by the consciousness of an athletic frame, and of mental faculties which he could not but perceive to be more effective than those of his coevals. This strong and gloomy mental constitution being powerfully laid hold of by the thought of God as an all-seeing Judge, a thought under which he sometimes sunk in terror, and sometimes struggled with earnest, but still despairing resistance,—he passed through a long series of violent emotions, alternating with intervals of such oblivion as appear very wonderful and unaccountable. A season of some considerable duration, in which he was overwhelmed with distress, wept bitterly, repented, resolved, vowed, and ardently sought a glimmer of hope, was followed, apparently with very little of gradual transition of feeling, by a comparatively long period of utter carelessness and abandonment to folly. During one portion of time, he describes himself as uniformly beginning the day in keen remorse, and ending it in thoughtless levity. He mentions a variety of curious and interesting circumstances, incidents, and suggestions of 'thought' which occurred in the long course of these fluc-

trusting feelings, the whole train of which, prolonged through a number of years, he appears to have kept profoundly secret. While he felt bitter vexation, and we may almost say a ferocity of resentment at the state of his own mind, he entertained, he says, a great respect and even affection for those whom he believed to be truly religious; but he appears not so much as to have thought of communicating to any of them the slightest hint of what he was thinking and suffering. He was, the while, though so prone to folly, preserved from the grosser vices incident to youth.

It was in his sixteenth year that the visitations of religious distress and terror came upon him with a continued intensity, no more to be suspended, or beguiled, or allayed, till he was enabled, toward the end of that year, to embrace with grateful joy the hope of divine mercy through Jesus Christ. That depth of self-aborrence which rendered him slow to believe, gave but the greater emphasis to his exultation when he could at length, with humble confidence, assume an interest in the Great Sacrifice of atonement. He was then drawn into communicativeness with some pious persons of his acquaintance; united himself to the society of Baptists at Solam, not far from which his father, a farmer, resided; and, through a train of circumstances which it was no superstition to interpret as a special direction of Providence, was led gradually, by a kind of necessity, and in spite of the most unaffected reluctance, into the employment of a preacher, in his twentieth year. Not long afterwards he was persuaded by that society to accept the pastoral office vacated by a worthy Mr. Eve, whose hyper-Calvanistic preaching had never either aided his religious convictions or consoled his religious distresses, as being of such a contracted scope of doctrine as to make him feel his condition placed entirely out of its cognizance. The good man could not get from the Bible anything to say, better or worse, to sinners. And whether a preacher of the gospel *should* have anything to say to them, became, in effect, in consequence of a particular occurrence, the subject of a pertinacious and protracted controversy in that church; in which controversy, Fuller, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, was implicated, and of which he gives in the narrative a curious history. Thus in the very first years of his juvenile

Christian profession, he was compelled to the study of a question which extremely perplexed and hampered him in the first years of his ministry, and which was destined to furnish the first very public illustration of his talents, and the first of his long course of distinguished services to the cause of religion.

It cannot be less our business than it is our inclination, to take any formal account of this "modern question." Many very sensible things on the subject will be found in this volume, some of them cited from letters and conversations of Fuller, some of them in observations made by his biographer. A Calvinist, even of the most moderate standard, believes that the nature of man is so thoroughly depraved, that without the special influence of the Spirit of God (an agent altogether sovereign, and independent of human will), no man is able to receive the Gospel in an efficacious manner,—so to receive it that it shall work in him repentance, and a cordial acceptance of Jesus Christ, as the only way of salvation. But the case being so, the question is, Can it with justice and without inconsistency be enforced on men as a *duty* thus to receive the gospel, which they are utterly without ability to do? Are not offers, invitations, exhortations, remonstrances, addressed to them on the subject, impertinent and absurd? This is the question that cost Fuller the protracted course of mental exercise which resulted in his "*Gospel of Christ worthy of all acceptance*," and cost him many subsequent exertions of mind in confirmation of its purport,—impelled to those exertions partly by the numerous objections and attacks which the work incurred, and partly by the increasing proofs presented to his mind of the practical importance of its principles: as to their *truth*, he never had a doubt after his opinion had been decided. And probably never was an establishment of opinion attained by a more conscientious and diligent process.

We presume that a vast majority of the intelligent religious persons who have thought on the subject, are satisfied that Mr. Fuller and his allies in the argument, are at all events perfectly right as to the practical point, namely, that it is proper and a solemn duty for Christian teachers to address the gospel to sinners with zealous repetition and

enforcement, and in every imaginable form of explanatory statement, of appeal, of exhortation, and of persuasion. We presume, also, that they must feel the broad and strong ground for this opinion to be the prevailing spirit and language of the Bible, and especially the example of our Lord and his apostles, to which is to be added, in mighty corroboration, the example of all the most divinely assisted and successful preachers, from the apostles to the present time,—the primitive martyrs, the reformers, the puritans, the Whitefields. Under the authority of such a sacred magnificence of example, they really may well stand exempted from taking any great trouble about a speculative question of consistency.

To us it has long appeared (an opinion far enough, indeed, from singular) that a Christian preacher who should lay it down as his rule, to say nothing on religious doctrines, which he could not demonstrate to be in strict logical or metaphysical consistency with everything else which he said on them, not only would be compelled to limit himself to an excessively contracted range of discourse (for that is a very obvious matter of fact), but would do that which his grand authority and exemplar, the book of Revelation, does not enjoin upon him. If we could suppose the case that there were a mind of as large and strong intelligence as is ever given to men, entirely unprepossessed with any theory or system, and seriously exerted with honest and perfect simplicity on the whole extent of Revelation, with memory sufficient to retain, while inspecting distinct parts, a substantial recollection of the import of other parts,—we think that such a mind while attaining, as it certainly would at length, a decided perception of a *general* harmony pervading the grand, miscellaneous, irregular assemblage, would feel an impossibility of clearly following out that harmony into some, we may perhaps say many, of the subordinate matters and connexions. And the conclusion would be that as in the works, so also in the word of the Divine Author it was intended there should remain some cloudy spots, some streaks of darkness, some apparent inconsistencies, to demand the humility and submission of human reason,—to demand this upon the competent evidence accompanying the communication *as a whole*, that it is a revelation from God. Now,

supposing this unexampled student of Revelation to be a preacher, which he ought to be, he would not feel himself bound to maintain that rigorous universal consistency which he could not find in the documents constituting his great authority. Whatever did appear to him to be plainly the meaning of any declaration of the sacred oracles, he would feel *himself* warranted to say, even though he could not by an honest unsystematic application of the rules of analogy and harmonization, make out to his own mind its precise consistency with what he would also say on the authority of other dictates of those oracles, interpreted in the same honest manner.

Of course, we cannot be understood to mean that this comprehensive and impartial examiner will ever have *found* an insuperable discrepancy between essentially important parts of the authoritative documents.

We may very fairly ask, whether such a mode of holding and teaching religious truth, be not more reasonable than that adopted by the maintainers of *strict systems* of Christian doctrine,—let it be what Fuller denominates hyper-Calvinism on the one side, or Arminianism on the other. For is it not quite obvious, that their method is, to fix on certain portions of Divine Revelation, taken in the most rigorous and absolute sense, to frame them into a *scheme*, and then to throw aside, in effect, a very large portion of that same Revelation, which presents so plain and direct an appearance of disagreement with that scheme, that they are compelled either to beware of advertung to it at all, or to advert to it always *controversially*; that is, in the way, and in every way, of torturing, refining, invalidating, in order to avert the strong hostility with which those ungracious parts of Scripture are plainly felt to bear against the consecrated and canonized system, every particle of which is, at all hazards, to be maintained in defiance of them? To all such preachers, unless they are adroit in controversy, and love it, and can persuade themselves of its utility in popular instruction, a large portion of the Bible, instead of being a resource, is actually a grievance and a nuisance; and the tendency of their preaching is to render it such to their hearers also. Accordingly, it is notorious, that in more than a few Christian congregations, an occasional preacher would

give serious offence, if he should—not throw out opinions somewhat unaccordant with the idolized system, but—happen to repeat any of the inspired language, that seems to sound a dissonant note. Would they entertain any proposition for rendering the Bible in every sense, a more commodious book, by the exception of all such passages? They may, at least, most conscientiously say, that to them all such portions of the volume are worse than useless.

But we have been unwittingly led away from the subject. We were venturing the opinion that from the prevailing strain of the Bible, considered as one mighty address to collective mankind, and upon the authority, especially, of the example of our Lord, of his commission to the apostles, of the correspondent example of those apostles, imitated also in that of the glorious train of the men who, through succeeding ages, down to this day, have resembled them most, in spirit and success, a Calvinistic preacher may well feel himself warranted and required to urge it on unbelieving men, as their duty, to repent and believe in Christ, even though he *should not* be able to make out the consistency of this proceeding, with his conviction of the total inability of depraved man to do so. At the same time, it were absurd to hold the value of conscious consistency so light, that he should not be gratified to find it possible for the subject to be placed in such a view as to obviate the discrepancy. An effectual expedient for this desirable purpose, Mr. Fuller, his veteran and deeply read biographer, and many other intelligent divines, have deemed to be afforded by the distinction of *natural* and *moral* inability. The nature of this distinction has often enough been intelligibly stated; and it has been forcibly illustrated, and applied to the purpose, by our excellent biographer, in several sermons and tracts of recent years. There are a number of sensible remarks on the subject, some from his pen, and some in the language of Fuller, in the present volume.

There is cause to be truly pleased, that so many pious and valuable Christian teachers, are, by means of this distinction, enabled to surmount the difficulty,—or rather, perhaps, to put it one step further removed. For, pursued

to a very short distance, the matter comes inevitably to this: They have to enforce on the depraved being a duty, and to denounce on its non-fulfilment the punishment, in the very same terms they would have had to do so, on the supposition that this being (that each individual) *had itself created* that depraved condition of its nature, which constitutes its absolute and total inability to perform that duty; but it did *not* itself create that condition. In short, the speculation stands in direct and immediate communication with that direful mystery, the Origin of Evil. And we must confess we should think that the less use is made in religion, the better, of philosophizings which are precipitate towards that black abyss. It really would appear to us, that abstract reasonings on will, and power, and accountability, in relation to man, can afford no assistance, none, towards the fundamental removal of theological difficulties; and that the only resource in a matter like that to which we have been adverting, is in a simple submissive acceptance of the dictates, and adherence to the practice, of the inspired teachers, and of *their* Teacher.

But we are self-rebuked again for having wandered off in this direction, and rendered it necessary to confine within a very brief space whatever else we should have observed upon this interesting volume.

If we were to be thinking more of the man, simply, and how his mind might have been the most advantageously cultivated, than of his practical utility in the Christian church, we might be disposed to regret that the study of such a subject should have been destined to form the first great stage of his intellectual discipline. His mind was naturally of extraordinary strength and acuteness; the thing to be desired was, that he might, at this early period, have fallen on subjects adapted in the greatest possible degree to its *enlargement*; and no tract of speculation, none, at least, which required so much thought, could well have been less fortunate in this respect, than the one in question; especially when we see what sort of writers he had to expend his attention upon: Johnson, of Liverpool, and other such worthies! writers whose pamphlets and tomes might have been very honestly vended as specifics for freezing too warm imaginations and too liberal temperaments. With Fuller's

mental constitution, and under the effects of the unfortunate deficiency of the higher means of cultivation during his youth, what he wanted, at the period of coming to manhood, in order to his faculties being extended to the utmost of their natural capability, was, to be drawn into contemplations and inquiries of the widest scope, and into the regions of eloquence and poetry

It was not till advanced a number of years in his laborious studies, that he became acquainted with the writings of Johnathan Edwards. But neither was *that* most powerful thinker exactly the proper spirit to become the tutelary genius of his intellectual progress, excepting as associated with *other* strong spirits of a greatly different cast, who might have combined and mingled with *his* influence on the pupil, influences of equal strength and excitement, but of a considerably different kind. Fuller's mind *already* too much resembled that of Edwards, in the hardness and bareness—may we not say?—of its operation, and in the destitution of the warmth and exultating freedom of imagination—to say nothing of what belongs merely to taste. Imagination, though a faculty of quite subordinate rank to intellect, is of infinite value for enlarging the field for the action of the intellect. It is a conducting and facilitating medium for intellect to expand itself through, where it may feel itself in a genial vital element instead of a vacuum

There can, we think, be no doubt that the contracted and contracting nature of the first stage of Fuller's studies, commencing at the time, and taking its direction from the subject of the disputes in the church at Soham, contributed very much to what was also the defect in the native constitution of his mind—a limitation in the compass and reach of his vigorous thinking, of which we will acknowledge to have often had a perception amidst our strong sense and admiration of the force of his mind. That mind has often suggested to us the idea of a giant with limbs too short.

The earnest application of his strong understanding, during the first period of his ministry, appears to have carried it rapidly to maturity; for, in reading this volume, we have been very much struck in observing the clear distinctive conception, the firm grasp, the *completeness* of intellectual action, displayed in passages and fragments written at

a comparatively early age. * A very remarkable exemplification is afforded in his Confession of Faith, prepared against his ordination at Kettering, when he was under thirty. It may well be doubted, whether any similar occasion has ever furnished an instance of so long a series of propositions so strongly and compactly thought, and so precisely and perspicuously expressed, or of so much of what was decidedly the writer's own, exhibited in the mode of professing a system of doctrines in substance common to him with many others. We do not wonder that his able and excellent senior, Mr Hall, of Arncliffe, should have declined, as far as possible, the magisterial formality of what is commonly called "giving the charge."

Equally without precedent, we verily believe, was the train of feelings which preceded his removal from Soham to Kettering, as attending the long protracted deliberation whether it was his duty to remove. To this step he was persuaded by many respected friends, and by some strong personal reasons, among which the danger of absolute poverty to a man with a growing family was probably the one which had the least power to decide him. He lingered through months, and even years, of distressing perplexity, aggravated sometimes quite to anguish, solicitous not to go contrary to the Divine approbation, and severely suspicious of himself, lest any unworthy motive should beguile him into a mistaken assumption of that approbation. It is impossible to conceive a more genuine exercise of devotional conscience, than that displayed and evinced by the numerous passages relating to the subject, which are brought together by Dr Ryland from Fuller's diary and letters. They exhibit the rare spectacle of a man capable of making *any* sacrifice of selfish interest, to his sense of duty to God and his fellow-mortals. This, we think, must be the irresistible impression on every reader. We much approve the Doctor's having exercised the freedom of his discretion so far as to bring to view the secluded records of this portion of Fuller's life; for besides the example of humility before God, the singular scrupulosity of a faithful conscience, and the self-mistrust in a question where interest might warp the judgment of duty, they give also a striking display of Fuller's capability of affectionate sympathetic feeling. And indeed,

this is demonstrated by many other things in the memoir, to a degree that will very much surprise those who had little opportunity of observing his temperament, in other exhibitions than those which bore a cast of bluntness, inflexibility, and even sternness. The ample manifestation here made of his possessing so much of the softer qualities, when taken, as they ought to be, into the account of those rougher ones, will strongly tend to show that, in all probable justice of estimate, there was in many of the exhibitions of these latter ones, something better than the mere indulgence of natural disposition—that there was a principle of honest, resolute integrity, an unyielding sense of the right, not seldom a conscientious prompting of duty. We must even acknowledge, that our own previous impressions of his character, have been considerably modified by reading the present work.

It is well known what a uniform inflexible maintainer Fuller was, of the moral law, as the rule of life and the standard of judgment to all moral agents. The large extracts from his diaries, disclosing his severe retired exercises of self-reproach and self-abasement, as intermingled with his consolations and hopes, derived exclusively from the merits and sacrifice of Christ, may furnish one more to the innumerable practical illustrations, how perfectly the Law and the Gospel can harmonize in a full operation of each and both, in a Christian's mind. And their co-operating on Fuller's devotions, as here brought to view, and their practical result in his life, might serve to put to shame, if anything could, the wretched decriers of that conjunction. In publishing these extracts, however, his biographer has not improperly thought it fit to premiss some sentences of caution.

After the discontinuance of these documents, it is chiefly by means of his letters that the history is carried forward through the whole progress of his prodigious exertions, and his constantly enlarging usefulness and importance, to the last painful labour—for the mortal disease was protracted and extremely oppressive. Some of these letters relate to his heavy domestic afflictions. some of them to his publications, and their results, several are of an admonitory nature, written at the dictate of duty and benevolence, and at much

cost of feeling; many are accounts of his journeys to Scotland, Ireland, and in other directions, to preach for the benefit of the Indian Mission. They relate a variety of anecdotes and curious conversations. There are several long and very acutely argumentative ones on controversial subjects, chiefly against the Sandemanian notions. A very few brief sketches of sermons, are introduced, and there are several pages of very striking reflections on old age. But a very small portion can be read any where without meeting with characteristic and instructive passages. Taking comprehensively the display here presented of ardent, disinterested, indefatigable zeal, for the promotion, in every way, of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, we own we should greatly envy the reader who has a right to close the book without some very mortifying feelings of self reproach. And that it is eminently adapted to make this impression, may be a strong testimony to the judgment and the spirit with which it is written and compiled, and a promise, we should hope, of its extensive utility.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin II D, FRS, &c, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, at the Court of France, and for the City of Paris and Independence with Great Britain, &c. Comprising a Series of Letters on Miscellaneous Literary and Political Subjects, written between the years 1757 and 1760 illustrating the Memoirs of his Public and Private Life, and developing the Secret History of his Political Transactions and Negotiations, Now first published from the Originals, by his Grandson, WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN 4to 1818

THIS ample assemblage of letters is intended as a sequel to the Memoirs of Dr Franklin, written by himself. Or rather, it appears as constituting the latter half of that work, and is designated as the second volume, though preceding by a considerable interval of time the publication of the regular narrative.

The reader will feel little disposition to complain of the withholding of all information relative to the manner in which these letters could have been collected; the repository where many of them must long have lain; the proportion, in number, of those that have been suppressed, to that of those which are produced; or the question whether any considerable liberties have been taken in suppressing parts and passages of these. He will acknowledge that quite a sufficient number, and perhaps somewhat more, are given; that they embrace a considerable diversity of subjects; that they afford decisive internal evidence of authenticity; and that they very effectually display the talents and character of the writer.

The collection is distributed into three parts—letters on miscellaneous subjects, letters on American politics, and letters on the negotiations for peace. In each part they are put in chronological series, and therefore they are placed, as far as the shorter series extend back in time, in three parallel courses, thus bringing the writer thrice through the same stages of his life and employments; and that, too, after the reader may be presumed to have passed through them once already in the narrative. This is the best arrangement for facilitating the reader's acquisition of the historical information to be derived from the political portions of the Correspondence; but it less comports with a strictly biographical purpose, since, instead of our beholding, during the progress, the *whole* character and the diversified agency of the man, we are shown only one section or side, if we may so express it, of that character and agency at once, and are brought back to go with him again and yet again through the same periods of his life, in order to have another and still another view of the same person. We would rather, if we conveniently might, take our whole view of the man in one progress, beholding him exhibited, at each step and stage, in each and all of his capacities, characteristics, and occupations.

Perhaps, however, when a large portion of a man's letters relate solely to a grand national affair, which they very greatly elucidate, it may, after all, be as well to let the biographical purpose and interest become secondary, and make such a disposition of them as will be most advan-

difficult for understanding that affair of history. Indeed, if the display of the man were to be regarded as the chief object in this part of the Correspondence, we are apprehensive that most readers might wish it retrenched, as less than one half the number of letters would have sufficed for that; but let the object be a disclosure of the secret history of the American Revolution, and nearly all of them may be found to have their pertinence and value.

Taken all together, this collection of letters would, we think, in the absence of all other documents and representations, afford sufficient means for a competent estimate of the writer. The character displayed by them is an unusual combination of elements. The main substance of the intellectual part of it, is a superlative good sense, evinced and acting in all the modes of that high endowment, such as an intuitively prompt and perfect, and steadily continuing apprehension, a sagacity which with admirable ease strikes through all superficial and delusive appearances of things to the essence and the true relations, a faculty of reasoning in a manner marvellously simple, direct, and decisive, a power of reducing a subject or question to its plainest principles; an unaffected daring to meet whatever is to be opposed, in an explicit, direct manner, and in the point of its main strength, a facility of applying familiar truths and self-evident propositions, for resolving the most uncommon difficulties; and a happy adroitness of illustration by parallel cases, supposed or real, the real ones being copiously supplied by a large and most observant acquaintance with the world. It is obvious how much this same accurate observation of the world would contribute to that power of interpreting the involuntary indications of character, and of detecting motives and disguises in all sorts of persons he had to deal with, and to that foresight of consequences in all practical concerns, in which he was probably never surpassed. It is gratifying to observe how soon he would see to the very bottom of the characters and schemes of plausible hypocrites and veteran statesmen, proud as they might be of the recollected number of their stratagems and their dupes, and so confident of their talents for undermining and overreaching, that it took some of them a considerable time to become fully aware of the hazard of attempting their

practice upon the republican. Not one of their inadvertencies, or of their over-done professions, ~~or of the inconsistencies~~ into which the most systematic craft is liable to be sometimes betrayed, was ever lost upon him. There are in the course of these letters curious and striking instances of personages of great pretension, and of other personages seeking to effect their purposes under the guise of making no pretension, putting him in full possession of their principles and designs, by means of circumstances which they little suspected to be betraying them, and for which he, if it was necessary, could be discreet enough to appear never the wiser. In process of time, however, courtiers, ministers, intriguers, and the diplomatic gentry, had the mist cleared from their faculties sufficiently to understand what kind of man it was they had to do with.

There is one thing deficient in this collection for the perfect illustration of the independence of Dr. Franklin's judgment. He resided a long course of years in France, in the exercise of the most important official functions for the American States, both during and after the war; and a great majority of the letters are dated at Passy, near Paris. As the French government was a most efficient friend to America in that momentous and perilous season, and her minister at the French court experienced there all manner of respect and complaisance, it was natural enough he should speak in terms of considerable favour of that people and their governors, — of favour to certain extent—*quoad hoc*. But we are vainly curious to know whether this complacency was anything like limited by justice. We are compelled to doubt it, from observing the many unqualified expressions of partiality to the French and their rulers, and from nowhere finding any terms appropriate to the frivolity of the nation, and the despotism and ambition of the government. Why do we find none such? Are there no preserved letters manifesting that the republican philosopher maintained a clear perception and a condemnatory judgment of such things, in spite of the Parisian adulation to himself, and the aid given to the rising republic by a tyrannic monarchy? And as to that aid itself, it would be one of the most memorable examples of the weakness of strong minds, if Franklin could ever for a moment mistake,

or estimate otherwise than with contempt, the motive that prompted it: a motive which, in any case in which he had not been interested, would have placed the whole affair of this alliance and assistance in a quite different light from that in which he seemed so gratified to regard it. A profligate and tyrannic court a disinterested friend to a people asserting their freedom, and in the form of a republic! And could the American ambassador, though gratified of course by the fact of powerful assistance, affect to accept from that court without a great struggle with his rising indignant scorn, the hypocritical cant and cajolery about co-operation against oppression, respect for the virtuous and interesting patriots of the New World, and the like, as expressive of its true principles, in seizing so favourable an occasion for giving effect to its hatred against England? And could he, into the bargain, contemplate an enslaved and debased people, pass in the front of the Bastille, and behold the ruinous extravagance and monstrous depravity of that court, with feelings which required nothing to keep them in the indulgent tone but the recollection of French troops and French money employed in America?

If the editor had in his possession any letters or other manuscripts tending to prove that no such beguilement took effect upon a judgment on which so many other kinds of persons and things attempted in vain to impose, it was due to Franklin's reputation for independence of judgment, to have given them, even though they should have brought some impeachment upon his sincerity, in the grateful and laudatory expressions repeatedly here employed respecting France and its interference in the contest.

In a general moral estimate of his qualities, insincerity would seem to find very little place. His principles appear to have borne a striking correspondence, in simplicity, directness, and decision, to the character of his understanding. Credit may be given him for having through life very rarely prosecuted any purpose which he did not deliberately approve; and his manner of prosecution was distinguished, as far as appears, by a plain honesty in the choice of means, by a contempt of artifice and petty devices, by a calm inflexibility, and by a greater confidence of success than is usually combined with so clear and extended a fore-

sight of the difficulties, but indeed that foresight of the difficulties might justify his confidence of the adaptation of his measures for encountering them.

He appears to have possessed an almost invincible self-command, which bore him through all the negotiations, strifes with ignorance, obstinacy, duplicity, and opposing interest, and through tiresome delays and untoward incidents, with a sustained firmness which preserved to him in all cases the most advantageous exercise of his faculties, and with a prudence of deportment beyond the attainment of the most disciplined adepts in mere political intrigue and court-practice. He was capable, indeed, of feeling an intense indignation, which comes out in full expression in some of the letters, relating to the character of the English government, as displayed in its policy towards America. This bitter detestation is the most unreservedly disclosed in some of his confidential correspondence with David Hartley, an English member of parliament, a personal friend of Franklin, a constant advocate to a measured extent of the Americans, and a sort of self-offered, clandestine, but tacitly recognized medium for a kind of understanding at some critical periods between the English government and Dr Franklin, without costing the ministers the condescension of official intercourse and inquiry. These vituperative passages have a corrosive energy, by virtue of force of mind and of justice, which perfectly precludes all appearance of littleness and mere temper in the indignation. It is the dignified character of Cato or Aristides. And if a manifestation of it in similar terms ever took place in personal conference with such men as were its objects, it must have appeared anything rather than an ungoverned irritability; nor would it have been possible to despise the indignant tone in which contempt was mingled with anger, as far as the two sentiments are compatible. Believing that the men who provoked these caustic sentences did for the most part deserve them, we confess we have read them with that sort of pleasure which is felt in seeing justice made to strike, by vindictive power of mind, on the characters of men whose stations defended their persons and fortunes from the most direct modes of retribution.

When at length all was accomplished that with long and

earnest expostulation he had predicted, and been ridiculed for predicting to the English statesmen, as the certain consequence of persisting in their infatuated course, we find no rancorous recollection, no language of extravagant triumph at the splendid result, nor of excessive self-complacency in the retrospect of his own important share in conducting the great undertaking to such a consummation. His feelings do not seem to have been elated above the pitch of a calm satisfaction at having materially contributed to the success of a righteous cause, a success in which he was convinced he saw not simply the vindication of American rights, but the prospect of unlimited benefit to mankind.

And here it may be remarked, that his predominant passion appears to have been a love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*, the supreme fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not perhaps be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century, in whatever place, or study, or practical undertaking. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and in affairs of the most ambitious order this was still systematically his object. Whether in directing the constructing of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end, the question always being how to obtain the most of solid tangible advantage by the plainest and easiest means. There has rarely been a mortal, of high intelligence and flattering fame, on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him were completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily perceived the intension or effect to be, to explode all sober truth and substantial good, and to impel men, at the very best of the matter, through some career of vanity, but commonly through mischief, slaughter, and devastation, in mad pursuit of what amounts at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and empty show, and intoxicated transient elation. He was so far an admirable spirit for acting the Mentor to a young republic. It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries, and a

factitious economy of society, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in pre-eminence above every nation on earth. In these letters of their patriarch and philosopher they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatical representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people. Of such representations the following passages will afford a tolerably fair specimen:—

“Her [England’s] great disease at present is the number and enormous salaries and emoluments of office. Avarice and ambition are strong passions, and separately act with great force on the human mind; but when both are united and may be gratified in the same object, their violence is almost irresistible, and they hurry men headlong into factions and contentions destructive of all good government. As long, therefore, as these great emoluments subsist, your parliament will be a stormy sea, and your public counsels confounded by private interests.”

“When I think of your present crazy constitution and its diseases, I imagine the enormous emoluments of place to be among the greatest.” “As it seems to be a settled point at present that the minister must govern the parliament, who are to do everything he would have done, and he is to bribe them to do this, and the people are to furnish the money to pay these bribes, the parliament appears to me a very expensive machine for government, and I apprehend the people will find out in time that they may as well be governed, and that it will be much cheaper to be governed, by the minister alone.”

“As long as the immense profits of these offices subsist, members of the shortest and most equally chosen parliaments will have them in view, and contend for them, and their contests will have all the same ruinous consequences. To me there appears to be but one effectual remedy, and that not likely to be adopted by so corrupt a nation; which is to abolish these profits, and make every place of *honour* a place of *burden*. By that means the effect of one of the passions above mentioned would be taken away, and something would be added to counteract the other.”

“The parliament have of late been acting an egregious farce, calling before them the mayor and aldermen of Oxford, for proposing a sum to be paid by their old members on being re-chosen at the next election; and sundry printers and brokers for advertising and dealing in boroughs, &c. The Oxford people were sent to Newgate, and discharged after some days, on humble

petition, and receiving the Speaker's reprimand upon their knees. The house could scarcely keep countenance, knowing as they all do, that the practice is general. People say they mean nothing more than to beat down the price by a little discouragement of borough-jobbing, now that their own elections are all coming on. The price indeed is grown exorbitant, no less than £4,000 for a member. Mr. Beckford has brought in a bill for preventing bribery and corruption in elections, wherein was a clause to oblige every member to swear, on admission into the house, that he had not directly or indirectly given any bribe to any elector, &c., but this was so universally exclaimed against as answering no end but perjuring the members, that he has been obliged to withdraw that clause. It was indeed a cruel contrivance of his, worse than the gunpowder-plot. Mr. Thurlow opposed his bill by a long speech. Beckford in reply gave a dry hit to the house, that is repeated everywhere: 'The honourable gentleman, in his learned discourse, gave us first one definition of corruption, and then another definition of corruption, and I think he was about to give us a third. Pray does that gentleman imagine *there is any member of this house that does not know what corruption is?*' which occasioned only a roar of laughter, for they are so hardened in their practice that they are very little ashamed of it."

"The parliament is up, and the nation in a ferment with the new elections. Great complaints are made that the natural interests of country gentlemen in their neighbouring boroughs is overborne by the monied interests of the new people who have got sudden fortunes in the Indies, or as contractors, &c. £4,000 is now the market price for a borough. In short, this whole venal nation is now at market, will be sold for about two millions, and might be bought out of the hands of the present bidders (if he would offer half a million more) by the very devil himself."

It would, however, have been but fair to have acknowledged how inconsiderable a portion of the nation they are whose venality it is that, on these occasions, has the *effect* of selling the whole people; and that, the case being so, the fact of the nation's being sold does not prove its general venality. How perverse is its fortune! that in such a state of its representation it might be sold, though a vast majority of its people were of the sternest integrity; whereas, in an enlarged and more equalized state of its representation, with a more frequent return of elections, it could not be sold, though every living thing in the land were venal, for

the plain reason that the buyers could not come into such a market. They could not afford to purchase such a number of articles miscalled consciences, even at the low rate apiece which is the utmost worth of most of them, upon any calculation of three years' chances of indemnification, by obtaining some moderately remunerated office, with the additional chances as to the duration of their occupancy. And, by the way, is not this obvious view of the matter more than an answer to all that sophistry and corruption can say for things as they are? Can there be any more decided test of a bad or a good construction of political institutions, than that they appear framed expressly to promote corruption and venality, and to avail themselves of them, like our present system of representation; or that they disappoint and discourage corruption, by being of a constitution the least capable that human wisdom can contrive, of finding their advantage in that corruption?

The political portion (the larger portion) of this Correspondence will be a valuable addition to the mass of lessons and documents which might have been supposed long since sufficient to disenchant all thinking men of their awful reverence for state-mystery, and cabinet-wisdom, and ministerial integrity, and senatorial independence. We would hope, in spite of all appearances, that the times may not be very far off, when the infatuation of accepting the will of the persons that happen to be in power, as the evidence of wisdom and right, will no longer bereave nations of their sense, and their peace, and the fruits of their industry and improvements,—no longer render worse than useless, for the public interests, the very consciences of men whose conduct relative to their individual concerns bears a fair appearance of sound principle and understanding. We will hope for a time when no secret history of important events will display the odious spectacle of a great nation's energies and resources, and the quiet of the world, surrendered without reserve, to the mercy, and that mercy "cruel," of such men as Franklin had to warn in vain of the consequences of their policy respecting America.

The Correspondence gives an exhibition of almost everything that ought to enforce on a nation the duty of exercising a constitutional jealousy of the executive. English

readers may here see how worthily were confided the public interest of their forefathers, involving to an incalculable extent their own. They may see how, while those forefathers looked on, many of them for a great while too infatuated with what they called loyalty to dare even a thought of disapprobation, those interests were sported with and sacrificed by men who cared not *what* they sacrificed, so long as their own pride, and resentment, and emolument, could stand exempted. They may see how fatally too late those forefathers were in discovering that their public managers had begun their career in the madness of presumption; and that warning, and time, and disastrous experiments, and national suffering, had done nothing towards curing it. They will see how, while a show of dignity, and a talk of justice, national honour, and so forth, were kept up before the people, there were no expedients and tricks too mean, no corruptions too gross, no cabals and compromises of disagreeing selfishness too degrading, to have their share in the state-machinery which was working behind this state-exhibition. What is the instruction resulting from all this, but the very reverse of what we have so often heard inculcated on the one hand by interested and corrupt advocates, and on the other by good men of the quietist school? What should it be but that nations ought to maintain a systematic habitual jealousy and examination relative to the principles and schemes of their rulers; that especially all movements toward a war should excite a ten-fold vigilance of this distrust, it being always a strong probability that the measure is wrong, but a perfect certainty that an infinity of delusions will be poured out on the people to persuade them that it is right.

But to return to an *honest* politician. Great admiration is due to the firm, explicit, and manly tone, with which he meets the inquiries, the insidious propositions, or the hinted menaces, of the hostile government and its agents; to the patience with which he encounters the same overtures, and attempted impositions, in a succession of varied forms; to the coolness and clearness with which he sometimes discusses, and the dignified contempt with which he sometimes spurns. Very many of the political letters afford examples; we are particularly struck with one (p. 250, 4to.) addressed

from Paris to a person who had written to him from Brussels, without a genuine name, and with other circumstances of mystery, suggesting also a mysterious mode, which the Doctor did not adopt, of transmitting a reply. The letter was designed to obtain Franklin's opinion of certain unofficially proposed terms of accommodation, and his answer shows that he believed the writer to be a person of more importance than the ordinary sort of agents that now and then made their attempts upon him. It is far too long for us to insert a fourth part of it; but it is an example of vigorous thought, compressed composition, and high-toned feeling. We are tempted to quote some passages. It begins thus:—

"Sir,—I received your letter dated at Brussels the 16th past [the 16th of June, 1778]. My vanity might possibly be flattered by your expressions of compliment to my understanding, if your proposals did not more clearly manifest a mean opinion of it."

"You conjure me in the name of the omniscient and just God before whom I must appear, and by my hopes of future fame, to consider if some expedient cannot be found to put a stop to the desolation of America, and prevent the miseries of a general war. As I am conscious of having taken every step in my power to prevent the breach, and no one to widen it, I can appear cheerfully before that God, fearing nothing from his justice in this particular, though I have much occasion for his mercy in many others. As to my future fame, I am content to rest it on my past and present conduct, without seeking an addition to it in the crooked, dark paths you propose to me, where I should most certainly lose it. This your solemn address would, therefore, have been more properly made to your sovereign and his venal parliament. He and they who wickedly began and madly continue a war for the desolation of America, are alone accountable for the consequences."

"You think we flatter ourselves and are deceived into an opinion that England *must* acknowledge our independency. We, on the other hand, think you flatter yourselves in imagining such an acknowledgment a vast boon which we strongly desire, and which you may gain some great advantage by granting or withholding. We have never asked it of you. We only tell you that you can have no treaty with us but as an independent state; and you may please yourselves and your children with the rattle of your right to govern us as long as you have done with that of your king being King of France, without giving us the least concern if you do not attempt to exercise it. That

this pretended right is indisputable, as you say, we utterly deny. Your parliament never had a right to govern us, and your king has forfeited it. But I thank you for letting me know a little of your mind, that even if the parliament should acknowledge our independency, the act would not be binding to posterity, and that your nation would resume and prosecute the claim as soon as they found it convenient. We suspected before that you would not be actually bound by your conciliatory acts longer than till they had served their purpose of inducing us to disband our forces; but we were not certain that you were knaves by principle, and that we ought not to have the least confidence in your offers, promises, or treaties, though confirmed by parliament."

In the concluding sentences (injured in one instance by a bad pun), he takes the whole advantage of being a republican and an American:—

"This proposition of delivering ourselves bound and gagged, ready for hanging without even a right to complain, and without a friend to be found afterwards among all mankind, you would have us embrace upon the faith of an act of parliament! An act of your parliament! This demonstrates that you do not yet know us, and that you fancy we do not know you. But it is not merely this flimsy faith that we are to act upon; you offer us *hope*, the hope of PLACES, PENSIONS, and PEERAGE. These judging from yourselves, you think are motives irresistible. This offer to corrupt us, sir, is with me your credential, and convinces me that you are not a private volunteer in your application. It bears the stamp of British court intrigue, and the signature of your king. But think for a moment in what light it must be viewed in America. PLACES, which cannot come among us, for you take care by a special article to keep them to yourselves. We must then pay the salaries in order to enrich ourselves with these places. But you will give us PENSIONS; probably to be paid too out of your expected American revenue; and which none of us can accept without deserving and perhaps obtaining a *suspension*. PEERAGES! Alas! sir, our long observation of the vast servile majority of your peers, voting constantly for every measure proposed by a minister, however weak or wicked, leaves us small respect for them, and we consider it as a sort of tar-and-feather honour, or a mixture of foulness and folly, which every man among us who should accept from your king, would be obliged to renounce or exchange for that conferred by the mobs of their own country, or wear it with everlasting shame. I am, sir, your humble servant."

His perfect superiority to all envy of this sort of honours; under any circumstances, is shown, not by laborious depreciation, but by the transient casual expressions of slight which give the more genuine indications of contempt,—of that easy and true contempt which it costs a man no trouble to maintain. The only instance in which we recollect his taking pains about the matter, is in reference to that little whim of the Transatlantic republicans, the order of the Cincinnati, which some of them wished to make an hereditary distinction, in humble imitation of the European institution of nobility. He felt it due to the character of their revolution and their republican polity, to set himself in earnest to explode, by ridicule and argument, this piece of folly. If for the honour of their own persons the aspirants liked such a bauble, even let them have it, he said, at whatever it was worth; but he had no mercy on the absurdity of pretending to transmit down honorary distinctions to persons who by the nature of the case cannot have earned them.

It has been hinted already that, as a matter of general reading, the political portion of these letters will perhaps be thought too large. But it may be presumed that documents illustrating the American Revolution may excite more interest now than they would have done between twenty and thirty years since. About that time the old world appeared to be on the eve of such a revolution in favour of liberty, as would have rendered, at least for a time, that of the American Colonies a comparatively inconsiderable event.

The military process through which it had been accomplished, was already begun to be spoken of as “the little war;” and the republican confederation of a number of scantily inhabited farming districts, was ceasing to be an imposing spectacle, when European monarchies, of immense population, and ancient fame for literature, arts, arms, and royal and aristocratic magnificence, were seen melting and moulding, amid volcanic fires, into new forms, bearing a transient, indeed, and dubious, but at first hopeful semblance of beauty and vigour. The long and tremendous tumult of all the moral elements, involving such a cost of every human interest, as could be repaid by no less a result than a mighty change for the better of the whole political and social condition of Europe, has subsided in the consolidation of the

very system by which its commencement was provoked, with the addition of an infinite account of depravity and poverty. But America all this while has been exulting in the consequences of *her* revolution, and still triumphs in freedom undiminished; in an administration of government of which it is *not* the grand business to squander or devour her resources; and in a prosperity and power continually enlarging, with unlimited capabilities and prospects. Here then is the revolution that has succeeded, while all things else have failed: it eclipses now the importance of all the events by which its own importance appeared about to be eclipsed; and the interest which it claims to excite, will be progressive with its magnificent consequences. The proprietor, therefore, of these papers, has been wise or fortunate in reserving them to become old in his possession.

The most entertaining, however, and by no means uninteresting division of the letters, will be the first part, called "miscellaneous," and consisting chiefly of letters of friendship, abounding in tokens of benevolence, sparkling not unfrequently into satiric pleasantry, but of a bland, good-natured kind, arising in the most easy, natural manner, and thrown off with admirable simplicity and brevity of expression. There are short discussions relating to various arts and conveniences of life, plain instructions for persons deficient in cultivation, and the means for it; condolences on the death of friends, and frequent references, in an advanced stage of the Correspondence, to his old age and approaching death. Moral principles and questions are sometimes considered and simplified; and American affairs are often brought in view, though not set forth in the diplomatic style.

It is unnecessary to remark that Franklin was not so much a man of books as of affairs, but he was not the less for that a speculative man. Every concern became an intellectual subject to a mind so acutely and perpetually attentive to the relation of cause and effect. For enlargement of his sphere of speculation, his deficiency of literature, in the usual sense of the term, was excellently compensated by so wide an acquaintance with the world, and with distinguished individuals of all ranks, professions, and attainments.

It may be, however, that a more bookish and contemplative employment of some portion of his life, would have left one deficiency of his mental character less palpable. There appears to have been but little in that character of the element of sublimity. We do not meet with many bright elevations of thought, or powerful enchanting impulses of sentiment, or brilliant transient glimpses of ideal worlds. Strong, independent, comprehensive, never-remitting intelligence, proceeding on the plain ground of things, and acting in a manner always equal to, and never appearing at moments to surpass itself, constituted his mental power. In its operation it has no risings and fallings, no disturbance into eloquence or poetry, no cloudiness of smoke indeed, but no darting of flames. A consequence of this perfect uniformity is, that all subjects treated, appear to be on a level, the loftiest and most insignificant being commented on in the same unalterable strain of a calm plain sense, which brings all things to its own standard, insomuch that a great subject shall sometimes seem to become less while it is elucidated, and less commanding while it is enforced. In discoursing of serious subjects Franklin imposes gravity on the reader, but does not excite solemnity, and on grand ones he never displays or inspires enthusiasm.

It is, however, curious to see such a man just now and then a little touched with romance: as, for instance, in the following letter to Dr. Priestley:—

“I always rejoice to hear of your being still employed in experimental researches into nature, and of the success you meet with. The rapid progress *true* science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried in a thousand years the power of man over matter; we may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of the gravity, and give them absolute levity for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may diminish its labour and double its produce: all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured (not excepting even that of old age), and our lives lengthened at pleasure even beyond the antediluvian standard. Oh, that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement; that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!”

In a very friendly letter to Dr. Mather, of Boston, he

mentions a very simple cause as having, in early life, contributed to determine him to that course of practical utility which he pursued to the last —

"I received your kind letter with your excellent advice to the people of the United States. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression in one active mind of a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled *Essays to do Good*, which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation, and if I have been, as you seem to think a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book. You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth year, — we are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724. He received me into his library and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him when he said hastily, "Stoop, stoop." I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction and upon this he said to me, *you are young, and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard things.* The advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

But the most remarkable letter in the volume, is one written in his eighty-fifth year, to Dr Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, who had in a very friendly and respectful manner solicited some information respecting the aged philosopher's opinion of the Christian religion. Franklin's reply to an inquiry which he says had never been made to him before, is written with kindness and seriousness, but nevertheless in terms not a little evasive. But perhaps it

would in effect have as much explicitness as his venerable correspondent could wish, for it would too clearly inform the good man, as it does its present readers, that this philosopher and patriot, and, as in many points of view he may most justly be regarded, philanthropist, was content and prepared to venture into another world without any hold upon the Christian faith. In many former letters, as well as in this list, he constantly professes his firm belief in an Almighty Being, wise and good, and exercising a providential government over the world, and in a future state of conscious existence, rendered probable by the nature of the human soul, and by the analogies presented in the renovations and reproductions in other classes of being, and rendered necessary by the unsatisfactory state of allotment and retribution on earth. On the ground of such a faith, so sustained, he appears always to anticipate with complacency the appointed removal to another scene, confident that he should continue to experience in another life the goodness of that Being who had been so favourable to him in this, "though without the smallest conceit," he says, "of meriting such goodness." The merely philosophic language uniformly employed in his repeated anticipations of an immortal life, taken together with two or three profane passages in these letters (there are but few such passages*), and with the manner in which he equivocates on the question respectfully pressed upon him by the worthy President of Yale College, respecting his opinion of Christ, leave no room to doubt that, whatever he did really think of the Divine Teacher, he substantially rejected Christianity—that he refused to acknowledge it in anything like the character of a peculiar economy for the illumination and redemption of a fallen and guilty race. Nothing, probably, that he believed, was believed on the authority of its declarations, and nothing that he assumed to hope after death, was expected on the ground of its redeeming efficacy and its promises. And this state of opinions it appears that he self-complacently

* One of the most prominent and offensive is in a very short letter (p. 115, 4to) written when past eighty, on the occasion of the death of a person whom he calls "our poor friend Ben Kent." We were going to transcribe, but it is better to leave such vile stuff where it is.

maintained without variation, during the long course of his activities and speculations on the great scale; for in this letter to Dr. Stiles, of the date of 1790, he enclosed, as expressive of his latest opinions, one written nearly forty years before, in answer to some religious admonitions addressed to him by George Whitefield. So that, throughout a period much surpassing the average duration of the life of man, spent in a vigorous and very diversified exercise of an eminently acute and independent intellect, with all the lights of the world around him, he failed to attain the one grand simple apprehension how man is to be accepted with God. There is even cause to doubt whether he ever made the inquiry, with any real solicitude to meet impartially the claims of that religion which avows itself to be on evidence, a declaration of the mind of the Almighty on the momentous subject. On any question of physics, or mechanics, or policy, or temporal utility of any kind, or morals as detached from religion, he could bend the whole force of his spirit, and the result was often a gratifying proof of the greatness of that force; but the religion of Christ it would appear that he could pass by with an easy assumption that whatever might be the truth concerning it, he could perfectly well do without it. To us this appears a mournful and awful spectacle; and the more so from that entire unaffected tranquillity with which he regarded the whole concern in the conscious near approach of death. Some of the great Christian topics it was needless to busy himself about then, because he should soon learn the "truth with less trouble!" We conclude by transcribing from the letter to Dr. Stiles the paragraph relating to the philosopher's religion:—

"Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do, in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion as he left them to us, the

best the world ever saw or is like to see, but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed, especially as I do not see that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the believers, in his government of the world, with any peculiar marks of his displeasure. I shall only add respecting myself, that having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness."

JOHN FAWCETT, D.D.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings of the late Rev. John Fawcett, D.D. ; who was Minister of the Gospel fifty-four years ; first at Wainsgate, and afterwards at Hebdenbridge, in the Parish of Halifax ; comprehending many Particulars relative to the Revival and Progress of Religion in Yorkshire and Lancashire.
• 8vo. 1819.

IN looking at a biographical volume of a moderate size, which records the general course and principal incidents of a pious, diligent, and useful life, protracted too beyond the ordinary length, it is highly gratifying to reflect how much more is implied than related. Exclusively of childhood and the earlier parts of youth (in which stage also there might be a worthy preparation for what was to follow), it is the story of perhaps almost sixty years of unremitting exertion applied, day by day, to the most valuable purposes. But in such a course what a prodigious number there have been of distinct acts, involving the voluntary exercise of the understanding, and the different moral and physical powers, directed to objects prescribed by conscience, and performed and repeated with resolute perseverance from a regard to the Almighty! How many myriads of these distinct acts

such a life will have included ! What a multitude of them, to make up the intellectual and practical exertion of a month or even of a week ! And yet, the biographical memoir can record all this only according to the scale of a paragraph of three or four sentences to the month, hardly a single line to a day, though each one of many thousands of these days has contained, in strenuous, well-intended, and for the most part well-applied effort, in thought, speech, and practical occupation, a quantity of good agency of which the expression in written words would be enough to fill the greater part of a moderate volume. So much more good has there been in a good man's life than the most prolix biographer could ever tell !

Not that it is a thing to be regretted, that he should be confined to so small a proportion and should describe generally and collectively, in a few words that which has been laboriously acted in an almost infinite detail and succession of particulars. This extreme abridgment still forms a record large enough, and often too large for the small proportion of time which can be well afforded for reading it, by those who come after the good men departed, and have their own close succession of duties to fulfil. But we repeat that it is very pleasing to consider, of how many thousands and tens of thousands of distinct acts and efforts of piety and conscience, and of how many millions of serious thoughts and emotions that life consisted, of which the whole written history is limited to a volume which may be read in one or two days. It is also pleasing and striking to reflect, that the Lord of whom these good men have been the faithful servants, returns in the infinite capacity of His memory the entire uncontracted record in all its particulars.

Ideas of this kind have been strongly suggested to us in the perusal of this volume. Though it may be somewhat too large, by that rule of proportion according to which the time and attention of living men can be given to the character and histories of those who are dead, we have been again and again arrested by the reflection, what a large amount of Christian exertions we have in truth been reading of within the few hours in which we have passed over one ten years, and another ten years, of a life scarcely ever surpassed in the earnest improvement of time, in the exertion

of every faculty to effect some good, especially in the service of religion.

It is not on the authority of the book merely, that we employ such strong expressions. Indeed, we think that in respect to this great comprehensive virtue of invincible assiduity, the author, aware of the tendency of his filial partiality, has been so cautious to avoid terms of excess, that he has but barely done justice to his venerable relative. We are certain it would be the concurrent testimony of all who were placed, during a considerable length of time, within near observation of Dr. Fawcett's course of life, that it is hardly within their power to imagine a more perfect example of virtuous industry. We are confident there cannot be one of his very numerous pupils, who, if he has had occasion to stimulate himself out of trifling and sluggishness into manly and Christian exertion, by recalling to his mind the examples he has beheld, did not recollect among the very first of them, that of his excellent preceptor. He has thus been, at great distances of time and place, a silent monitor to very many consciences. He was, in the full sense of the word, indefatigable. Even breathing seemed hardly more essential to his life, than application to one useful or important employment or another. Neither ill health, when not in a severe degree, nor inclement seasons, nor the grievances of various kinds which are inevitably incident to a person involved in so many concerns, in short, nothing, literally, but oppressive pain, could suspend this course. As a preacher, he had very few Sundays, excepting times of illness, in the whole half-century, exempted from public labours; and though his sermons were not prepared in an elaborate and punctilious manner, they generally cost him a considerable degree of attention; and they were to be addressed, with very infrequent exception, to the same congregation all the year round. In a numerous seminary for youth, he took not only the general and unintermitted superintendence, but a large share of the toil, for so long a course of years, that by the time he withdrew from it, those of his earliest pupils who had survived so long, were at no great distance from old age. He was an insatiable reader, and with a freedom and variety of taste unusual, we believe, among that most worthy class of men of the middle and

latter part of the last century, to whom we should be inclined to give the denomination of modern Puritans; men characterized by a seclusion almost ascetic from the general habits and gaieties of society, by a high, and what was growing to be deemed, a rigid standard of morality, maintained both in principle and practice, by a seriousness somewhat approaching to austerity, and by faith formed much on the model of the Puritan divines. Many of these excellent persons, we have understood, were considerably restricted as to the extent to which they judged it right, or felt any disposition, to go in the field of literature. Dr. Fawcett, on the contrary, while as fully in the possession of every conscientious perception as any of them, and in every respect one of the worthiest of their number, had a much more craving curiosity, a mind more adapted to receive gratification in many different ways, and comprehended better how all kinds of knowledge may be made to subserve religion. He took a free and ample range among books, and trained his pupils to do so. His taste was fitted to almost every kind of reading that could in any sense be called good. He had a strong relish for writings of wit and satire, though distinguished by a quite extraordinary degree of gravity of feeling and manners.

But we were not intending to describe his character generally, but only to note the proofs and modes of his singular industry. And there is to be added to the account a very considerable series of printed works, all composed with deliberate care, though not with protracted severity of study.

That all this should admit of his having the general direction of a considerable farm, and of his frequently employing himself in the operation of book-binding, may well appear somewhat enigmatical to many good men who would nevertheless think it strange to be taxed with idleness. For the general illustration of the devout spirit and the conduct of this most excellent and useful man, we refer to the book. As to the one important and admirable quality of which we have made this brief exhibition, we were unwilling that so extraordinary an example of it should receive less than the due honour, in consequence of that measured language of eulogy which the biographer knew he could not exceed.

without being liable to the imputation or suspicion of indulging his affection in terms of exaggeration—imputation we mean, from those who did not know Dr. Fawcett.

While so many vain and wicked beings are passing over the stage of mortality, worthless and useless, or worse, from the entrance to the departure, it is a cheering, and indeed quite a noble spectacle, to see a life distinguished by the full predominant character of religion from twelve years old to the close at near eighty. Nothing can be more delightful than the picture of this early piety, accompanied as it was by an earnest and unremitting passion for the instruction afforded by books. Some of the books are enumerated which aided this self-discipline, in which an elder brother was an associate, and which included an application to the Supreme Instructor. "They often retired into the barn together for prayer, whither their pious mother, pleased with these early appearances of serious concern, sometimes secretly followed them to listen to their artless and devout aspirations."

Apprenticed at a very early age, in consequence of the death of his father, to a manual employment, the subject of the memoir remained unalterably under this consecration which had passed on him almost in his infancy. His daily task of service was rigorous, so that he had scarcely any time for reading but what was redeemed from sleep. But the Bible was his constant companion, both when he could look into it and when he could not.

"Between the age of twelve and fourteen he had read it over repeatedly; and he thought himself enriched for ever when he had obtained possession of a *small pocket Bible*. Perhaps it would scarcely be proper to relate the different plans he adopted to elude the notice of the family, who had no idea of the enjoyment he found in reading and retirement, and the means he employed to rescue from sleep a little time for these purposes. Happily for his turn of mind, he had a small lodging room to himself; a considerable part of his pocket-money was employed in the purchase of candles. The family retired at an early hour; he, among the rest, took his candle up stairs, and, to avoid suspicion, when he had been a little time in the room, hid the candle till he supposed the family were all asleep; when he betook himself to his delightful employment for a considerable part of the night. Sometimes he tied a weight to his foot, and

at others fastened his hand to the bed-post, that he might not sleep too long. These circumstances are not mentioned here to excite imitation, for he was himself afterwards sensible of their impropriety in the injury which his health sustained; but they show the decided bent of his mind, which no obstacles, even of a prudential nature, could restrain. This notice of them may likewise lead those who are distinguished by privileges, and have every encouragement from their parents and other connexions, to value their opportunities, and to be more solicitous to improve them. A considerable portion of the time thus redeemed from sleep was spent in earnest and fervent prayer."

So fair and worthy a commencement never became a reproach in the long sequel of sixty years; a life without a stain, and devoted throughout, in very nearly the greatest degree possible to a human being, to mental and Christian labours. From their regular and little varying tenor, and fixed station, they were not adapted for an entertaining or a striking history. It is not to constitute himself a spirited subject for history, that a good man lives; that he prays, and studies, and teaches; that he relieves distress, strives against sin, takes up his cross, and follows Christ. It is probable that in the earlier part of Dr. Fawcett's ministry, within a local sphere of much ignorance and barbarism at that period, many incidents must have occurred to him which would now form curious anecdotes; but they passed from memory; and, what remains on the record of his whole long life, is a uniform course of substantial Christian services, performed under many afflictions, and without strongly marked epochs, or signal events or conjunctures. Such a subject leaves it very much at the discretion of the biographer how long or short the memoir shall be. He may give a comprehensive description instead of introducing much of a narrative which he sees to be unsusceptible of strong diversification. Or, seeing that many things in the long succession are very much alike, he may select a few as representative of the general character of the whole. Or he may attempt a circumstantial detail of all that admits of distinct relation in the whole train.

We think the excellent author of the present volume formed his plan somewhat too much according to this last mode. But there may be considerations to justify this in

part. Dr. Fawcett had, by seniority, by superior attainments to those of most of his brethren around him, and by an excellence of character above the reach of slander itself an extensive local sphere of personal influence and importance. Many of the Christian societies and their ministers within that circuit, owed to him the benefits of what may be called a religious patronage. His history is thus implicate with that of the progress of religion in that part of the country; and it may fairly be presumed that in those religious stations and communities, the traces of him will long remain, in an affectionate veneration which will create an interest among *them* in many particulars and details (especially when some of these details are found relating to themselves or their ancestors), not to be expected in the wider circle of readers. It may be presumed also, that Dr. Fawcett's long and numerous succession of pupils, scattered over the country, would not demand brevity as the most essential recommendation in a memoir of their venerated tutor. But still, after allowing for all these considerations we are apprehensive that the highly respectable biographer will be deemed to have erred as to the proper scale for the narrative, and to have, therefore, been led into a much too particular statement of circumstantial *minutiæ*. The work may probably, too, be accused of too much collateral detail concerning persons of Dr. Fawcett's acquaintance, who cannot by the mere circumstance of their having been justly interesting to him, be made interesting to the reader, when nothing can be related to display them as remarkable in themselves. With some considerable exception on these accounts—and perhaps on that of a too protracted length in the formal expression of comments and reflections, though always of useful tendency—serious readers will find much in the volume to please and profit them. They will have before them an example of evangelical religion taking sovereign possession of a human being, pervading and actuating every faculty of the intellectual and moral nature; maintaining this absolute indwelling in perpetuity; modifying its operation according to all the situations, changes, duties, and afflictions through which the long life of its subject was drawn; constituting him quite a distinct kind of moral being from the natural and general character of human

nature; imparting a better adaptation* to *all* worthy employments, and the chief and indispensable one to *some* of them; promoting, most effectually, his improvement and consequent respectability, considered more in an intellectual view; turning his many sufferings to a happy account of not only ultimate but contemporary benefit—what would force itself as such on the common sense of even a hater of Christianity; and securing to him the highest, the extraordinary value of all the ordinary good of life.

The ideal picture of the true exemplification of Christianity would consist of lines somewhat like these; but here we contemplate the reality itself; for we are satisfied that the character displayed is really that of the man, without any delusive management for effect on the part of the delineator. The matters of fact are unostentatiously told, though with much too minute a recounting of circumstances, and much of the internal feeling and exercise is disclosed in Dr. Fawcett's own words, in letters, fragments, and a diary which he kept at one period of his life, beginning so early as his twentieth year, all written in the most unaffected manner of sincerity. With the laudable intention of rendering these illustrations of character in the strongest manner inculcations of religion, the biographer has often made them a kind of texts for monitory and hortatory observations, amplified, it may sometimes be thought, to an unnecessary extent, the facts and sentiments themselves presenting, with sufficient obviousness, their own instruction.

The extracts from the part of the diary written at about the age of twenty, display a remarkable maturity of reflection and religious exercise, with much of that pensiveness, that susceptibility to painful impressions, that tinge of gloom, which were visible in Dr. Fawcett's character during his whole life. A few passages in these extracts, it might not have been amiss to omit, on account of the cast of excessive simplicity which they bear, as references to the most ordinary circumstances of daily life. A critical friend would have advised the omission also of the verses interspersed, as it is perhaps undesirable to perpetuate any compositions in the form of poetry, which do not contain some principle or germ, at least, of the poetic power.

Dr. Fawcett's very strong sensibility, as a reader, to the charms of poetry, in every part of his life, might in some degree be mistaken by him, through an easy and not unusual beguilement of self-judgment, for the creative principle of poetry. If the most genuine piety, and movements of the benevolent affections, and admiration of the beauties and magnificence of nature, could in any case be admitted as satisfying the demand to which a writer voluntarily subjects himself, when he takes the external vehicle of poetry, it would be in the case of some of Dr. Fawcett's compositions in verse.

Our hint that too much is said of many persons respecting whom it is impossible to excite any interest in strangers to Dr. Fawcett's connexions, must not be understood to imply that these memorials of his contemporaries and acquaintances do not include individuals whose claims to renewed attention will be acknowledged by religious readers in general. The names, for instance, of Grunshaw and Venn are already familiar to such readers, and these most excellent and useful men, situated in his neighbourhood, were among the friends of his earlier life. Very pleasing sketches are given of their characters and the success of their Christian operations. The character of the former of these was quite of a romantic cast, if such a description can be applicable to what may also be correctly described as eminently apostolic. He was daring, adventurous, versatile, as well as persevering and indefatigable. In a manner not to be conceived of from any description, he could mingle solemnity and vivacity, we might say playfulness, so that they should exist *at the very same time*, and without incongruity, at once impressing and captivating his devout religious friends. He had such elastic, bounding spirits, united with great corporal strength, that in going across the enclosed country he would sometimes leap over the wall at a spring, in preference to taking the trouble to open the gate or surmount a stile just at hand. In the life of such a man sent to preach among a most barbarous population, and most ardently fulfilling his religious vocation literally every day, there could not fail to be a multitude of remarkable incidents, and what would make curious anecdotes, which it is perhaps to be regretted that no contemporary witness should have put on record.

It is recollected, for instance, in what manner he secured the quiet of meetings of religious persons for reading and prayer on the Sunday evenings in the heathenish town where he was stationed. The master of a house, where such a practice had been begun, complained to him that this pious exercise had been disturbed, and the persons coming to join in it insulted, by a number of rude, profane fellows, placing themselves in a long entry from the street to the part of the house where the meeting was held. Grimshaw requested, that in case of the repetition of this nuisance, information might, at the time, be quietly sent to him. It was repeated, and the information was sent; on which he put on his great coat, and went in the dark (it was winter) to the house. He added himself, without being recognized, to the outer end of the row of blackguards, and affected to make as much rude bustle as the best of them. But being a man of athletic sinew, he managed to impel them by degrees further up the passage, and close to the door of the room, which was thrown open in the tumult, when he with one sudden desperate effort of strength and violence, forced the whole gang in a moment into the room and into the light. He instantly shut the door, took from under his great coat a horsewhip, dealt round its utmost virtue on the astonished clowns till his vigorous arm was tired, then fell on his knees in the midst of them, uttering in a loud imperative tone, "Let us pray," and he prayed with such a dreadful emphasis on the words Hell and Damnation, that all in the place were appalled. The wretches were dismissed, and there was no more disturbance given to prayer-meetings.

Such a transaction conveys some illustration of the state of society at that time, in that part of the country. It was that semi-barbarous state in which an individual, if he can but once *acquire* weight, has *more* weight than (of the same rank) he would in any other; because there are fewer authorities to interfere with him, and divide with him the deference of the people,—no established standard of manners, to which they are to consider *him* as well as themselves amenable, no deliberately adopted system of opinions to afford a point of appeal from his judgment, and but little recognition of the authority of the law or government of the land. Even the considerable strength of superstition which

is sure to remain among such a people, may, without his consent, come over to his side, to reinforce the hold he has on them by better bonds. It is related, that when Grimshaw had protested against the recurrence of a profligate wake, and the people were nevertheless resolute not to surrender so delightful and long established a luxury, a dreadful thunder-storm which happened just at the time, was really believed by some of the alarmed and dispersing multitude to be a vindictive sign from heaven in sanction of his disregarded remonstrance. But this ascendancy over their minds, which their very superstition lent itself to confirm, was acquired by his virtues,—by the sanctity of his conduct, the invincible evidence of the sincerity of his piety, his generosity, his self-devoted zeal and indefatigable exertion to do them good in every possible way, and all this accompanied by that intrepidity of spirit which trebles the value, both in estimation and in fact, of almost every virtue.

But we are digressing from our business unpardonably, especially as these anecdotes are not recorded in the book before us. The apology is, that for hundreds of years there had not come within the district contiguous to that which was to be the scene of Dr. Fawcett's labours, a man so important to the welfare of the inhabitants as Grimshaw.

In addition to the benefit derived from such a vicinity, the transcendent but mighty labours of Whitefield had left a strong impression on the tract where it was the appointment of Dr. Fawcett to be afterwards a preacher for more than half a century. Rather early in his youth, he was repeatedly one in the immense crowds that were commanded into solemnity by that voice which was probably heard by a greater number of persons at once than any voice that ever spoke, excepting, possibly, that of Nadir Shah, when he commanded to slaughter and devastation. It was to Whitefield that Dr. Fawcett owed the decidedly evangelical form of his religious faith and feelings, which till then had been but very imperfectly defined and consolatory.

He became a preacher and a pastor about the twenty-third year of his age, after a long training of serious thought, and reading, and social religious exercises. The protracted and solemn, and even distressing deliberation on the question of daring to enter on this employment, renewed afterwards

in the form of a question whether it was not his duty to surrender it, may be produced as one of the monumental illustrations of an order of feelings at that time entertained respecting this form of Christian service, among the most serious of the Dissenters: feelings which will be but imperfectly comprehended in the present day. While we justly impute a degree of superstition to the notions and feelings of our excellent ancestors respecting a *call* to the Christian ministry, that service is now adopted by some of our young men with a light facility approaching as much to the other extreme.

Quite as unlike the present state of things is the biographer's account of the taste of those venerable ancestors in the selection, in that northern tract of the country, of situations for their places of worship.

Dr. Fawcett's first locality as a minister was on the border of a wide and gloomy moor; but had, not far off, on the one side, narrow, deep, long-extended glens, with thick, dark woods and rapid torrents from the mountains, all together forming scenes of the most solemn and romantic character, in which it might have appeared impossible for the contemplatist to remain long without a sensible preclusion from his mind of all ideas of a gay or even cheerful order. And indeed, we think it very possible that musing in these scenes actually did co-operate with Dr. Fawcett's favourite book, Young's "Night Thoughts," and his ill health, to confirm at this early period that deep gravity of character which was habitual through life, and which, but for the effect of religion, would have borne a colour of gloomy, funereal sadness. The solemnity and silence of those valleys, with almost all their romantic and ghostly influences, have since vanished, at the invasion of agriculture and manufacturing establishments.

The roads traversing the country where the meeting-houses were thus, like hermits' cells, sequestered among woods or in the dreary precincts of moors, were scarcely anything like what we now mean by the term. They were mere tracts, or at best, narrow rough lanes for rural communication, often requiring some geographical knowledge and address, and no small labour, to wind through them to the intended point. And many of the persons constituting the congregations, had to come from a distance of miles, of many

miles, on the Sunday morning, and return the evening of the same day. A number of Dr. Fawcett's first auditors, for instance, are here said to have resided at a place fourteen miles from the meeting-house. Among the zealous worshippers of those days and places, it was not, even in the depth of winter, thought too much for persons of the stronger sex, to go and return many miles on foot. A man like Dr. Fawcett would be greatly and conscientiously anxious that hearers so little sparing of exertion, should reap all the benefit that diligence on his side could supply.

In process of time it came to be one of his occasional employments and highest gratifications, to assist the little parties thus coming from various distances for worship and instruction, to make a commencement of public religion in their own neighbourhoods respectively, where he had the pleasure, during the subsequent years of his long life, to visit them now and then, to witness their success and progress, and repeat to them such instructions as those under which their Christian course, as individuals and as societies, had begun. Some of those societies have since become ramified into several congregations, each of which subdivisions has grown to a strength which the original church could not in its earlier periods have expected, even singly and undivided, ever to attain.

In the earlier part of Dr. Fawcett's ministry, his pleasure and usefulness were ungraciously affected by the narrow, disputatious, and inquisitorial spirit, which is described as prevailing in the people and teachers of the religious denominations to which he belonged, about the middle, and for a good while subsequently to the middle, of the last century. A very curious account is given by our author of the manner in which their minds were cramped, stunted, and irritated by a hyper-Calvinistic cast of doctrine, acquired, but with the commonly attendant circumstance of a greater excess in the disciples than even in the doctors, from the writings of Dr. Gill, a man of great learning, and of Mr. Brine, a man of distinguished acuteness. But men destitute of both these qualifications, and especially one Johnson, of Liverpool, were suffered, in that north-western part of the country, to have an influence reflecting very little honour on the understanding of many of the religious societies. Even

many who were by sincere piety checked from following out their train of speculation, to daring and profane assertions respecting the divine government, and an Antinomianism of inference, were nevertheless incapable of relishing or enduring any preaching or writing that omitted the doctrine of eternal decrees. They could find no vitality or instruction in any religious ideas below the altitude of the Supralapsarian ground. To quote from our author a very curious synonyme of theirs to this epithet, and one which we confess to be new to us in the history of religious cant, "the upper fall settlements" were the favourite region of their Christian contemplations. "The Gospel Call," to cite another sample, was necessarily implicated in their disquisitions; and to them it was one of the greatest of abominations, that a preacher of Christianity should endeavour to enforce that religion on the consciences of unconverted sinners. Dr. Fawcett retained far too strong an impression of Whitefield to coalesce, or to be capable of any approach towards coalescing, with any such order of religious sentiment and ministerial practice; but then, there was no avoiding the accustomed penalty for maintaining mental freedom among mental slaves. It was not solely among the Baptists, as his biographer remarks, that the rigid creed and pugnacious temper prevailed, from which both his opinions and his habits of feeling kept him aloof.

We do not attempt any historical abstract of his long and valuable life. Duties constant, multiplied, accumulated, ponderous, were laboured through with more than a hero's resolution, but they were of too plain a kind, and too much the same from year to year, to admit of a stimulant diversification in the record. Long and violent sufferings at several times from the stone, the loss of amiable near relatives, and two or three changes of abode, are some of the most marking circumstances of the history. His ministry was to the same congregation from the beginning to the end; and great disinterestedness was evinced in this faithful attachment, as he refused repeated advantageous offers of change, one of them at a time of great pecuniary difficulty. The building of a new meeting-house for the enlarging congregation, in a locality of less wild, inhospitable, and solitary, but not less picturesque character, in which, in his infirm

and suffering state of health, he would have thought it the absurdest of all predictions that he should preach nearly forty years, was one of the most prominent circumstances and changes in the uniform tenor of his life. Half a century ago, the raising of a new meeting-house was vastly more of a novelty than it is now, when it is an event but little more remarkable in many parts of England than the erection of an ordinary dwelling-house of the same cost. The altered character of the times in which his later life was cast, was, in this one circumstance of change, highly gratifying to him as a zealous friend of religion, not to say as a Dissenter, in which capacity, though very decided, he was very moderate. For religion's sake, he took so much interest in the state of the Established church, as to be greatly delighted in beholding the progress of the serious spirit and of evangelical doctrines in its ministry; disagreeing in this, however, it is true, with an immense number of the zealous adherents of that very church, both at that earlier and at this later period. From that time to this the main strength of the church,—for we suppose we cannot be incorrect in thus denominating so vast a preponderance of the numbers, the learning, the state patronage, and the importance in society on the score of rank and family,—the main strength of the church has been systematically and violently hostile to the innovation which such men as Dr. Fawcett rejoiced to behold. While he was exulting in what he thought the happy effects resulting, in his own previously barbarous and wicked neighbourhood, from the irruption of such men as Whitefield and Grimshaw, he observed that no names were pronounced with so much abhorrence by whatever constituted the living ministry, and agency, and authority of the church. The great body of the authorized teachers to whom a Protestant Christian state had committed millions of souls for instruction in their most momentous concerns, were all but unanimous in pronouncing the doctrine of these zealous men respecting the necessity of a moral change in men's minds, to be nonsensical and pernicious, and the general effect of their labours a grievous plague introduced into the community. They deplored the departure of those better times in which the prevailing ignorance, barbarism, and irreligion experienced no such alarm-

ing disturbance. What a subject for awful contemplation this must have been to a man of enlightened and evangelical spirit, who could feel no value or veneration for institutions, but in regard to the good they were adapted to do, and who could conceive no other way of judging of adaptation so reasonable, as by the actual effect habitually and generally produced! No wonder that persons awakened to this view and feeling of the subject, by the influence of the grand innovation, should have become Dissenters, where they found the church all around them estranged from Christianity; or where after the death or removal of a minister, in some rare instance himself transformed into an advocate of evangelical truth, it has been found quite out of all hope that there should be a successor of similar spirit. It might be with great pain and reluctance that they were brought to the determination of detaching themselves from an institution revered by their ancestors, who had taught them also to revere it, and which was sanctioned by almost all that were of authority in the land; but it became a solemn question, how they could in conscience practically acquiesce, for themselves, their families, and their neighbourhoods, in a corrupt and perverting discipline of their minds in regard to the supreme concern of their salvation. To one portion, indeed, of these conscientious men, there was afforded a compromise. Those who had not so decidedly adopted the Calvinism of Whitefield as to be debarred from the resource, found in the system of Wesley a very commodious intermediate position for maintaining, as they fancied, and as their able leader intended, such an allegiance, in form, to the church, as to escape the guilt and charge of schism, and at the same time for enjoying the genuine means of religious communion and instruction. This self-deception was among the most effectual of the early causes of the great success of the Wesleyan plan. There were other powerful ones, but this was among the most powerful. We have used the word "self-deception," for we should think nothing could be more palpably evident than that those were most certainly Dissenters, who expressly placed and prosecuted their system under the protection of the laws and regulations appointed in behalf of Dissenters, and who could not have carried on that system in any other way. And we think it

has been very justly remarked by the authors of the "History of Dissenters," that the Wesleyan Methodists, to whose wide and zealous exertions and incalculable usefulness there needs no testimony of ours,—have been very slow to manifest an equitable disposition towards the original avowed Dissenters; inasmuch as, during the greater part of their progress, they have affected to disclaim the Dissenters, to stand on a different and as it were half consecrated ground, within the precincts of the church, and on this ground to disallow the imputation of schism, alleging that *they* were not among the deserters and the enemies of the church, when all the while they owed their existence with impunity to the protective institutes, the attainment and prolongation of which had cost the Dissenters a long account of great exertions and deep sufferings,—and when, too, the only thanks obtained from the church for this pretended adherence, this disclaimer of combination with the Dissenters, were scorn and detestation.

JOHN RYLAND, D.D.

Pastoral Memorials: Selected from the Manuscripts of the late Rev. John Ryland, D. D. of Bristol; with a Memoir of the Author.
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A PENSIVE and somewhat mournful sentiment is often excited, in seeing how the memory of good men fades away in the places, and the portions of the community, where they may have been very considerably distinguished for piety, ability, and usefulness. This sentiment is felt especially by those few of their survivors who may have been nearly their coevals, who had the longest known and valued them, and have lingered behind them a considerable number of years. The less and less frequent mention of them in the social circles, the diminishing number of sentences, the easy despatch, in recalling and dismissing their characters and actions, the indications in various ways how transient the regrets have been for their loss, awaken in the minds of these survivors, at some moments, a disconsolate reflection, how easily even a valuable human being can be spared; and admonish them to prepare for being themselves, ere long, recollected without

emotion, and, at length, withdrawn from remembrance. Respecting *them* also, after a while, *their* survivors, who have esteemed them, will have to make the same reflections, and with the like anticipations again for themselves. And thus, through the succession of human existence, one generation, in dismissing another from its sight, is dismissing it also from its affections and thoughts. This may be an impressive admonition to look forward to a state, and a society where the individuals are not departing and forgotten, but are held by one another in ever-living presence and permanent attachment; and not to be looking back, indulging a melancholy and, mortifying sentiment, to think how soon and easily our places on earth, when we shall have left them, will be filled up, and the interest with which we may have been regarded among fellow-mortals, be reduced to a faint reminiscence, dwindling by degrees to the mere record of a name, and that at last obliterated.

While, however, so many men deservedly esteemed in their own times and places, for their virtues and useful abilities, have been subject to this common lot, it was indispensable there should appear, in the progress of time, some good men, so eminently surpassing the rest in talents, or having their appointment so critically in opportune seasons, sometimes both, as to be memorable through ages; redeeming in a measure the character of the race, and shining forth in contrast and counteraction to the great men who have been the moral plagues of the world. That order of gradation, from less to greater, which obtains in every class of beings through the creation, exists in man, under the striking circumstance that, his nature being corrupted, a very great majority of the individuals have always been evil, in each rank in that gradation. It is an awful fact in the history of the world, that the far greater proportion of men who remain permanent in its record as eminent in the possession and exertion of mental power, have been the agents of depravity in all its various modes—propagators of error, corruptors of morals, inciters to mischief, inflictors of misery—baleful luminaries, or gigantic destroyers. But, that the fortunes of the race might not be surrendered wholly to such hands, it has pleased the Divine Providence, that a proportion of individuals, of the first order of talent,

together with others whose subordinate ability might be brought into operation with great effect, under the advantage of favourable conjunctures of circumstances, should from time to time come on the scene in the opposite character, as the defenders and expositors of truth, as distinguished examples of piety, and as originators and promoters of beneficent designs. To some of these is applicable, in its limited sense, the assertion, that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." And they may be regarded as standing permanently representative of all the good and wise that have lived on the earth, of whom the immense majority have left upon it individually no trace of their existence.

All good men must rejoice in beholding a select and favoured number of our race thus conspicuous in the ages in which they lived, and some of them destined to continue in renown through ages to come. But the quality of this pleasure may be subjected to some discrimination. Good men who have the fault of indulging too much the love of fame, will be apt to view those examples of pre-eminent ability and excellence, with a sentiment as if congratulating them on their renown *for its own sake*; as thinking what a happy distinction and privilege it was for those persons themselves, that they were destined to have their names and characters enshrined in perpetual fame,—as a good, distinct from the beneficial influence of that fame. It is regarding those worthies under the character of having had a personal, selfish, and somewhat vainglorious interest in being lastingly remembered, admired, and revered; and felicitating them that, as a matter of good fortune, all they could have desired for their own glory has been realized; just as an historian or poet, insensible to all the nobler and religious considerations, celebrating the achievements of some great conqueror, who aspired to "immortal fame," proclaims as in exulting retrospective sympathy with the hero, that his anticipations have been illustriously fulfilled.

Now this would be far from a pure and Christian sentiment in taking pleasure in the lasting celebrity of the men of distinguished excellence. And it must have a tendency, not at all remote, to generate envy in the minds conscious of their great inferiority, but at the same time raised so con-

siderably above the multitude around them, as to feel some incitements to think of fame for themselves. If they had the *simplicity* of goodness, they would feel a generous, un-*envious* delight, that there has been such excellence in the world; that there have been men raised up to be the lights and benefactors of mankind, and that their enduring memory is a prolongation of their beneficent influence; that thus, though dead, they may yet be regarded as both speaking and acting for the best interests of following generations. And this simple goodness would render the inferior spirits who in after times look back to them with admiration, happy to do what good they can in their own very subordinate degree; not impatient of the Divine allotment of being so far inferior, nor mortified that they may not themselves anticipate any wide or prolonged celebrity. And indeed, we have no doubt that this contentment with their assigned lot, this being satisfied to shine by their virtues, abilities, and usefulness in their limited sphere during their lifetime, without the vanity of thinking of posthumous and lasting distinction,—has been the grace of many excellent men, whom after their decease their officious friends and biographers have made resolute and sometimes pompous efforts to retain in broad monumental exhibition, for the contemplation of “posterity.” How many a large volume has, within the last twenty years, been constructed for one and another worthy and useful man in his day, who never dreamed that to celebrate *him* was to be the expedient by which some one or other would seek to distinguish and publish *himself*; and would have warmly deprecated the hyperbolical laudations, the lengthy descriptions of employments which, though useful, were of a common order, the details of domestic habits and local incidents, the exposure of his private diaries, the collecting of his letters, written in whatever haste, about whatever affair, and the ostentation of the acquaintance he might happen to have with any of his more distinguished contemporaries. To push for notoriety for everything,—for ourselves, for our departed friends, for our remarkable little children, for everything that a book can be made about, small or great, seems to be the passion of the times: this, too, in a period crowded beyond all example with great events, with the agitation of vast inte-

rests, with important enterprises, and with extraordinary characters.

Why cannot we be made to understand that some rule of *proportion* holds in relation to the measure of public attention to the lives and characters of individuals, which may fairly be claimed from the passing and the next ensuing generation? Why cannot we apprehend that men have, and are sure in times approaching to have, too many things to think and read of, to yield to the memory of even very excellent persons, the proportion of attention and interest which the friends who write their memoirs appear to demand? If they were a little observant, they might be reminded of this by the no very unusual circumstance, that a large book of this order remains partly unread, in the possession of many of the friends of both,—of the deceased person who is the subject, and of the author. The remark is often made, though not perhaps in the author's hearing, that the record—no disparagement to the estimable subject—is greatly too much amplified. It is true, these very friends may have been partly in the fault. In the fresh feelings of regret at the departure of a valuable and respected person, they may have strongly expressed a wish that his life should be written; may have believed that, to themselves first and then to their descendants, a very full display of the departed excellence would be a precious treasure of interest and instruction, and also, that it would be important and welcome to the religious public; and may therefore have urged the reluctant, or encouraged the ready and willing person, who was deemed the best qualified for the performance. They had little calculated the effect of time, and change, and business, and novelty on themselves and others; an effect which has resulted in their being sorry, when at last the book is published, that it is of such length, and perhaps even that it is of such cost. And thus it may happen, that the surviving relations of the estimable person so commemorated, may have the surprise and chagrin of finding that the work is not disposed of in any such numbers or such shortness of time as had been confidently expected. It may even happen that one of those relations may have the mortification of silently noticing that a copy in the possession of one or another of those friends remains

but in part out open weeks or months after it has been received.

From such a course of observations (which were never more than at the present time necessary to be made, but which will, no doubt, be made in vain), we turn with pleasure to express our approbation of the sound discretion shown by the editor of the volumes before us in the limits he has prescribed to himself in the biographical portion. It is an interesting and perfectly unostentatious memoir of about sixty pages. He would have had no manner of difficulty to expend it to many times this length, by the expedients commonly adopted in such works. Dr Ryland was a man highly and honourably distinguished, during a long period of time, within a sphere which, though it may be denominated local or provincial, was of considerable compass. He was employed in a diversity of concerns in the religious department, was of great activity, and maintained a very extensive acquaintance and correspondence. He was uniformly, during more than half a century, conspicuous in the most genuine zeal to serve the cause of religion; a real remarkably clear of everything like egotism and display, and so free from the acrid taint of bigotry, that he commanded the respect and a still kinder feeling of persons of all sects and denominations. His benevolence, in whatever mode he could exert it, was promptly and most unostentatiously manifested on all occasions. His indefatigable assiduity in the improvement of his time was such as often made some of his friends ashamed, by the comparison they were forced to make between him and themselves. In his manner of preaching there was a strong and marked peculiarity. In the construction of his sermons the scheme was cast, not so much in an order to carry the topic through in an agreeable course of illustration, of uniform tenor and bearing, as in a form to throw the force into prominent points, exhibiting strongly the *specialties* of the subject; sometimes enforcing it by striking contrasts or parallels, sometimes by remarkable facts from Scripture history or the natural world, sometimes by unexpected applications, but all these pertinent to the topic or the text, and free from anything of petty artifice or affectation, always with the most perfect simplicity of feeling and purpose for no preaching could

bear more palpable evidence than his of serious, direct, simple intentness on the subject, and desire to make it useful to the hearers. These striking prominences of his illustration he would often enforce with a vividness of ideas and expression, and with an energy of feeling and manner which was animated sometimes into the utmost vehemence. Some disadvantages of voice, or little uncouthnesses of manner, were nearly lost to the perception of those who habitually or frequently heard him, in the perfect demonstration which they invariably felt of his genuine and earnest piety and zeal. He excelled very many deservedly esteemed preachers in variety of topics and ideas. To the end of his life he was a great reader, and very far from being confined to one order of subjects; taking little less interest in works descriptive of the different regions and inhabitants of the world, and in works on natural history, than in Jewish antiquities and the other parts of knowledge directly related to theology. And he would often freely avail himself of these resources for diversifying and illustrating the subjects of his sermons; an advantage and a practice which we have often been sorry to see ministers decline, when the well-judged use of their various reading affords so obvious a resource for avoiding the monotony in sermons so often complained of by the hearers.

Dr. Ryland's early and long addiction to what is called the American school of theology, and to Jonathan Edwards as its great master, imparted a character to his doctrinal views, which was perceptible to the last. But we have understood, and deem it a remarkable and honourable fact, that, as he advanced into old age, he became less tenacious of any extra peculiarity to system, displayed a more free and varied action of mind, and was more practical and impressive. It may be added, that his language formed indeed in the theological mould of phraseology, and making no pretension to elegance or polish, was perspicuous and precise in the expression of his thoughts.

All our readers, no doubt, will recollect the eloquent delineation and eulogy exhibited in Mr. Hall's funeral sermon for Dr. Ryland. Very just in the main, it has been thought liable to correction in one particular. The description of Dr. Ryland's passive meekness, his wan

of all power of re-action and contest, is such as to give almost the impression, that he was helplessly and without remedy at the mercy of any who could be hard-hearted enough to assail or trample on him. It is true, that he had a painful sensitiveness to opposition, and an extreme horror of harsh, unsparing conflict, and would, before a bold opponent, shrink and be subdued into silence. But, for this weakness, he was by no means destitute of a compensation,—a compensation in his own competence, independently of that forbearance which the knowledge of his amiable character and of this weakness, in it, obtained for him from all persons of kind and considerate temper. He had, for one thing, great tenacity both of opinion and purpose. And for another, he had a great power of persuasion in communicating in a quiet, amicable, and somewhat confidential manner, with individuals, so that he could do much to disarm, one by one, a number of persons who might otherwise have been disposed to join in opposition to him. He had, also a very great facility in writing, and could by letters give effect to opinions and arguments, with persons with whom he might not have had spirit and nerve enough to maintain them in that personal encounter. In consequence, he not seldom carried his point, when it might have seemed that he could not do otherwise than surrender it. And this proceeding was not to be denominated artful, in any culpable sense, for no man could be more upright in his intentions or more sincere in the arguments and pleadings by which he endeavoured to give them effect.

But we are conscious of having departed too far from the proper business of our profession in dilating so much in general observations, and on the character of the revered author of these volumes, and have reduced ourselves to the necessity of being very brief in the notice of their contents.

The memoir, written with exemplary modesty, presents an amiable picture of Dr Ryland's very early piety, and a short account of the stages the few remarkable events and movements, and the several and busy occupations of his long life, which began with the year 1753, and closed in 1825, more than thirty years of it being spent, in the capacity of pastor and tutor, at Bristol. The writer, aware how much partiality is apt to be imputed to encomiums

proceeding from a near relation, has drawn the tribute to his father's merits from the testimony of other men, some of them of high estimation in the Christian church.

The substance of the book is a selection of short sermons to the number of one hundred and fifty, printed from Dr. Byland's notes. We should guess that each of them, on the average, might be deliberately read in about a quarter of an hour, and is less, probably, than one-third the length of the discourse as delivered by the preacher. But they are different from papers of broken hints and mere suggestions, to help the memory, or prompt the invention, in the course of speaking. They are digested schemes, adjusted with care to put the topics in good order, with a due proportion, under each head, of the essence of the matter to be amplified in the delivery. And the thoughts are in such regular and related series, as to have nearly the effect of continuous composition. When they have not that effect, the printer has very judiciously left small blank spaces between the sentences. There is often an ingenious turn, sometimes in the way of taking advantage of the form of expression in the text; sometimes in the peculiar and pointed manner in which one part of the subject is made to reflect on another. The preacher very rarely, we believe, failed to provide himself with these attentively studied schemes, throughout his ministrations. He uniformly had them before him in the pulpit, written sometimes in a hand microscopically small; and he as constantly made the written sketch the basis of his discourse. But this produced no cramped formality; his extemporary enlargements, when he was in the favourable state of feeling, were in a strain of perfect freedom and facility, and in just the same diction as the written sentences. It was, indeed, in these enlargements that the force and peculiarity of the illustration, and the energy of feeling, often displayed by him, came forth. So that those readers of these printed sketches who never heard the preacher, or too seldom to have witnessed the most animated of his public exercises, can have no adequate idea of the spirit, and force, and compulsion on the hearers' attention, with which the sermons were delivered.

They are on a wide diversity of subjects, doctrinal, devotional, and practical, far too many to admit of a list being

given of them here : none of them are short enough to be given entire as an extract ; and at the same time, to show a part of what is itself but a compendium, would not exemplify their character.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLERIDGE.

Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, during his long residence in Bristol. By JOSEPH COTTLE. 2 vols. Post 8vo 1837.

IN a preface Mr. Cottle explains, though with some reserve as to circumstances, the manner in which this work originated ; adverts to the conditions which several classes of persons would, respectively, require to be observed in writing the history of such a man ; and maintains the obligation of the rule under which he has proceeded, of explicit unqualified truth.

The friends with whom Mr. Coleridge was most associated in his latter years, designing to prepare a comprehensive memoir, applied to Mr. Cottle, as a person known to have been intimately acquainted with him in his youth, and at intervals of the middle stage of his life, requesting him to furnish the materials, very defectively afforded from any other quarter, for that portion of the personal history. After a consideration of the labour it would cost to examine, select, digest, and illustrate the memorials in his possession, and of the infelicitous character of much that he would, in conscientious faithfulness, have to relate, he declined the office. A renewed application, however, turned his thoughts again on the subject, so as to set his memory in exercise with a revived interest, and to induce him to look into a repository of papers which had long remained undisturbed. By degrees the scenes, and incidents, and sentiments of times long past, returned so vividly on his mind, as to bring him to the determination of working into a regular form his recollections and written materials.

But the question arose, what kind of record would be deemed admissible as a part of the work projected by Coleridge's executors. Would they be willing to admit an unreserved exposure, set forth with a particularity of circumstances, of the grand moral malady of the person to be commemorated? Finding there would be an insuperable objection to this, and regarding such impartiality as essential to the integrity and usefulness of biography, our author had to choose whether to abandon the undertaking, after he had employed considerable labour on it, or to execute it as a separate and independent work. And by that time he had become too much interested in it, and had begun to entertain too strong a presumption of its possible usefulness, to be willing to throw it finally out of his hands. As he proceeded in his course of researches and recollections, his materials accumulated so much beyond his expectation, that a very severe rule of exclusion must have been applied to limit the work to the dimensions first designed.

It is most truly "a plain unvarnished tale." And it bears the striking peculiarity that a sincere and admiring *friend* has exhibited the dark and deplorable, as fully as the bright and laudable, parts of the character. For the author was warily, almost enthusiastically, attached to Coleridge, during the season of their personal intimacy; and has unalterably retained for him, since its cessation, a cordially benevolent sentiment, combined with that admiration of his genius which was an involuntary tribute, rendered independently of all personal regards.

He has asked himself what is the object, and what the law, of biography. Why should a formal exhibition be made of any man's life and character? Not for mere amusement; for that purpose an ingenious fiction might do better. Not merely to make it or keep it known that such a person has existed; that a certain human conformation of qualities and faculties, under an individual name, has had his allotment under the sun, in assigned time and place; thus to stand recorded as one matter of fact among innumerable others. We remember that Coleridge has somewhere pronounced the worthlessness of bare facts (those of biography, no doubt, included), as viewed separately from principles and doctrine.

The philosophers say that the chief, or one of the chief, uses of biography is to assist the study of human nature, as exemplified and illustrated by the particular specimen, in which we may verify certain principles available to a general theory. But if so, the specimen ought to be set before us in its plain reality; everything in its consistence distinctly seen; no artifice to modify its appearance, by abstracting or disguising any of its components, falsify their proportions, or giving any of them an arbitrary prominence or colour.

The same may be said when the moralists tell us, with much gravity, that the recorded lives of men, various in character, situation, and course of action, constitute a sort of theatre, in which are represented, with far more salutary impressiveness than in any didactic thesis of reason or eloquence, the virtues and vices, in all their forms, degrees, mixtures, causes, and consequences. When they tell us that here, instead of dry abstract discourse, soporific lecture, vague generality, we have morality alive, the qualities of humanity coming before us warm, embodied, and in action, bearing with them or on them the palpable tokens of their good and evil, uttering an earnest voice to deter or persuade, we may justly require that there be no deceptive lights or shades, that nothing of importance be retained behind the scenes, that there be no management to conceal one thing by dilating another, and that the voices which speak to us should faithfully reveal all that it may profit us to know.

But then the futility of the larger portion of biography! If composed by writers distant in time or place, or both, from the persons to be commemorated, and without the aid of memorials by contemporaries immediately cognizant of the facts, it can have little of individual characteristic verity. It will probably be no better for resemblance than would be, for the representation of a personal form, a bust, of which time, the elements, and accidents, have worn off all the nicer markings and the distinctness of feature. If written by a known or suspected enemy, it is rejected of course. But most commonly it is the work of friends, whose very judgment is beguiled even when they mean to be honest; or who are willing to excuse to themselves a conscious treachery to judgment in favour of a person who has possessed their

affection or respect; or (a frequent case) whose vanity is seeking a flattering reflection on themselves from a fine image set forth of a relation, or friend, or acquaintance, whom they are ambitious to claim as having been a friend; or (also a common case) who are restless to figure in authorship, and eagerly seize an opportunity to shine in the pomp of such eulogy as would have made the subject himself, if he could have anticipated it, blush for shame.

Some of our readers will remember instances of having seen, in the full width of a book, or the abridged space of an oration or obituary, a celebration of a person with whom or with whose character they had been well acquainted. And when they have seen each good quality lauded without discrimination or measure, talents magnified, hardly a peccadillo acknowledged, or but just hinted, in the pululating protective neighbourhood of a virtue; and then have compared this portraiture with what they positively knew of the person, they have been compelled to exclaim, How worthless is panegyric! how faithless is biography!

The reader of the present work will go but a little way in it before he sees in how different a manner the author has performed his office. Coleridge's name and character have been too much and too long before the public to leave any one unapprized, that a wonderful splendour of genius suffered a malignant moral eclipse during a large portion of his life. But the extent of that dark encroachment will be rendered far more distinctly apparent by this publication; which combines with an assemblage of the facts obvious to the view of spectators, emphatically sad and affecting testimonials from the eminent unhappy person himself.

It is, indeed, a most humiliating and melancholy spectacle: a mind at once of vast comprehension, and minute and exquisite perception, opulent in multifarious knowledge; sympathetic with everything good and amiable, ardent in admiration of the great, the noble, the sublime; but subjected, enslaved, degraded, and tormented by one tyrant habit, and that habit formed on a kind of indulgence of which many persons may wonder how the allurements should be so irresistible; especially when they see how severely it became its own punishment. That punishment fell on the conscience with even more deadly infliction than on the

bodily frame. Many of the men of talent who have been the slaves of vicious habits, have lived under a very lax conviction, some of them in a disbelief or contempt, of revealed religion. Some of them who did retain from their education a certain thoughtless impression of its truth and authority, were so ignorant of its nature, and so seldom reminded of it, that they were but slightly and transiently disturbed by some vague idea, never consolidated into faith of the Christian laws, the Supreme Judge, and a future retribution. But Coleridge was a firm and even zealous believer in Christianity; an exercised theologian; and, subsequently to the early stage of his inquiries and opinions, held a creed accordant, in the most material points, with what has been denominated the evangelic scheme of doctrine. To be, notwithstanding a constant recognition of all this, together with every other remonstrant consideration, and under the solemn menaces which such a faith was incessantly darting on the soul, and with the consciousness, all the while, of great intellectual power—still to be the hopeless victim of a vice abhorred while surrendered to; to have it clinging, and gnawing, and insatiable; to be, like Prometheus, chained for the vulture's repast—this is truly an exhibition fraught with all the powers of tragedy to raise pity and terror. It is but a feeble image for comparison that is recalled to us in the description of some fine fleet and powerful animal, desperately and vainly bounding and plunging over the wilderness under a leopard fixed with fangs and talons over its crest. The appropriate image would be that of a beautiful spirit, closely and relentlessly pursued, grappled at, poisoned, and paralyzed by a demon from the dark world.

That such a representation does not exaggerate, will be seen in some of the recitals, and certain of the letters, produced in these volumes.

A brief indication of the very miscellaneous contents may not be unacceptable, though so much has been published concerning Coleridge, and through so many channels, since his decease, and though so many of our readers will, no doubt, obtain a sight of the book itself.

Our author's acquaintance with him began (about the end of 1794) in connexion with a circumstance remarkably

adapted to discredit genius in the estimation of plain practical folk, showing indeed that *their* class is quite as necessary in the world as poets and philosophers, and that genius, though disciplined in high speculation, may have some time to wait before becoming mated with sound judgment, or what is conventionally called common-sense. It was well to give an out-of-the-way name (Pantisocracy) to so curious a thing as a scheme, originated by Coleridge, and acceded to by Southey and two other literary young men for commencing, in the wilds of North America, a new form of society and polity, on the principle of undivided property, labours in common, unerringly proportioned by willingness and ability, the results equitably shared without questions asked of vulgar arithmetic,—in short, an experiment (if that be not too sceptical a word) of the purest theory of democratic equality. It was presumed that this *beau idéal* of a community would not only be realized by the original fraternity, the patriarchs, of the colony, but carried prosperously down through succeeding generations.

If we wonder through what coloured spectacles the deliberate projectors of such a scheme looked on mankind, it is to be noted that the leader was then, and for a considerable time forward, of that theological school which denies the radical depravity of human nature, and of the philosophical school which was then sounding with the jargon of its 'perfectability.' He was to know better in due time, and he has recorded his conviction in remarkable and striking terms.

The colonization scheme was not more poetical in the prospective vision of its felicities than in the calculation of means for the very first movement in preparation. A ship was to be freighted with provisions, implements, and all imaginable requisites for creating the predestined Eden (where there should be no tempter or fall) in the "waste howling wilderness." And many pleasant musings, no doubt, there were on the gentle gales to waft the adventure across the Atlantic, and images of the vista brightening in fairy gleams through the gloom of an American forest. The party were drawing one after another to the rendezvous at Bristol, in expectation of a speedy adieu to a land most inhospitable and malignant, as it then truly was, to all

liberty, equity, and peace. But no ship volunteered its decks; no cargo collected spontaneously on the quay. 'The surprising truth came out that such things would obey no talisman but, plainly, that of money, and money there was none, not even enough to pay a few weeks' hire of the lodgings in which the party were expecting the hour to go on board the *Argo*.

The design was, however, to be prosecuted, at all events, and, as some expedient must be thought of for "raising the wind," which should first blow the vessel to the point of embarkation, and then over the ocean, an available resource was suggested in the delivery of courses of lectures, on moral, political, and theological subjects, by Coleridge, and on some departments of history, by Southey. The prospectuses are here given and the width of the field undertaken to be surveyed, and the curiosity and difficulty of some of the topics, afford a presumptive proof of very extensive reading and study—unless we should suspect there might be somewhat too much of the self-sufficiency of youth. They obtained, however, the approbation and applause of their auditors. The *political* tone of the lectures was in declared hostility to the spirit and measures of the government. Mr Pitt was the object of execration.

There was an early indication of one of the failings so disastrous through subsequent life, in the circumstance that Coleridge, having requested and obtained Southey's consent that he should give one of the lectures set down in the scheme of the latter, and being accordingly announced for the splendid theme of "The Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Roman Empire," just troubled himself no further about it.

"At the usual hour the room was thronged. The moment for commencement arrived. No lecturer appeared. Patience was preserved for a quarter, for half an hour—but still no lecturer. At length it was communicated to the impatient assembly 'that a circumstance exceedingly to be regretted would prevent Mr Coleridge giving his lecture that evening. Some few present learned the truth, but the majority sat retired under the impression that Mr Coleridge had either broken his leg or that some severe family affliction might have occurred. His rather habitual absence of mind, with the little importance he generally attached to engagements, renders it likely that, at this very time, he might have been found composedly smoking his pipe,

and lost in profound musings on his divine Susquehannah." —Vol. I. p. 38.

It is not explained exactly by what gradation of time and reflection the Pantisocratic passion ebbed away. Coleridge appears to have remained the longest afloat, and the last to be stranded. He reproached with bitterness his chief associate's unfaithfulness, as he charged it, to what he had regarded as almost a religious league and covenant.

He had written divers short poetical pieces, which, under the pressure for money, were brought into negotiation with Mr. Cottle, at that time a bookseller and publisher, who is quite justified in mentioning the liberal proposals which he voluntarily made to terms of publication. While the friendly allowance to draw the money as wanted, previously to furnishing the stipulated compositions to the printer, was promptly acted upon, the article came not to hand but through a tedious succession of delays, promises, and excuses for non-fulfilment, which no publisher less kind and personally attached would have tolerated.

In 1795, Coleridge married, and betook himself to a rural cottage, "on the banks of—the Susquehannah?—no, the Severn," at Clevedon, a pleasant abode, in an humble style; but which, his biographer says, did not withhold his imagination from fondly prolonging its revels in the regions of that same Susquehannah. As to certain matters, indispensable, on either side of the globe, how commodiously the poetic imagination could leave them out of account, and leave its possessor to be surprised at being called upon to hear and write their uncouth names, is shown by a missive, soon received by Mr. Cottle, in Bristol, containing a list, dictated of course by his domestic companion, of divers culinary utensils, and articles for immediate and daily consumption, which he requested his friend to procure and send without delay, as things of which none of the Muses had beforehand signified the necessity. They were conveyed to him with a speed and copiousness which might remind him of the obsequious genii in some Arabian tale.

At this point the "Recollections" turn off from Coleridge, into a long miscellaneous discussion, relating, in the first instance, to a sanguine, mercurial, more than half-crazed,

young man, of the name of Gilbert, a fanatical devotee to astrology, and one of the party for the Susquehannah; a curiosity worth a passing notice; but the sample of whose hallucinations, given in the appendix, might have been spared. The almost forgotten name of Mrs. Yearsley is recalled, for the purpose of vindicating, to a considerable degree, an extraordinary, if not perfectly amiable woman, from the unqualified condemnation of the panegyrists of Hannah More; whose conduct, beyond all doubt benevolently intended, did certainly savour very considerably of the aristocratic spirit. We are not aware whether there has been elsewhere so particular an account of the flagrant tyranny of a profligate set of domestics by whom, from a strange and culpable want of resolution, Mrs. More suffered herself to be oppressed and almost insulted, and her income to be wasted, during several years of her later life; and her final escape from whom, in abandoning her favourite residence, was judged to require the attendance of a party of her friends to save her from some outrage of abuse.

Family affection must be the admitted plea for the author's desire to give a marked distinction to his brother Amos. In connexion with this notice there is a kind of parenthesis, extended through many pages, which we regret that Mr. Cottle had not been advised to omit. It is an elaborate argument, in a long series of counts, to repel and requite a rude assailment of himself and his brother by Lord Byron, when running a muck among his literary contemporaries, in a juvenile satire. As against *him* such a thing is labour thrown away. Nobody, but the party aggrieved, will take the trouble to think or care about the question of justice or wrong in the random or spiteful rigs of a witty lampooner. The amusement afforded by his hits and bites is not neutralized by any conviction of their malice. The wiser way is to let it all alone. It would be little better than ludicrous to go into a grave arraignment, on a particular point, of so wild and reckless a spirit as Lord Byron; delighted with his power of indiscriminate annoyance, and doubly delighted as he would have been, and as his wholesale admirers will be, to see that annoyance tell in the irritation of its object. As well might you prosecute in a court of law, H. B., the clever caricaturist. A laboured defensive and reactive tra-

verse of an old ground of offence, while it will leave the satirist's nettles just where they were, will but expose the indiscretion of needlessly handling them again; as also some defect of philosophy in retaining so long the irritation of the first contact. We hope that, in the probable event of a new edition, the author will be induced to exclude the pages in question, together with the verses recited from his "Expostulatory Epistle," printed many years since.

Returning to Coleridge, we find him willing, for a short time, to fancy himself happy. But very soon divers inconveniences, partly of the locality and partly created by his own temperament and habits, grew to a fatal competition with the roses that invested the cottage, the salubrious air, the rural and marine scenery, and the connubial felicity. There was a longing for the excitements, the varieties, the libraries, the convivial talking-parties, the admiring listeners, the opportunities for figuring, of the great town. Accordingly he is transferred, after a few weeks, to close apartments, amidst the smoke, and bustle, and noise of Bristol. Here he was to set himself to the real working business of completing his volume of poems. And what a grievance was the task, and what a mortification to fail of the promised performance, is curiously illustrated in a letter written on being informed that, while he was out of the house, a note (returned unopened) had come from Mr. Cottle; which, being in fact only a friendly invitation to dinner to meet one of his admirers, his conscience had read, unseen, as a remonstrance against his dilatoriness.

"My dear Sir,—It is my duty and business to thank God for all his dispensations, and to believe them the best possible; but indeed, I think I should have been more thankful if he had made me a journeyman shoemaker instead of 'an author by trade.' I have left my friends; I have left plenty; I have left that ease which would have secured a literary immortality, and have enabled me to give the public works, conceived in moments of inspiration, and polished with leisurely solicitude; and, alas! for what have I left them? for ———, who deserted me in the hour of distress, and for a scheme of virtue impracticable and romantic! So I am forced to write for bread! write the flight of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife. Groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a

greatest badge of embarrassment, and whichever way I turn a thorn runs into me! The future is cloud and thick darkness. Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me! Nor is this all. My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste. I am too late! I am already months behind! I have received my pay beforehand. O wayward and desultory spirit of genius! Ill canst thou brook a taskmaster! The tenderest touch from the hand of obligation wounds me like a scourge of scorpions!"—Vol. I. p. 114.

From his appointed biographers there will be expected a plain statement respecting the advantages, position, and prospects which he here represents himself, without any sign of conscious blame, to have sacrificed. From the pecuniary difficulties which so embittered his lot, and were relieved only by strangers casually become friends, occasion is taken by Mr. Cottle to reflect in terms of strong reproach, though without pointing distinctly to individuals, on the unworthy conduct of Coleridge's family, in neglecting, casting off, such a man from their care and kindness. It is known that in his letters, written to one friend especially, too confidential for publication, he expressed himself with bitterness of sorrow and indignation on this subject.

The urgency of his circumstances stimulated his prolific faculty of projecting. One literary phantasm after another presented itself, and perhaps stayed long enough to take the form of a "Prospectus" before it vanished. The project, however, of the "Watchman" was actively carried into experiment; a weekly pamphlet of two sheets, "intended to supply at once the places of a review, newspaper, and annual register." He could persuade himself, notwithstanding his convicted impotence of will, his many procrastinations, and his horror of the bondage of working against time, that he should punctually by the week furnish forth a highly rectified preparation of fact, speculation, and fancy; an elixir which, as he might not unlikely have expressed it, should intellectually vitalize that portion of time.

Successful exertions of his friends to obtain subscribers in Bristol started him in good spirits on the tour among the midland great towns, so humorously narrated in his "Biographia Literaria," and here additionally described in

seven sprightly letters to his excellent friend, Mr. Wade.* Notwithstanding some snubs from vulgar ignorance, and the dry selfishness of trade, it was a gratifying career. Such a shining, dazzling, blazing display of eloquence, had not as the newspapers say, when telling of extraordinary storms and floods, "been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant." Subscriptions came so thick and fast as to raise his list to a thousand. Perhaps the admirers of his colloquial exhibitions really imagined that so much fine speculation expanded over a succession of mornings and long evenings, could and would be concentrated to a quintessence, that all this radiance would converge to a focus, in a matter of an hour's reading per week. A few weeks' experiment broke up the delusion on both sides. Each fourpenny patron complained that the thing had failed in just that particular quality which he had reckoned upon, one alleged, probably with great truth, that "his boys did not improve much under it," subscribers fell off rapidly, many of them in too dignified a mood of displeasure to pay for what they had received, and the "Watchman" closed at the tenth number, with a loss on the adventure, which was borne, for the greater part, by Mr. Cottle, who had rendered the most assiduous services in the most disinterested spirit.

The addition of so eloquent a man to the Socinian school raised a question (dubious on account of his notorious political opinions) of drawing him into its service in the pulpit. He would have had little inclination to so formal and ecclesiastical an office, separately from the necessity of some certain means of support. He was, however, induced to make an experiment, and Mr. Cottle has given a vastly curious description (the humour of it mingled with regret) of his first two appearances, made in uncanonical guise, in a Socinian meeting-house in Bath. The first sermon proved to be no other than a lecture on the Corn Laws, which he had previously delivered in Bristol, the second, addressed

* A part of one of them, however, is in effect of the darkest possible character, as relating his conversation with a very learned and scientific atheist (a Dr. Darwin), who "boasted that he had never read one book in favour of such stuff!" (the evidences of the existence of a God, and of revealed religion), "but that he had read all the works of infidels"

to an auditory of seventeen persons, men, women, and children (that is, to as many of them as did not fling open the pew doors and bolt before the conclusion), was a recapitulation of an old lecture in reprobation of the Hair-Powder tax. He did afterwards, in 1798, go on probation for the pastoral office at Shrewsbury; but was happy to be rescued from the vocation by the intervention of Messrs. Wedgewood proposing to settle on him an annuity of £150.

After finding that the world thought it could take care of itself without a Watchman, he removed to a small house at Stowey, with the addition to his family of a son, and an amiable young literary friend of the name of Lloyd, who had solicited to become domesticated with him, and brought some addition to his scanty and precarious means. A gleam of happiness on this new abode—"wife, bratling, and self remarkably well;" neighbours intelligent, loved and loving; even the muses disposed to renew their coquetry—proved only the morning of a darkening day. Dread of inevitable and remediless poverty is assigned by the biographer as the chief immediate cause of the prostration of spirit, described in several letters to himself. "A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart. Every mode of life which has promised me bread and cheese has been, one after another, torn away from me. But God remains." A reference, in the same letter, to Milton and epic poetry, betrayed that he was haunted by "lofty imaginings" (as he expresses it) of some high station which he might, perhaps under auspicious circumstances, have attained in the same intellectual region. But if it be a correct inventory that he sets forth of the materials and apparatus, pre-requisite to genius for going to work on an epic poem, he might have the consolation to his vanity that what he was not destined to accomplish never will be achieved by any other, to the end of time.

"I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem. Ten years to collect materials, and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable mathematician. I would thoroughly understand mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy, botany, metallurgy, fossilism, chemistry, geology, anatomy, medicine; then the mind of man—then the minds of men, in all travels, voyages, and histories. So I would spend ten years; the next five in the composition of the poem; and

the last five in the correction of it So would I write; haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly-whispering voice, which speaks to mighty minds of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering"—P. 192.

Not to notice the absurdity of supposing any mortal man thus to possess himself (in ten years too!) of all things in heaven and in earth, and under the earth, it may be surmised that if he *had* conquered this grand totality, he would seek in vain for a subject that could avail itself of the cyclopædic accumulation, and also that his genius would be too much attenuated and absorbed among 'so chaotic a world of substances to issue forth, at the word of command, in one impetuous brilliant emanation. Many various substances may, certainly, be made collectively the materials for a great fire, but our poet's scheme, of taxing every element, looks like an ambitious anticipation, in figure, of that last fire which will take all things for its fuel, and flame from every thing.

By the way we may notice one deficiency of the poetic temperament in Coleridge. He seemed to feel no interest in the material monuments and vestiges of antiquity which can carry the mind back into a solemn and mysterious converse with ages and races of the earlier world. Mr. Cottle mentions that when once in York, and having occasion to go for some inquiry after a companion to the Minster, he did not care to enter, or look into, or apparently look at, the magnificent edifice. As a much more remarkable instance, it is recollected that, in a conversation which turned on his sojourn in Italy, he was asked about Pompeii; when to the surprise of the querist, he said that he had never been much interested by objects of that kind, the answer being given with a brevity and indifference which left it to be inferred (we know not whether correctly) that he had not taken the trouble to visit that most impressive scene. It may be doubted whether he would have been affected with an awful sentiment at sight of the stupendous structures which retain to the mind a kind of spectral presence of ancient Egypt.

Extracts of a correspondence with the biographer, during the residence at Stowey, make an amusing exposure of his toils and perplexities in the endeavour to do just the right thing in literary manufacture. It might bespeak the can-

dour, but will we are afraid, be fully as likely to excite the ridicule, of ordinary readers, to see what mortal trouble there is in the adjustment of lines, words, and syllables; and to hear a powerful genius confessing, with chagrin, that he had maintained "a hundred" hard conflicts to displace and replace a single refractory participle—and been beaten. No wonder that obstinate factions and entrenched abuses in the political state, should be so difficult to be overturned, when these sinners of syllables can defy the best efforts of the strongest hand for reform. If this seem going very far out of the way to force a parallel, we have only to say it is suggested by the references to the state of the nation which Coleridge himself intermixed with these exertations of minute criticism. For example:—

"Public affairs are in strange confusion. I am afraid that I shall prove, at least, as good a prophet as bard. Oh, doomed to fall, my country! enslaved and vile! But may God make me a foreboder of evil never to come"—P. 232.

Again:—

"Oh! into what a state have the scoundrels brought this devoted kingdom. If the House of Commons would but melt down their faces, it would greatly assist the copper currency—we should have brass enough."—P. 240.

The narrative, on to the tune of his departure from Germany, is made up of anecdotes, little adventures, notes, and letters, blending criticism and philosophy with witticisms, quips, and puns; the unprosperous commencement of Wordsworth's literary career; and quarrels among poetical and therefore irritable (i) friends. From a casual mention of the notorious Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, so unfortunately admitted by Dr. Johnson as his substitute for writing about Young in the "Lives of the Poets," Mr. Coleridge takes occasion to relate the obtrusive proceeding of that clerical charlatan in the affair of Chatterton's Poems, and his base conduct to that extraordinary, ill-principled, and ill-fated literary adventurer's family. There is the pleasant incident of Coleridge's falling in with a woman who asked if he knew one Coleridge; on his replying that he had heard of such person, she showered every abuse within the compass of her vocabulary on "that vile Jacobin villain,"

for having corrupted and wiled away a young man of her parish, of the name of Burnet. He so "won her heart," he says, by his manner of listening, and exclaiming "dear me," that his good-nature made him forego the pleasure of creating a fine dramatic surprise by telling her that he was the man."

Though it be a curious and amusing, it is a disconsolate review, of the history up to this period (of his going to Germany). A man of such rare talents and accomplishments, in the energy of youth, with the well-spring in his soul of all vigorous and aspiring thoughts, thrown on the world (by himself, as he said), for a course perfectly erratic; without destination, without friends but by accident, or any but the most precarious means of support till the annuity from the Wedgewoods; his imagination bewitched into a scheme in all ways and degrees Utopian; a most imprudent marriage—imprudent, we mean, on any consideration of pecuniary competence; the habits of a "chartered libertine" from everything like method, regularity, and punctuality; a fertility of transitory projects, rising like bubbles through a disturbed fluid, to break and vanish into the atmosphere; irksome shifts to get over the month or the week; changes of residence; the tenor of life broken by excursions, jaunts of amusement, ramblings and wanderings with no sufficient object, and apparently prompted very much by pure restlessness; sudden starts away, at the slightest touch of accident, for employments or engagements; diminutive occasional compositions sought out and gathered, with an impatient task-work for making up their deficiency of quantity to fill a small volume, as a temporary resource; and all this while the undefined idea of something great and extraordinary in possibility, and an indignant feeling against adverse fate, with no great severity of reflection, as it would seem, on his own defects as partly, at least, the real evil under which he was suffering.

At the same time, it is but just to observe, that it is not so easy to say *what* he should or might have done, as to reproach him for the faults which went so far to frustrate his good intentions. But let us suppose him, by the time that the American fantasy had gone off, coming to a resolute stand; compelling himself to a deliberate consideration of

what was practicable and eligible, for his talents and in his circumstances; determined to concentrate the whole force of his mind on a selected object; denying himself that social dissipation in which he squandered his mental wealth and his time; peremptory with himself to forego the vanity of temporary display, for the production of what should be a permanent honour, carefully economizing the means, though narrow, which the respect and admiration of such a man, so employed, would not have suffered to fulfil him while in a progress toward public patronage—suppose thus much; and he might have raised on this tract of his time some substantial and elaborated monument of his genius, instead of leaving it, as now beheld, a comparatively desolate scene of small operations and abortive plans, showing indeed, that a capable power has been there, but too desultory and vagrant to do itself justice.

From the period of Colridge's departure for Germany, towards the end of 1798, to the close of our author's communications with him in 1815, he comes in view only at intervals. The plan of the work being cast to comprise notices of other individuals, of whom Southey is conspicuous, we have several sprightly and satirical letters to Mr Cottle from him at Lisbon, descriptive of manners—of a filth which beats hollow that of the Yahoos and of a superstition, which might raise a question in what sense reason is an *essential* property of human nature.

The acquaintance commenced with Mr (afterwards Sir Humphrey) Davy might be regarded as one of the red-letter days in the record of Colridge's life, since he has somewhere said, at some late date if we remember, that he had never known but two great men, Wordsworth and Davy, an exclusion pronounced on the strength of some rather fanciful canon, we should think, considering how many distinguished men he had known, less or more. Mr. Cottle, who had the gratification of introducing them to each other, mentions a perilous hazard that Davy's splendid course had never been run. In what may be denominated the desperate enthusiasm of science, he inhaled, deliberately and progressively, such a quantity, in the way of experiment, of one of the noxious gases, that his life was within a trifle of being extinguished.

To Mr. Davy and our author he told the curious story of his having, when a Cambridge collegian, and in consequence of a young woman's rejection of his addresses, run away to enlist as a soldier, under the name of Silas Tomkins Cumberbatch. In the most perfect character of farce the tale relates his tumbling feats of horsemanship; the jokes of his comrades on his incorrigible aptitude in that way; his transfer to the office of attending the sick; his manner of amusing them and the convalescents by the recital of facts of ancient history, some of which they believed and admired, some of which they discredited and laughed at. The oddest occurrence in the whole affair is thus related:—

“He had been placed as a sentinel at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment, near Mr. Coleridge, talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated. At the sound of Greek the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, ‘I hope your honour will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited; these are the lines,’ when he gave them in their more ‘correct form. ‘Besides,’ said Mr. Coleridge, ‘instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the *Edipus* of Sophocles.’ ‘Why, who the d— are you?’ said the officer, ‘old Faustus ground young again?’ ‘I am only your honour’s humble sentinel,’ said Mr. Coleridge, again touching his cap.”—P. 57.

He appears to have been regarded with great good-humour by his comrades, who took him for a queer compound of booby and conjuror. How he was treated by his friends when they traced him out and restored him to his college, is not told; but it would not be an unlikely surmise that this enlistment vagary might have been one cause among others of the alienation of his family.

We do not find the exact dates and duration of his residence in Malta, whither he went for his health—being previously acquainted with the judge—and became secretary to Sir Alexander Ball; or of his subsequent adventures in Italy. The relation of them belongs to the office of the authorized biographers. But why did he not write a narrative of them himself? We remember to have heard that for a work so comparatively easy, one would think, he was offered a very

large sum by the booksellers. And he wanted money; for Mr. Cottle says he had expended by the time he reached England all he had received for his secretaryship.

One of the most remarkable things he had to tell of was, his critical escape from Italy, upon a friendly and cogent warning personally given him by Jerome Buonaparte. He made his way to Leghorn, under a continual alarm of being tracked or interrupted by the keen vigilance of the French police; and was there almost in despair, when accidentally, while indulging his melancholy foreboding among some ruins in the neighbourhood, he fell in with an American captain, who became so interested for him that he undertook and accomplished his deliverance. When he eagerly inquired by *what means*, as soon as the ship had cleared the port, the captain was very grave in answering, that it was by *swearing*, before the local authorities, that the young man was his steward, a native American, whose parents he intimately knew. He had clothed him in character, and given him a basket of vegetables to carry after him to the ship.

After an absence of a number of years, he was again in Bristol, in miserable health, the chief cause of which Mr. Cottle had not suspected, even in reading such a description as the following, in a letter which preceded him:—

“You will find me the wretched wreck of what you knew me, rolling rudderless. My health is extremely bad. Pain I have enough of, but that is indeed to me a mere trifle; but the increasing, overpowering sensations of wretchedness; achings in my limbs, with an indescribable restlessness, that makes action, to any available purpose, almost impossible; and, worst of all, the sense of blighted utility, regrets, not remorseless. But enough; yea, more than enough, if these things produce or deepen the conviction of the utter powerlessness of ourselves, and that we either perish, or find aid from something that passes understanding.”—P. 75.

In aggravation of all this he had cause to apprehend a cessation or great diminution of his annuity from the Wedgewoods, and it was eventually reduced to £75; the whole £150 being found too onerous a tax for the wealth of Etruria to bear; “so that,” writes Coleridge to Mr. Wade, in dread of the entire loss, “at my age, I am to be penniless, resourceless, in heavy debt, my health and spirits

absolutely broken down, and with scarce a friend in the world." Just at this time young Mr. De Quincey, very slightly acquainted with Coleridge, *solicited* Mr. Cottle to be the medium of conveying to him a present of *more than* £300, but positively insisted it should not be less; and the benefactor not to be named. In receiving this generous donation, Coleridge tried to save his pride by affecting to accept it as a *loan*; so convinced as he must have been, on the ground of both the receiver's ability and the giver's intention, that repayment was out of the question.

Soon afterwards he removed far from our author's knowledge, residing partly in Westmoreland, so that another seven years elapsed before he returned, in 1814, to Bristol, on an engagement to lecture on Shakspeare. That same poet would in his time have been somewhat more punctual to any appointment *he* had made. The engagement was expressly for a certain day, against which every arrangement and announcement was industriously made for assembling an auditory. Coleridge took his journey from London accordingly; but having discovered that a lady in the coach was sister to a friend of his in North Wales, whither she was going, he came to the conviction, by the time the coach came to Bath, that it was his duty to accompany her all the way, and see her safely set down at her brother's door. He did so, and left the good people of Bristol to make the best of their own judgment of Hamlet till several days after.

From this point of time to that which closes our author's series of documents and recollections, marked by the date of March, 1815, the history darkens to the greatest melancholy; a gloom indeed so profound that, but for the alleviation of an assurance that he recovered to a better and happier state in the latter years of his life, every reader of benevolent sensibility would retire from the contemplation of such a ruined magnificence of mind with an oppressive sadness. It was on an occasion in this last visit of Coleridge to Bristol that his friend was surprised and shocked by being suddenly made aware of the dreadful habit which he acknowledges, in the following passage, to have been evident to others long before the occasion alluded to, which startled him with the discovery:—

"I received information [it was after he had his own evidence]

that Mr. Coleridge had been long, very long, in the habit of taking from two quarts of laudanum a week, to a pint a day; and on one occasion he had been known to take, in the twenty-four hours, a whole quart of laudanum! This exceeds the quantity which Psalmanazer ever took, or any of the race of opium-consumers on record. The serious expenditure of money resulting from this habit was the least evil, though very great, and which must have absorbed all the produce of his lectures, and all the liberalities of his friends"—P 169.

While entertained for many months in the house of his generous friend, Mr. Wade, with every possible attention to his accommodation, he consented, willingly in appearance, to put himself under medical superintendence, and even to be accompanied or followed in his walks by a man employed, in substitution for his own impotent will, to prevent his access to the places where he could obtain "the accursed drug," for so he named it with emphatic feeling, in similar plight to what may be read in legends of durance, of some spell-bound captive to an object at once fascinating and detested. But he had the advantage of genius for doing himself mischief. And perhaps he might even be somewhat gratified at the conscious dexterity of his manoeuvres (one of which is here related) to baffle his guard. Yet, under the combined pressure of self-reproach, a broken constitution, dishonoured character, disablement for literary exertion, and the exhaustion of pecuniary resources, he was driven to think of a refuge, and requested his friends to consult about the means of admission into a receptacle for the insane, to be under the coercion of a will possessing the authority which his own had lost. "The impression was fixed on his mind that he should inevitably die unless he were placed under constraint, and that constraint he thought could alone be effected in an asylum."

As to the constant grievance of an empty purse and accumulating debt, which hampered him, a little time afterwards, to the project of offering himself for a daily teacher of boys and youths, to be received by him in "a cheap lodging," Mr. Cottle is constrained to say it *must* have been chiefly owing to the opium expenditure; supplying him with money was proved to be worse than useless, and it became a matter of conscience with his faithful old friend to discon-

tinued his profitless liberalities, after a last gratuitous assistance to him when living in a friend's house at Calne, in March, 1815. He returned no more to Bristol; removed to London or its neighbourhood; and became finally a stranger to the biographer. We think it did not look well that, to a friend so warily and faithfully attached, so solicitous for his welfare and honour, so ready to assist him in difficulty and misfortune, so indulgent to his failings, and who would have been so delighted to receive from himself any information of the attainment at length of a state the reverse of that which had been so long witnessed and deplored, he never wrote again. The long subsequent stage of his life, to the end, remains to be described by the gentlemen who had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with him during the period of recovered virtue, emancipated mental energy, and religious peace.

No adequate idea can be formed of the condition in which the present work leaves him, without the lurid light thrown on it by several letters, which we can well believe that nothing would have determined Mr. Cottle to publish but a strong conviction of the duty of rendering the memorial of so remarkable a man salutary as an impressive warning. The pain he had felt in so deciding was somewhat relieved, and his assurance of having done right confirmed, when the following letter, written to Mr. Wade, came into his hands, after he had proceeded far on his work:—

“Bristol, June 26th, 1814.

“Dear Sir,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

“Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

“I used to think the text in St. James that, ‘he who offended in one point offends in all,’ very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of *ORISUM*, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to

my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt for my repeated promises—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!

“After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example!”

“May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate and, in his heart, grateful

“S. T. COLERIDGE.”

—Pp. 185—187.

It cannot be known whether the writer, supposing him, toward the end of his life, to remember the purport of this letter, would, on being questioned, have persisted in the wish and the injunction it expresses. But Mr. Cottle deems himself justified in assuming that his matured benevolence and piety could not have made him less willing that his unhappy example should stand conspicuous to warn others back from the vortex.

That the letter was not written in a transient mood of grief and exaggerated self-abasement, in a momentary disturbance or lapse of his reason, may be assumed from the bitter sensations of conscience betrayed here and there in preceding communications; and from the deliberate surrender of himself to justice in two letters to the biographer, of a date somewhat earlier than this to Mr. Wade; the one in answer to a faithful solemn remonstrance, the other to a second letter of more consolatory character. A part of the first will complete the spectacle of the loftiest humanity laid prostrate, a powerful, capacious, aspiring mind, bound down to hopeless slavery and anguish by one disastrous habit:—

“April 26, 1814.

“You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend’s conscience, Cottle! but it is *oil of vitriol!* I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!), but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction.

“The object of my present reply, is, to state the case, just as it is; first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse—far worse than all! I have prayed,

with drops of anguish on my brow : trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer :—‘I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?’ Secondly, overwhelmed as I am, with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole with tears, and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself.

“Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men, I may say, that I was seduced into the ACCURSED habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months, with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so), by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was recurred to,—but I cannot go through the dreary history.”

“O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself: go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. ‘Alas!’ he would reply, ‘that I cannot move my arms, is my complaint and my misery.’

“May God bless you, and your affectionate, but most afflicted,
“S. T. COLERIDGE.”

—Pp. 155—158.

The second short letter was in answer to his friend's entreaty to be pardoned if he had seemed too severe in his remonstrance :—

“O dear friend! I have too much to be forgiven to feel any difficulty in forgiving the cruellest enemy that ever trampled on me: and you I have only to thank! You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind, and conscience, and body. You bid me pray. Oh, I do pray inwardly to be able to pray; but, indeed, to pray, to pray with a faith to which a blessing is promised, this is the reward of faith, this is the gift of God to the elect! Oh! if to feel how infinitely worthless I am, how

poor a wretch, with just free-will enough to be deserving of wrath, and of my own contempt, and of none to merit a moment's peace, can make a part of a Christian's creed, so far I am a Christian."—Pp. 160, 161

It will be a most cordial gratification to see, we hope not long hence, an accurate statement of the manner, the progressive degrees, the accompanying feelings, the calm of conscience brightening into a temperate happiness, of his ascent from the depths of his long sojourn in so baleful a region, to the delightful ground of liberty, exemplary piety, and Christian hope

Coleridge's religious opinions are interspersed or interwoven through a wide extent of all sorts of subjects and speculations. They would require to be collected into order, if that were a practicable undertaking, from his "Biographia Literaria," "Friend," "Lay Sermons," "Constitution of the Church and State," "Aids to Reflection," "Table Talk," and "Literary Remains." We are not aware of Mr. Cottle's authority for expecting, apparently with confidence, "a great posthumous work, to elucidate and establish the everlasting principles of Christian truth, and to exhibit a system of Christian ethics." It should be of course the work announced in the "Aids to Reflection," as "having been," the author says, "the principal labour of my life since manhood, and which I am now [in 1825] preparing for the press, under the title, 'Assertion of Religion,' as necessarily involving Revelation, and of Christianity, as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity." If the work should actually appear, it will be a signally remarkable and memorable phenomenon, as combining a far greater variety of properties, and what may be called colours, than any other of the class. It will be learned, historical, philosophical, metaphysical, scholastic,* subtle, profound, fanciful, mystical, poetic in illus-

* Coleridge is remembered to have said that he had read *all* Thomas Aquinas, a most enormous hyperbole, of course. Apart from the formidable array of that miraculous doctor's other writings, let any one look at or into the gigantic volume of the "Summa Theologia," built up of myriads of logical ingenuities, conflicting arguments, distinctions real and unreal, on all things in existence, in possibility, and in neither the one nor the

tration, and strongly tinged with the phraseology unfortunately acquired from the German academics. The work cannot fail to contain much that will be valuable; but still, as to the truth and authority of the Christian religion, we are tempted to ask what new lights can be shed, what more valid arguments remain to be produced, what quietus of controversy, what fiery element for blasting the fallacies of scepticism?

But another work was repeatedly announced by him as on the point of coming into the light, under the title of "Elements of Discourse," purporting to be something like a new system of logic. And here again, whatever new arrangements, whatever transfers or partitions of provinces, a revolutionary hand may impose on logic as a technical science, we may be permitted to doubt whether any great *practical* improvement can be brought to the economy of thinking, after we have been so long familiarly in the company of the most effective thinkers that ever lived, or that human nature is capable of producing. Nor, with all our respect for intellectual endowments so eminently extraordinary, can we rid ourselves of the impression that our logical reformer's own example is far from affording an auspicious omen.

There may be those who, from patient attention, great effort, and unusual mental strength in making that effort, have the consciousness of a satisfactory understanding of the tenor of his speculations. They could perhaps give them back, point by point, in language of their own. But assuredly, a very great proportion of his readers of at least moderate and not unexercised intellect, find themselves grievously at a loss in parts, and unsuccessful on the whole. There has, indeed, been no little affectation in the matter. Not a few, aware of the writer's great fame, unwilling to seem deficient in capacity, and perhaps really admiring particular parts of his works, have concealed their consciousness of being often baffled in the study, under a dissembling show of applause, while they would have shrunk from the test of having to state the exact import of what they had read.

other. Coleridge added, that he could give a general view of the speculations of the schoolmen. But this he might do from Brucker.

For one thing, it is quite obvious that Coleridge, after setting before his readers the theme, the *one* theme apparently, undertaken to be elucidated, could not, or would not, proceed in a straightforward course of explanation, argument, and appropriate illustration from fancy; keeping in sight before him a certain ultimate object; and placing marks, as it were, of the steps and stages of the progress. He takes up a topic which we much desire to see examined, a question which we should be glad to see disposed of, and begins with good promise in preparatory observations; but, after a short advance, the train of discussion appears to lose or abandon its direction; veers off arbitrarily, or at the call of accident; complicates what should be the immediate question with secondary, relative, or even quite foreign matters; arrests itself, perhaps, in a philological dissertation, on a particular term that comes in the way; resumes, nominally, at an interval, the leading purpose; but with a ready propensity to stray again into any collateral track, and thence into the next, and the next; till at last we come out as from an enchanted wood, hardly knowing whither, and certainly not knowing how to retrace the mazy course; having seen, it is true, divers remarkable objects, and glimpses to a distance on either hand; but not having obtained the one thing which we imagined we were conducted to pursue. When we have asked ourselves, Now what is the result, as to the purpose we started with in such excellent company? we could not tell.

We have sometimes felt as if our instructor were playing the necromancer with us; causing shapes of intelligence to come before us as if ready to reveal the secrets we were inquiring about; but making them vanish when they were opening the semblance of a mouth; again bringing them or others, grave and bearded, or of more pleasant visage; and when they are getting into hopeful utterance, presto! they are gone. Or, perchance, if sometimes permitted to say on, it may happen that they emit such an oracle that we are in danger of muttering, after a pause, "There needed no ghost to tell us that."

Another too evident characteristic of his writing is what we may denominate an *arbitrary abstruseness*. No doubt, the extreme subtlety and abstraction of his speculation at

one time,* and its far reach at another,—the recondite principles and remote views in which he delighted to contemplate a subject—must necessarily and inevitably throw somewhat of a character of obscurity, indistinctness, shall we say *unreality*, over his intellectual creations, as looked upon by minds of but moderate perspicacity and discipline. But still, we think he might have forced them up, if we may so express it, into a more palpable form; might have presented them more in relief and nearer to the eye; so that their substances, figure, junctures, transitions, should have been more distinct, more *real* to the reader's perception. Instead of being content to trace out and note the mental process just as he performed it *for himself*, in his own peculiar manner, and requiring to be understood on his own conditions (the *whole* of the accommodation and adaptation for understanding him being on the part and at the cost of the student, who was to be despised if he failed) he might at least have met the student half-way, by working his thoughts into a cast more like the accustomed manner of shaping and expressing ideas among thinking men. When the reader thinks he has mastered the full meaning of a section or paragraph, he feels confident that the portion of thought *might* be put in a more perspicuous form, without injury to even a refinement in any part of its consistence; and that it would have been so in the hands of Hume, for example, or Stewart. But Coleridge seems resolute to carry on his process at the greatest distance from the neighbourhood of common thinking. Or, if the plain nature of the subject compels him to perform it nearer at hand, he must, lest anything should be vulgarly tangible, make every substance under operation fly off in gas.

Not a little of the obscurity complained of may be owing to the strange dialect which he fabricated for himself, partly of his own invention, and partly from the German terminology; which never will or can be naturalized in English literature, whatever efforts are making, or to be made, to deprave our language with it—an impossibility at which, as plain Englishmen, we sincerely rejoice. If the *greater part* of the philosophy, for which it was constructed as the vehicle, shall keep its distance too, so much the better. That inseparable vehicle itself will debar it (and

Coleridge is a proof) from all chance of extensive acceptance.

Notwithstanding all these animadversions, it were little better than an impertinence to say that his writings (we make no reference to the beauties of his poetry) contain, though unfortunately in such a scattered, miscellaneous disorder, very much that is admirable and valuable. There are acute and just discriminations, profound reflections, sagacious conjectures, and felicitous images, without number. In portions and passages, no professed disciple can admire him more than we do.

It is cause for great regret, that a mind so powerful, original, and amply furnished, should have been withheld, by a combination of causes, including those of which we have attempted a slight indication, from taking that primary rank in philosophy and literature, for which nature seemed to have designed it. We have not the means to know what may have been the effect and extent of his influence in the secondary mode, of his personal communications with many able men. But as regarded solely in the capacity of an author, he is (hitherto) one of the most remarkable instances in history, of the disproportion between splendid talents and success, in the ordinary sense of success, with the cultivated portion of the public.

MODERN EGYPT.

An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians ; written in Egypt during the Years 1833-4-5 ; partly from Notes made during a former Visit to that Country in the Years 1825-6-7-8. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. 2 vols. 12mo. 1837.

A CURIOUS and reflective mind will not fall on many subjects more attractive than the relation of ancient regions, such as history and monuments have recorded them, to the same regions viewed in their modern and present state. It is striking to consider how widely they are, as it were, estranged from their primitive selves ; insomuch that the

mere local and nominal identity has less power to retain them before us under the original idea fixed on the place and name, than their actual condition has to present them as domains of a foreign and alien character. They are seen divested to so great a degree, of that which had created a deep interest in contemplating them, that we consign them to a distant province of our imagination, where they are the objects of a reversed order of feelings. We regard them as having disowned themselves, while retaining their ancient names, and their position on the earth.

We say, "divested to so great a degree;" for if the regions be eminently remarkable for natural features—mountains, rivers, defiles, and peculiar productions—these do, indeed, continue to tell something of ancient times. In keeping under our view a groundwork of the scenes we had meditated on, they recall to us by association what once was there, and is there no longer. But they do so to excite a disturbance by incongruity. What is there *now*, rises in the imagination to confound or overpower the images of what was there *then*. So that, till we can clear away this intrusion, we have an uncouth blending of the venerable ancient and the vulgar modern.

Again: there are seen in those territories striking relics of the human labours of the remote ages; which are thus brought back more impressively to the imagination than by the most prominent features of nature. But these disclaim more decidedly still, in the name of that departed world to which they entirely belong, all relationship with the existing economy of man and his concerns. They are emphatically solitary and estranged amidst that economy. Their aspect in their gloom and ruin is wholly to the past, as if signifying a disdain of all that later times have brought around them. And if, in some instances, man is trying to avail himself of some parts or appendages of them for his ordinary uses of resort or dwelling, we may, by a poetical license of thought, imagine them loathing the desecration. Still, as the vulgarities *do* obtrude themselves in contiguity, the contemplatist cannot wholly abstract himself from the annoyance.

Some of those scenes of ruin, indeed, and especially and pre-eminently the tract and vast remaining masses of Babylon, are placed apart by their awful doom, as suffering

no encroachment and incongruous association of human occupancy or vicinity. There is no *modern* Babylon. It is secluded and alone in its desolation; clear of all interference with its one character as monumental of ancient time and existence. If the contemplative spectator could sojourn there alone with a sense of safety, his mind would be taken out of the actual world, and carried away to the period of Babylon's magnificence, its multitudes, its triumphs, and the Divine denunciations of its catastrophe.

Egypt has monuments of antiquity surpassing all others on the globe. History cannot tell when the most stupendous of them were constructed; and it would be no improbable prophecy that they are destined to remain to the end of time. Those enormous constructions, assuming to rank with nature's ancient works on the planet, and raised, as if to defy the powers of man, and the elements, and time to demolish them, by a generation that retired into the impenetrable darkness of antiquity when their work was done, stand on the surface in solemn relation to the subterraneous mansions of death. All the vestiges bear an aspect intensely and unalterably grave. There is inscribed on them a language which tells the inquirer that its import is not for him or the men of his times. Persons that lived thousands of years since remain in substance and form—death everlastingly embodied—as if to emblem to us the vast chasm, and the non-existence of relation between their race and ours. A shade of mystery rests on the whole economy to which all these objects belonged. Add to this our associations with the region from those memorable transactions and phenomena recorded in the sacred history, by which the imagination has been, so to speak, permanently located in it, as a field crowded with primeval interests and wonders.

It may then be asserted, perhaps, that Egypt surpasses every tract of the world (we know not that Palestine is an exception) in the power of fascinating a contemplative spirit, as long as the contemplation shall dwell exclusively on the *ancient* scene. But there is a *modern* Egypt. And truly it is an immense transition from the supernatural phenomena, the stupendous constructions, the frowning grandeur, the veiled intelligence, the homage, almost to adoration, rendered to death, and the absorption of a nation's

living powers in the passion for leaving impregnable monuments, in which after their brief mortal existence they should remain memorable for ever,—to the present Egypt as described by Mr. Lane. But this Egypt, as it is spread around the wonderful spectacles which remain to give us partially an image of what once it was, disturbs the contemplation by an interference of the coarse, vulgar modern with the solemn, superb ancient. At least, to a reader who has not enjoyed the enviable privileges of beholding those spectacles, and so practically experiencing how much they may absorb and withdraw the mind from all that is around them, it would seem that the presence of a grovelling population, with their miserable abodes, and daily employments, combined with the knavish, insolent annoyance of the wearers of a petty authority, must press on the reflective spectator of pyramids, temples, and catacombs, with an effect extremely adverse to the musing abstraction in which he endeavours to carry his mind back to the ancient economy. As to any advantage to arise from *contrast*, there is no need of it. And besides, the two things are too far in disproportion *for contrast*. Who would let hovels and paltry mosques come into comparison at all with the pyramids and the temple of Carnac?

Mr. Lane has surrendered to the antiquarian and imaginative tribe the vestiges of the ancient country, and strictly adhered to his purpose of describing its present state and people. This he has done in such a manner that his work may be considered as nearly superseding all the slighter sketches conveyed to us in the narratives of the numerous recent travellers. He has possessed the advantage over them of a protracted residence, of having one special design to prosecute, of a competent mastery of the language, and of possessing a certain flexibility of adaptation to the notions and habits of the people, by which he has insinuated himself into a familiarity and confidence with them quite out of reach of any passing visitant. The result is a work surprisingly comprehensive and particular. His vigilant inquisitiveness has gone into all the detail of dress, domestic manners, conventional observances, superstitious notions and ceremonies, ordinary occupations, traffic, political economy, official administration, and characteristic diver-

sities of the several sections of the heterogeneous population; which are exhibited with a minuteness and precision to make us marvel at his untiring patience of investigation. All is set forth in the plain language of an honest intention and labour to give a matter-of-fact account of things, without any flourishing off into sentiment or ambitious speculation. It could not be *so amusing* a book as those which have been made up of picturesque touches and incidents of adventure; it necessarily partakes of what we are apt to call dry; but it will be the repository to be consulted by every person who wants to know anything about any part or circumstance of the character, habits, and condition, of the modern inhabitants of the old realm of the Pharoahs.

The author's observations were chiefly made in Cairo the capital, and its precincts; but that portion of the country may, he says, be taken as very competently representing the general character and state of the nation, and of the Mahomedan world, to a much wider extent than the Egyptian section; for, says he,—

“In every point of view Musr (or Cairo) must be regarded as the first Arab city of our age; and the manners and customs of its inhabitants are particularly interesting, as they are a combination of those which prevail most generally in the towns of Arabia, Syria, and the whole of Northern Africa, and in a great degree in Turkey. There is no other place in which we can obtain so complete a knowledge of the most civilized classes of the Arabs.”

It is out of the question to attempt anything like an analysis of such a multitude and aggregate of particulars. All we can do is to make a few brief notices, here and there, in passing over the eight hundred closely printed pages—a journey through which, though thus commodiously guided and put at our ease, it is really not a light adventure to follow the author, who had himself, at every step, to make it with the slowness of the most marked and deliberate attention. Had he lived in the early times of the country, he would have been an excellent superintending officer to take note of each added stone in one of the huge piles which consumed a whole life of a generation of labourers.

His first observations respect the climate; which, he says, is remarkably salubrious through the greater part of the

year; more so in the southern parts of the Upper, though the heat is 10° higher there than in the Lower Egypt, where the thermometer, "in the depth of winter," (an expression of strange sound for Egypt), in the afternoon, in the shade, is at from 50° to 60° ; in the hottest season from 90° to 100° ; the heat still not very oppressive, being attempered by a northerly breeze. In default of the more pompous relations between the ancient and the modern, there is still in noble superabundance the plague of flies, lice, and other insect nuisances. Precautions more than formerly are adopted against the invasion of the plague, so named by eminence. But in 1835 it was introduced from Turkey, extended over the whole country, and carried off in Cairo alone 80,000, one third of the inhabitants.

There is a very lengthened description, illustrated by numerous woodcuts, of the houses, in all their diversities, proportions, and adjustments. The best of them seem such as may well content the "true believers" during their probation for the more luxurious abodes promised them by the Prophet; "but the dwellings of the lower orders, particularly those of the peasants, are very mean; mostly built of unbaked bricks; some of them mere hovels." The villages are raised on the progressively accumulating and rising heaps made by the ruin and rubbish of former ones; thus maintaining a proper height above the inundation, by rising in proportion of the continual rise of the alluvial plains and the bed of the river.

The population, of which there is no authentic statement, can hardly, Mr. Lane thinks, be estimated at so many as 2,000,000, since its prodigious diminution by the Pasha's sweeping conscriptions for his wars, of at least 200,000, that is, a full half of all the men fit for military service. This goes beyond the rate of our once-terrible neighbour of France; and surely threatens a similar eventual prostration to the minor potentate. The calculation for the several classes is—Mahomedan Egyptians (peasants and townspeople), 1,750,000; Christian Egyptians (Copts), 150,000; Osmanlees, or Turks, 10,000; Syrians, 5,000; Greeks, 5,000; Armenians, 2,000; Jews, 5,000.

As dress is a main thing by which mankind all over the world wish to be taken account of, our author pays the

Egyptians the compliment of dissecting and delineating theirs through every article, and fold, and colour, and change, and through each grade of society, with a detail and critical precision which we are confident no tailor or mantua-maker in all Cairo could equal, even if as handy at the pen and pencil as at the needle. To us it appears, as shown in the engravings,* very ungainly and cumbrous in many of its modes. Draperies so unshaped,—and so hung, and loaded, and swathed on the figure,—as some of them appear, must impose a total unfitness for action, even for walking, more than a short measured amble; and by the very quantity, garment heaped on garment, must greatly add to the grievance of heat. They needed not to outvie the customary Turkish costumes, in the ambition of casting a broad shadow on the ground. But of course this excess is the exclusive privilege and grace of the better sort, who can afford to parade a wardrobe, and are exempt from the humbler calls to action. The old and approved operation of walking is for them nearly out of the question. A handsome race of asses has the honour of saving them that trouble.

Mr. Lane is pleased with the personal appearance of both sexes about the period of maturity. But unfortunately the females “generally attain their highest degree of perfection at the age of fifteen or sixteen;” when, and for a few years longer, many of them are very beautiful in figure and countenance; but are under the doom of thenceforward declining; till they have lost, at the age of forty, all the graces but those sometimes retained in the eyes—which, “with few exceptions, are black, large, and of a long almond form, with long and beautiful lashes, and an exquisitely soft bewitching expression: eyes more beautiful can hardly be conceived: their charming effect is much heightened by the concealment of the other features.” We must take the describer’s authority, for what we have some difficulty to conceive, that this effect is also greatly heightened by a practice of blackening the edge of the eye-lids, both above

* We may as well notice the wood-engravings here, once for all. They are after drawings by the author, in number exceeding a hundred: not of high pretensions in elegance of art; but bearing, in their plain simplicity, strong marks of faithful

and below the eye, with a powder called *kohl*. For the antiquity of the practice reference is made to the example of Jezebel, and to Ezekiel xxiii. 40. Another cosmetic device is the well-known use of *henna* leaves, to dye of a yellowish red or a deep orange colour the nails, tips of the fingers, palm of the hand, toes, and other parts of the feet.

Children are regarded as a great blessing; and with a reason subject to less exception than in many other parts of the world, if, as we are here told, their behaviour to their parents as they grow up is always exemplary. As a consequence that looks odd at first sight, their childhood is kept in a state disgustingly squalid; even a lady finished off in dress, and scenting with her perfumes the street through which she is walking, shall be seen leading her little favourite "with a face besmeared with dust, and clothes appearing as if they had been worn for months without ever being washed." This is from dread of the *evil eye*, which, vainly coveting the sweet creature, would blast it to spite the owner. But the mind is worse off than the person can be; the state of education being as wretched as political slavery and religious superstition can require. The females are not educated at all. Very few of even the women of the higher order can read, or have learnt to say their prayers. They must not pray in the mosque, and need not pray at home. For boys there are numerous schools, in which, with the letters, they are taught to recite chapters of the Koran. Writing is an accomplishment nearly confined to those intended for offices, or the services of the mosque. One of the very first elements of their instruction is "religious pride, with hatred of the Christians, and all sects but their own."

A long chapter on Religion and Laws, after distinguishing the religious parties, respectively denominated after the doctors whose tenets they have adopted, recites in substance the doctrines and prescriptions of the Koran; and goes through a minute detail of the formularies of devotion, an odious compost of the ideas of the Divine unity, power, and goodness, with the principles of a vile and virulent super-

representation. They were not meant, he says, "to embellish the pages, but to explain the text."

stitution; the noxiousness of the latter destroying the practical good of the former, and vitiating even the good moral rules and sentiments which are blended in the institute. The grave frivolities and grimaces of the ritual are a worthy decoration of the depravity of the principles. The Moslems of Egypt have their proportion of formalists and fanatics; but collectively considered, they cannot make very high claims for that conscientious faithfulness of observance, which some of our travelling describers of Turkey have taken pleasure in celebrating and exaggerating. In the habits of many there is great laxity, and in not a few an almost total neglect. The rigours of their grand solemnity of the Ramadan, regarded as of more importance than any other religious appointment, are unscrupulously melted down in secret by many of the wealthy classes. The majority, however, strictly keep the fast; which, says Mr. Lane, "is fatal to numerous persons in a weak state of health." The pilgrimage to Mecca and Mount Arafat, once in every true believer's life, though nominally of comprehensive obligation, admits of some compromise and exception in favour of poverty and ill-health; "but many neglect the duty who cannot plead a lawful excuse, nor are they reproached for so doing." The interdicted wine and spirituous liquors are no strangers in the concealed recesses of many a Mahomedan dwelling. As to the one article of swine's flesh, it seems they are veritably and universally conscientious.

The laws, conformably to the Koran, concerning marriage, concubinage, and divorce, and the property adjustments in each case, are as multifarious as any Mahomedan, or even Christian, jurisconsult, and as lax in morality as any libertine, could well desire. The worthy husband, when he conceives any dislike, or perhaps has too many on his hands, has only to say, "I divorce thee," or, "Thou art divorced," and to pay her some trifle as a return of a part of her dowry, which he had kept back from the first against such an occasion. He may take her again if the whim should take him, should she have no objection; and in certain cases whether she consent or not. But a woman cannot separate herself from her husband against his will, unless for some very considerable fault on his part, such as cruel treatment or neglect; nor then without a process in the *cadi's* court.

There are, however, fully as many provisions in the legal system in favour of women, as could be expected where they are held mentally and morally of such small account.

Under the article "Religion," it should be noticed that the *imams* are by no means so exclusively sacerdotal, consecrated, privileged, and endowed a class as our Christian clergy are constituted. One point of distinction is (rather hard on the *imams*, in the comparative adjustment), that they "enjoy no respect but what their reputed piety or learning may obtain them." Besides this, they are liable for misconduct to be displaced, with loss of salary. And while in the service of the mosque, of which the emolument is very small, they gain their livelihood chiefly by other employments, as tradesmen, schoolmasters, &c.

In looking at the chapter on "Government," we must congratulate Mr. Lane on Mahomed Ali's inability to read English. Otherwise we should think that if, in case of his being introduced into the presence, he were to catch sight of his own book, lying on table or divan, it would be rather an alarming spectacle. His rapid glance would alternate between the book and the visage of despotic power--the *vultus instantis tyranni*. For this part of the work is the picture of a nation tormented, plundered, exhausted, crushed down to extreme misery, under the hoofs of the whole troop of centaurs in authority. The pasha himself performs in grand fashion, and each subordinate official does his part. The people have never read of the locusts, and what became of them, in Pharaoh's time, or they would look with some passionate wishes towards the Red Sea.

It is needless to say that the term "Government" in this instance means nothing of theory. Nor is it a well-organized tyranny. Its chief possesses, in the exertion of an iron force of will, sufficient ascendancy to make the disordered consistence of the state work to his own purposes; but not enough to reduce it to a system, in which the parts should work together as commodiously, with as little secondary mischief as possible, in maintaining and perfecting the one imperial mischief of a relentless despotism. Indeed it would seem that he does not care, as long as that can be maintained, what it may cost to the human mass over which it is exercised. As a matter of feeling merely, that is nothing

wonderful; but it is somewhat strange that, in simple policy and foresight, he should not be more economical of the harassment and consumption of the living and all other materials which are to constitute his state; and the ruin of which must render his domination worthless to him. By a rapacious monopoly, and a taxation which watches every thing that grows just in order to crop it, he extinguishes all the incentives to industry and improvement, in the agricultural interest especially, but those applied by brute force. One of the most iniquitous, and at the same time reckless, of the measures in unsparing prosecution is, that of making himself lord paramount, plainly the absolute owner, of the land, by taking it away from the proprietors, with the semblance of giving them an equivalent or compensation in pensions for life; which he pays as long as he pleases or finds convenient; and which at all events leave the families of the once rightful possessors consigned at last to the condition of serfs or of total destitution. He has laid his talons also on the endowments of religious and charitable institutions. His revenue is understood to amount to three millions sterling.

But the section is occupied chiefly with an account of the several courts of law, and other offices of administration. And it just tells how everything is managed as rogues would have it; by bribery, falsification, perjury, oppression of the weak, and collusion, as far as the respective corrupt interests of the parties will admit of it, among the strong. There is a curious detailed relation of a concerted plan to defraud a merchant's orphan daughter of her father's property. It had been brought, through all due legal formalities, to a prosperous consummation—the villains in actual possession—when it was blown up by so rare a thing as the resolute intervention of a high public officer of inflexible integrity. Another story describes an act of summary retribution, not surpassed in fantastic barbarism by any judicial transaction in the whole annals of rude tribes and times. We are sorry not to have room to insert it at full length, because the admirably graphic and dramatic effect is lost in a bare statement of the facts; which are these: The nazir (collecting officer of a village) demanded of a poor peasant sixty riyals, equal to about thirty shillings, which

he was wholly unable to pay, his sole property being a cow, which at once supported his family by her milk and ploughed his small piece of ground. The officer seized the cow, had it cut up in sixty pieces, and summoned sixty peasants, with a command to take each a piece and pay down a riyal, the butcher receiving the head in payment for his work. Thus the required sum was realized. The ruined peasant went with his lamentable tale to the superior officer, Defterdar, of the district, who instantly ordered before him all the parties, the collector, the sixty purchasers, and the butcher. After due, but short inquisition, he ordered the butcher to serve out the collector as he had the cow, cutting the body in sixty pieces. As the cow had been sold at but half its value, he commanded each of the former purchasers to take his piece of the collector and pay two riyals; the butcher receiving, as before, the head for his trouble. Not a man, during the proceeding, had presumed to utter a syllable in remonstrance. The hundred and twenty riyals were then given to the poor peasant.

The mode of living, that is to say, the system (for so it may claim to be named) of eating and drinking, with the adjunct and supplementary luxuries, is set forth in all its apparatus, varieties, and ceremonial, as in practice in the higher classes of the city people; an affair of careful interest and study; though falling far enough short of the sumptuousness and waste of certain Christian capitals. This must always be the chief resource of combined ignorance, indolence, and wealth. The Egyptian gentry, all who can afford to have nothing to do but indulge and amuse themselves, are a lazy tribe. Nor is it said that they suffer, in any great degree, the plague and punishment of laziness in shape of ennui. It does not appear but they get life along with tolerable complacency, between their refectations, their gossiping visits and lounges, their religious formalities, and their pipes. This last article is a favourite and inseparable companion, seen in close fellowship with the Moslem all the day long, in his hand, or placed beside him, or carried by his attendant when he walks or rides. Even the women, the ladies, are in great familiarity with it, but have a refined sort of tobacco, of which the smoke serves as a kind of perfume. Like other favourites, the pipe is made an object of

vanity, and a subject of decoration, the mouthpiece often costing, between material and ornamental device, from two to three pounds sterling.

The tranquillity of indolence and luxury is not so entire but that the stimulus of some bustling occasion is highly welcome. As if for the purpose of contributing this benefit on the widest scale, the marriages of persons of any account are celebrated in a succession of public shows, processions, and racket, in most barbarian contempt of all that good taste would dictate in such an affair, if we may be allowed to apply that epithet after being reminded that, in society pretending to the most finished civilization, that transaction is sometimes profaned with proclamation, parade, and noisy hilarity. In odd contrast with this flaring and vociferous publicity, described through all its shows and changes by our author, is the circumstance that the bridegroom is not permitted to see the face of the bride, absolutely cannot know whether he shall like her or not, till the contract is affirmed, and the whole ceremonial, after several days of it, coming to an end. He is then introduced to see her without her veil; and there is a party waiting outside for an appointed sign that he is pleased or content with this first glance of what he is to be, we were unwittingly going to say, looking at for life. But no; he may rid himself of her whenever he has a mind. The facility of cutting the tie has been mentioned already; but Mr. Lane goes into ampler detail in the chapters on Marriage and the Harem.

The slenderness of the conjugal bond yields to the men the substantial advantage of variety and change, without the trouble and expense of polygamy, for which the Mahommedan law gives so large a privilege. The pluralists in this line are chiefly among the lower order, where, instead of incurring an expense, the man may turn the venture to a profit, by taking wives who will consent to work for him. But, taking all together, Mr. Lane thinks "that not more than one husband in twenty has two wives." Sometimes, in addition to the one, a slave is held in the combined capacity of servant and paramour. In exposing the arrangements of the harem, the author represents the condition of the inmates as not so consciously unhappy as is commonly imagined; the wretchedness incidental to

mental vacuity being averted by employment in ornamental works, by much real gaiety, and by the liberty, under precautionary attendance of course, of going on visits and little rides about the city. As to the husband's vigilance, we are told that any obvious deficiency of it would be deemed by an Egyptian lady an affront, as betraying a want of a due regard for her. It is needless to mention that all females, but those of the lower order, are veiled up to the eyes when they appear in public, and in the house also, whenever there would be a chance of their being seen by any of the other sex, except the very few who are privileged by relationship. What a degraded estimate of half the race of rational creatures is implied in this whole system of precaution, preclusion, and concealment!

The description of the indolent and voluptuous life of the higher classes, inhabiting the metropolis and great towns, stands in flagrant contrast with the condition of those at the bottom of the scale; especially the peasantry, who are sustained in their ill-rewarded toils by a diet on which we may wonder how they can preserve strength to labour at all, or even to live. But how earnestly this poor lot of existence is clung to in preference to the military service, may be seen in the expedients employed by parents to save their sons from that destination.

It is fortunate for these Moslems not to have a great variety of subjects to study; for the tax on their time and faculties for the complete mastery, in knowledge and practice, of the code alone of salutations, compliments, and other verbal civilities, would leave little chance for their proficiency in other learning. There are settled classical forms of speech for all manner of social occasions and incidents, even down to that of yawning; on which occurrence the true believer is to apply the back of his left hand to his mouth, and say, "I seek refuge with God from Satan the accursed." The ungraceful act, however, is rather to be avoided as much as may be; and for a much better reason than anything against it on the score of grace or politeness; "for it is believed that the devil is in the habit of leaping into a gaping mouth." It is not stated whether that incursion be in any degree attracted by the circumstance that the Egyptian mouth is always filled with smoke. "The

ordinary set compliments in use in Egyptian society," says Mr. Lane, "are so numerous that a dozen pages of this work would not suffice for the mention of those which may be heard almost every day." Very inconvenient and onerous as this appears in one view, it is commodious in another, as saving the trouble of any strain on the inventive faculty.

The void of knowledge is occupied by an ample order and disorder of superstitions, to the greater portion of mankind a more acceptable mental possession, inasmuch as it is a thing far more easy and of more lively excitement to indulge the imagination than to exercise the understanding. Superstition, besides, has the advantage over sober truth of bringing its false creations into more intimate contact with the passions of hope and fear, especially the latter—except in the case of persons of the most extraordinary piety. Nay, it presses closer on the mind than all the objects of the senses, and in many instances constitutes the impressive force of those very objects. For example, our author represents the belief of these Islamites in *Ginn* (Genii) as subjecting them to a perpetual haunting of their effective good or evil (but especially evil) intervention, in all times and places, and in everything they do. These invisible agents, some of them "true believers," some of them malignant infidels, denominated '*Efreets*, and being the more powerful order, are deemed to pervade the earth and the sky, and to be ready to take offence at the most common actions of life; so that it is prudent to exclaim or mutter, "Destoor," that is, "Permission," by way of deprecation, on letting a bucket down into a well, lighting a fire, or throwing water on the ground. They are the actuating spirits of some of the dangerous commotions of the elements, such as the whirlwinds of sands. Against the ginnee approaching in that fashion, the most approved charm is to bawl out, "Iron, thou unlucky!" as the genii are supposed to have a great dread of that metal. Some of them are believed to assume, occasionally or constantly, the form of dogs, cats, or other brutes; and among a number of characteristic anecdotes is the story of what one of the most illuminated sages of the country, recently deceased, who had written several works on various sciences, used to relate (if seriously, which is

implied) of his attendant ginnee in the person of a cat; evincing a debility or perversion of intellect almost incredible.

The veneration among the Mahomedans for *idiots* is better accounted for than we had imagined, the case being that "the mind of the idiot is (literally) in heaven, while his grosser part mingles among ordinary mortals, consequently he is considered an especial favourite of heaven." The order of persons holding the repute of *saints* forfeit none of their respect by taking a practical dispensation from the rules of morality, decency, and religion. At the head of them is a personage of peculiar and pre-eminent sanctity, denominated *Ckooth*, who is believed to be here, or to be there, but nobody can certainly tell where, for he is never seen so as to be recognized at any of the stations supposed to be favoured with his presence. There is so strong a presumption of his being unconcealed behind the constantly turned-back half of one of the city gates, that,—

"Numbers of persons afflicted with the head-ache drive a nail into the door to churn away the pain, and many sufferers from the tooth-ache extract a tooth, and insert it in a crevice of the door, or fix it in some other way, to ensure then not being attacked again by the same malady. Some curious individuals often try to peep behind the door in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the Ckooth, should he happen to be there, and not at the moment invisible. He is believed to transport himself from Mecca to Cairo in an instant, and also from any one place to another. He wanders throughout the whole world, among persons of every religion whose appearance, dress, and language he assumes and distributes to mankind, chiefly through the subordinate *uuees* (saints) evils and blessings, the awards of destiny."

There is a notion among many that the *ckooths* are appointed in succession by Allah, whom they consider as the Ckooth of his time, and acknowledge that he never died. Some amusingly ridiculous stories relating to the powers, vocations, and habits of the *walees* are related by Mr. Lane, who say they are believed by persons who, in many respects, evince good sense, and that to laugh, or express discredit, would give great offence.

The coveted honour of being reckoned among the *walees*, or *saints*, is conceded, in repute, to a few only of a numerous

and less sacred order, the *Durweeshes* (dervises); who still are made of some better material than ordinary mortals; have rites of initiation; some not very defined connexion with religious offices; and are classed under four distinct denominations. Some of them figure in the exercise of repeating the name of Allah, with a few other words interjected, as long as the vocal organs can sustain the task; "accompanying their ejaculations or chants with a motion of the head, or of the whole body, or of the arms. From long habit they are able to continue these exercises for a surprising length of time without intermission." Some of them excel in mountebank feats, of thrusting iron spikes into their bodies, eating glass or burning coals, and live serpents. But the majority seem to employ themselves chiefly in the more ordinary, honest, and useful occupations. On some public occasions, the author witnessed the most ambitious exploits of the fine performers. The dancing and whirling exhibition does not appear to have equalled what is described as seen in Constantinople. But that of fire-eating with impunity was a more wonder-making spectacle than any feats of agility could have been.

But something much more strange than this is done in Egypt, and probably nowhere else. Mr. Lane had heard from English residents in Cairo such accounts of a modern Jannes or Jambres, that it would have evinced an inexcusable want of curiosity not to seek an interview. There was introduced to him a fine-looking man, affable and unaffected in his conversation, who had no reluctance or fear to put his powers to the test before the most shrewd or suspicious inspector. The preparatory ceremony was to write on a paper in Arabic (which he readily showed to Mr. Lane, who has given a translation) an invocation to two genii, his "familiar spirits," named *Turshoon* and *Turyooshoon*.* This was cut in slips, which were successively thrown together with some incense, on the fire in a chaffing-dish, while the process of incantation was going on, in an indistinct muttering by the magician—not, to be sure, a very imposing kind

* In a note Mr. Lane says "He professed to me that his wonders were effected by the agency of *good* spirits; but to others he has said the reverse, that his magic is Satanic."

of spell, and more adapted to excite suspicion than create credulity. It was necessary there should be an intermediate person between him and the inquisitive observer. And this might be "a boy, not arrived at puberty, a virgin, a black female slave, or a pregnant woman;" a rule of fitness seemingly odd and arbitrary enough. A boy was brought in from the street, by a chance selection, made by Mr. Lane himself, from a number who were returning from a manufactory. He is very particular and positive in asserting that there was not, and could not be, any manner of collusion. A reed-pen and ink were supplied by Mr. Lane himself (as the paper for the charm and the scissors for cutting it had also been) at the request of the magician; who then drew "a magic square" in the palm of the boy's hand, with Arabic numerals marked on its margin, and a blot of ink, less than a sixpence, in the middle. So far in sight of Mr. Lane, who has given the diagram on his page; what might come next was not to be seen by him, but described by the boy. The spot of ink was to become the ground, or scene, or mirror, of the objects required to appear. The room being filled with smoke of the incense, the magician interrupted his muttering to ask the boy whether he saw anything, and was answered, "No;" but soon after, with signs of fear, the boy said, "I see a man sweeping the ground." He was then directed to call, in succession, for a long series of spectacles, some of them consisting of a variety of objects and movements; and he described them distinctly, in form, colour, number, and change of action, in such prompt, plain manner, as to leave no doubt that they were actually before his eyes. One example may suffice —

"The boy was directed to say, 'Bring the sultan's tent, and pitch it.' This he did, and in about a minute after, he said, 'Some men have brought the tent; a large green tent; they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'They have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come and pitch their camp around the tent of the sultan.' The boy did so; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers with the tents; they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks, and he presently said that he saw them thus arranged."—P. 353.

But if it might be suspected that all this, however ~~im-~~

pliable, was merely a predetermined show of phantasmagoria, an adjusted course of spectral illusion, the magician presently went beyond any conceivable reach of such an artifice:—

“He now addressed himself to me; and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the sultan, ‘My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson; bring him before my eyes that I may see him, speedily.’ The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, ‘A messenger is gone and has returned, and brought a man dressed in a black suit of European clothes. The man has lost his left arm.’ He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently and more closely into the ink, he said, ‘No; he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.’ This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass which makes the right appear as the left. He answered that they appeared as if in a mirror. This rendered the boy’s description faultless.”

The author mentions in a note that the term here translated *black* is equally applied by the Egyptians to *dark blue*.

Mr. Lane next called for a native Egyptian of his acquaintance, then and during many years before residing in England, wearing the European dress, and who had, at the time of Mr. Lanes going to Egypt, been long confined to his bed by illness:—

“I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case, the boy said, ‘Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, wrapped up in a sheet.’ This description would suit supposing the person to be still confined to his bed, or if dead. The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did; and then said, ‘His face is pale; and he has moustaches, but no beard:’ which was correct.”

Several other persons were named, but the boy's descriptions became "imperfect, though not altogether incorrect; as if his sight were becoming gradually dim." Another boy was tried, but could see nothing, the magician said he was too old.

Mr Lane confesses that he was somewhat dissatisfied, because the performances fell short of what had been witnessed, in many instances, by some of his friends and countrymen, of unquestionable authority as deponents. We wish that, to accumulate the largest amount of evidence and illustration, he had recorded the detail of a number of those instances, with the same particularity as the following —

"On one of these occasions, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom he was sure that no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name the person alluded to, described a man in a lank dress of warse, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles and with one foot on the ground and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect, the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant headache, and that of the foot or leg by a stiff knee caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured that on this occasion the boy accurately described each person and thing called for. On another occasion Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness both as to person and dress, and I might add several other cases in which the magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. — P 356

Now these statements being assumed as accurately true to matter of fact—and the testimony appears to be such as to preclude all doubt—what are we to think of the art or power which so prodigiously surpasses all known resources of mechanical ingenuity and physical science? Mr Lane declines to adventure an opinion, resigning the affair to impenetrable mystery. But there will be no lack of confidence to pronounce, and the authority so pronouncing will assume the name and tone of philosophy, that there was nothing more in the whole matter than artful contrivance;

that there was no intervention of an intelligent agency extraneous to that of the immediate ostensible agent. But can this assumption be made on any other ground than a prior general assumption that there is no such preternatural intervention in the system of the world? But how to *know* that there is not? The negative decision, pronounced in confident ignorance, is a conceited impertinence, which ought to be rebuked by that philosophy whose oracles it is affecting to utter. For what any man knows, or can know, there may be such intervention. That it is not incompatible with the constitution of the world, is an unquestionable fact with the unsophisticated believers in the sacred records. And not a few occurrences in later history have totally defied every attempt at explanation in any other way.

And now take the facts before us, as described by Mr. Lane. First, those that may be called the inferior class;—in the day-time, without concert, without machinery, unless the burning and smoke of incense may be named so, and on a ground in all appearance unfit, to the last degree, for the spectacles, there were brought, not a vague dazzlement of something like imagery (which, however, it is an extreme supposition that the excited state of the young seer under the influence of perfumes and strange rites might seem to create), but a series of distinct scenes of persons and transactions, each remaining long enough to be plainly described, but succeeded, at the interval of a few moments by another, different and also of precise delineation. It is easy to fling off the difficulty by saying it was all done by some juggling device. *This* cheap philosophy may be quietly put aside. But let the greatest adept in all that real philosophers know of science and art point out an ascertained principle in nature, by the action of which he deliberately believes that he, or any philosopher, can—nay, rather, by which the philosopher shall practically prove that he can—at his mere will, as unaided by optical apparatus as the Egyptian, command the elements into the sudden formation of such a series of images, rapidly but definitely presented to the eyes, or can impart to the eyes themselves the power of instantaneously shaping them. But the philosopher!—the thing was done by a person whose philosophical qualifications our adept would despise.

But next the stronger cases: the statement is, that, immediately on being called for, there were presented the images of persons, unknown to the Magus, far absent, or dead, in conspicuous portraiture, with various and very particular marks of correspondence to what was known of those persons by the challengers of his mysterious faculty. Now put it to any rational man, who has not attained the wisdom of an *à priori* rejection of the supernatural, whether he can believe that such an effect was within the competence of some curious art, or some resource of science, in the possession of the unschooled Mahomedan; or within the competence of any art or science in the possession of any man in the world. If the professor of science shall think so, he will do well to go and seek the Egyptian, acknowledge his superiority to all the learned world, and solicit to be admitted into the inner recesses of the temple of knowledge.

We are well enough aware that we are exposing ourselves to ridicule by these observations. But what signifies the ridicule of men whose pride turns exactly on their ignorance; who deride the idea of any preternatural intervention when their utmost faculty cannot reach to apprehend the very possibility of effects which are placed before them as facts? It would be amusing to see the shifts to be resorted to in this total ignorance on the one hand, to authorize a confident affirmation of certainty on the other. Of course anything rather than admit the occasional activity on earth of any other actors than man and what is called nature.

In a kind of summary estimate of the Egyptian character, the author observes that it is considered among the Moslems as the highest honour to be religious. Hence no small measure of Pharisaism and hypocrisy. Hence also the profane habit of ejaculating the name of the Supreme Being on all manner of occasions, even the most trifling or indecent. The only real reverence seems to be for the Prophet, for whom the feeling is idolatrous. His name is held so sacred that the pasha has been reproached for the impiety of having it, as being one of his own names, branded on his horses and camels. Their regard for the sanctity of the Koran is manifested in every imaginable

way—except that of conformity to what there may be of most value in its precepts. There are but few, Mr Lane thinks, who are really unbelievers. There is no disposition now to make converts, they say, “the number of the faithful is decreed by God, and no act of man can increase or diminish it.” The belief in predestination has the effect, in men, of producing a wonderful degree of resignation, or apathy, in all distresses and calamities, and in the approach to death. Not so he says with the women, who give vent to their grief in the most extravagant cries and shrieks, whether because they are not taught the doctrine, or will not believe it, or cannot understand what consolation it is to be told that misfortune which must be, must be, is not said. There is much benevolence and charity to the poor, this, however, is on a calculation of being paid, and overpaid, for it elsewhere. Generosity and cupidity are oddly combined, a disposition to overreach and extort, with a readiness to afford relief in distress. A consequence of the latter is a superabundant swarm of beggars. In spite of the formidable penalties to female infidelity, there is a strong propensity to licentious intrigue. Several curious stories are related of illicit adventures, involving plenty of adroitness, ludicrous incident, hazard, and revenge. The women, while on the one hand kept under rigid restriction and guardianship, are on the other systematically, and Mr Lane says, even intentionally, incited to a voluptuous disposition, by the spectacle of lascivious dances, and the hearing, screened from sight by lattices, of immoral songs and tales. The humanity of the people toward both human beings and brutes, is asserted by him to have suffered a great deterioration since his former visit to the country, acts and habits of cruelty, to animals especially, having now become obtrusively offensive, and robberies and murders being of much more common occurrence. “The increased severity of the government seems, as might be expected, to have engendered tyranny, and an increase of every crime in the people.”

The account of the popular amusements, many of them frivolous, and some worse, goes, however, into a very long description of the more mental one of listening to the recital of romances, by men who make it their profession,

and qualify themselves by a lively and dramatic manner of narrating. The author has sketched out the course of surprising adventures through several of the eventful and fantastic stories, reminding us of the Arabian Nights. They will tend to retain something of the imaginative and poetic, among a people whom so many circumstances have operated to reduce to a depressed, coarse, and slavishly fixed condition, so much in contrast to the wild and boundless freedom of the Arabs. The monotony of life is relieved at intervals by the annual return of several great festivals, especially that which distinguishes the beginning of the Mahommedan year, and that which celebrates the birth of the Prophet. But the most lively excitement seems to be that occasioned by the return of the caravan of pilgrims from Mecca. The author has described much at large, and in a very picturesque manner, the signs of eager expectation, the mingled joy and apprehension at the arrival of the intelligence and the precursors of its near approach; the rush of the inhabitants out of city to meet their friends, or to see whether they and their friends are ever to meet; the delight of some on receiving them back, and the passionate grief of others, chiefly the women, on finding that those they inquired for had been arrested by death, or (the year in which the description was written) the hardly less disaster of the seizure of a thousand of them for the army. There are passed in view the varied appearances of the masses and groups as they came on: the pompous procession of a kind of ark or chest, containing nothing, but considered as an emblem of royalty, always accompanying the caravan, by a custom perpetuated on the strength of a story of a queen of Egypt, who, many centuries since, had travelled in such a vehicle; and lastly, the excitement and bustle in the city, on such a new influx of holiness as these pilgrims had brought back from the birth-place and tomb of the Prophet.

But here a consideration of the disproportionate space we have already occupied, compels us to make an abrupt conclusion, leaving a large portion of the work for the curiosity of indefatigable readers. We are so far from the end of the Hercynian forest, that we have nothing for it but to make a resolute bolt sideways to get clear. There remain the

subjects of trades, games, music, festivals, funeral rites, measures, weights, and moneys, female ornaments, Jews, Copts, late innovations, and various others. We cannot enough admire the untiring and unlimited inquisitiveness, accurate observation, and patience of detail, which have wrought out so complete a panorama of the nation.

CHATTERTON.

The Life of Thomas Chatterton, including his Unpublished Poems and Correspondence. By JOHN DIX. 12mo. 1835.

If the eager press and crowded driving course of our literature, so fast reducing to comparative insignificance many names, and works and questions, which were of great excitement in their day, in an age gone by, will allow a fair chance to a publication recalling attention to Chatterton, it must be to a book of the modest dimensions and price of this volume. It is probably the last time of repeating his history at any considerable length. It is the last, we should think, that so nearly an extinct an interest concerning him can call for; and not unlikely, as being at once the latest and most commodious for satisfying a very limited curiosity, to be almost the only one in which the readers of a new generation will seek and find all they may wish to know of Chatterton. And those of them who shall be of so benevolent a disposition as to desire to find in a biographer a warm and partial apologist, vindicator, and eulogist, will be gratified by the spirit of this memoir.

In reverting to the period when he raised such a commotion among the literati, secular and consecrated, one is tempted to grow cynical, and to wonder a little how it happened that there should be such a deficiency of important matters for the employment and passionate zeal of scholars, critics, journalists, and grave ecclesiastical dignitaries. It seems somewhat ludicrous that a boy, of ingenious but perverted parts, should be able to kindle a mighty combustion in the literary world; should summon forth to play his game, should set a-fighting, should cast

into parties, under confronted colours and denominations, Rowleian and Chattertonian, so many persons figuring in learning, talent, and station. Had he lived a little longer, what a gratification it would have been to his contemptuous and sarcastic spirit to see them thus, under the power of his spell, disturbed from their equanimity, with hazard to their literary friendships; forced to suspend their accustomed studies or professional employments; sent back to work amidst the dust of obsolete lore; busied in research for parallel forms of phrase or thought to test the age of literary mushrooms; elaborating bulky volumes of grave and earnest disquisition; sounding out loud invocations to public opinion; briskening the then dull tenor of periodical criticism; multiplying personal invectives, vindications, rejoinders, and reduplications; and appealing to posterity for a just decision of so important a controversy.

But the controversy fell to the ground before it could come down to posterity. And both the question and the decision, together with the personal history of the originator of so much learned confusion and strife, have long since gone out of what may be called the living interest of literature. These later times have been invaded by elements of excitement, which have superannuated those things of a former age which had not an intrinsic, but only an accidental and factitious importance. A great and manifold innovation in the spirit of our literature, corresponding to the movement in the general mind, and the portentous career of events, has wrought a strange contrast between the magnitude in which temporary novelties appeared sixty years since, and the diminutiveness to which they are reduced in present account. Matters which could then set in earnest action the faculties, and even the passions, of the most cultivated part of society, are consigned to occupy now and henceforward a narrow space among the curiosities of literature.

In the case of Chatterton, there is much to preclude or repress the sentiments, with which we cherish the lingering reminiscence of some few unfortunate men of genius, mingling a tone of kindness and partial complacency with our regrets, and our censure of their faults; dwelling indulgently on amiable and perhaps generous qualities perceptible or

conspicuous amidst their errors. We cannot, indeed, withhold from him a measure of condolence on the unfavourable circumstances of his early life, his being denied the advantage of paternal control (his birth was posthumous), the straightened condition, the poverty of his family, the miserably narrow scope of education in the school in which he spent several years, and his destination to an employment very irksome to a mind like his. But, all this duly considered in mitigation, the character is still presented under an aspect that chills our sympathies. The first marked manifestations of his precocious faculties were deliberate acts of imposition, accompanied by whatever artifices of falsehood were necessary for passing them off successfully on the ignorance of his fellow-citizens, or on the silly vanity of individuals towards whom he put on a semblance of friendship, despising at the same time, no doubt, the stupidity that made them his dupes, yet resentful at the parsimonious reward dribbled in shillings or half-crowns in return for gratification imparted to them by the inventions with which he was flattering and gulling them.

His propensity to the practice of imposition, confirmed by the success of the first experiments, grew into a systematic purpose and method, prosecuted with assiduity and a wonderful creation of resources, resulting in a succession of poetical fabrications, produced occasionally to his acquaintance, and ultimately to come before the public, as having been found among a mass of forgotten parchments in an old chest in a lumber room of Redcliffe Church, in Bristol, and purporting to have been, with a great deal more, written in the fifteenth century, by a monk of the name of Rowley. He constantly affirmed that they were so obtained, devised means to give a darkened hue to such pieces of parchment as he chose to show, learned to imitate the antique character of writing, and was indignant when scepticism questioned, or practised criticism denied, the productions being any thing else than what he was conscious they were.

In the republic of letters, as it used to be denominated, the laws have been conventionally so lax, so much license has been taken and conceded for fictitious statements respecting the authorship, the long neglect or suppression,

the accidental discovery, &c., of writings at length produced to the public, that it would seem harsh to lay any hard stress of condemnation on the freak of mocking the curious and credulous with a quantity of sham-antique poetry pretendedly detected in an old oaken repository. But a settled complicated *system* of deception, carried into effect in a variety of ways, with a determination, in all appearance, to continue it as long as the practice could be maintained, with false asseverations never spared, and in a temper to regard suspicion and interrogation as a wrong and an insult, must be held, after every allowance loaded in excuse or mitigation, to have betrayed at the least a great indifference to the moral principle. The same non-intervention of conscience is apparent in the last stage of his deplorable history, when he betook himself to writing in the political journals of the time. Like so many since, and so many now, he appears to have done it in the character and on the calculation of a mere literary adventurer; a partisan, if actually and generally on the one side, yet ready to write in the same heated invective on the other, at any more promising opening of the way to patronage and profit. We find him writing for the newspapers on the very same day for Alderman Beckford against the ministry, and for the ministry against Beckford.

As to religion, with which a fashionable doctrine will have it that the poetical temperament is congenial, or rather so nearly identical that it may be admitted in substitution, we observe Chatterton manifesting his alienation and aversion, sometimes (as common with profane wits) by sneers and sarcasms levelled in such a manner at what folly, hypocrisy, or mere canonical ceremony have odiously connected with religion, as to betray, by implication, a disregard of religion itself, sometimes avowedly, as when, derisively wishing an acquaintance who was under misfortune the benefit of his Christian notions, he says, with an evident air of self-complacency and superiority, "I am no Christian." His naming, on supposition of the failure of other expedients, that of setting out as a Methodist preacher, as an adventure to profit by the gullibility of mankind, did not, perhaps, mean an actual intention to do so; but it showed that he deemed the affair of religion no forbidden ground on which

to play a part—the part of a knave, if a man were so disposed and had occasion.

A writing, in shape of a will, drawn out at considerable length, when he had come to look deliberately to suicide as his ultimate resource in the event of the failure of his projects of literary ambition, is a sad display of cool recklessness of all that is involved in death and its consequences. The horror appropriate to such a prospect and intention is in fearful incongruity with the desperate levity of a series of satiric quips in the form of legacies. That act itself, committed on a far too deliberate determination to allow the plea of insanity, in any such sense as to suspend responsibility, comes to complete the moral spectacle, in a character to which our sympathies are faintly and reluctantly given; and induces a willingness to let Chatterton retire towards oblivion.

Nor are his writings of a nature to arrest this tendency and destiny. No one makes a question whether they were evidence of very extraordinary genius. But how many read, or ever will read, more of them than a few short pieces selected? As to the main bulk of them, those of the Rowley imposture, both the circumstance that they *were* an imposition, and their antique guise, stand insuperably in the way. In the perusal or study of the productions of an age long past, a considerable part of the interest turns on their relation to that age; as representing the then character and condition of the people, their manner of living and talking, their prevailing notions, the state of mental cultivation; the peculiar customs, the stage attained in the progress of the language. Not only is there a negation of all this in reading a modern imitative fabrication: there is in addition a repugnance against its pretension to be what it is not, so much so as hardly to yield justice to some certain merit which it may possess as considered separately from the falsified form, the same feeling as that excited at the view of modern erections in the semblance of ancient structures or ruins, affecting baronial honours for some *parvenu's* domain. Through an obsolete diction and orthography, a certain portion of readers, but a small one, will be willing to take the trouble of making their way, by help of glossary and annotation, to the genuine thought and spirit of the

olden time, by a process somewhat like forcing a passage through hedge, and briar, and nettles, to come within reach of some fair fruit-tree. But how few will exert this resolution even, for instance, to get intimately into the company of Chaucer himself, after all they have heard and believed of his vividness, raciness, and power, of his graphic picturings of the character of the age; of his being our great original classic; of his being "the well-spring of English undefiled." And if, with all these inducements, the number of his readers is a most diminutive section of the moderately cultivated community, how many will ever henceforward take any pains to overcome an obstacle to their acquaintance with what is mocking them in a false character; to work their way into a structure where what should be, and pretends to be, the sombre complexion of antiquity is only an artificial blackening by smoke, to seek the company of a personage who shams the venerable seer by means of a beard glued on his chin? Whatever value, independently of any question of ancient or modern, there may be supposed to be in the productions, a reader will not expend his honest labour to investigate them, against the author's knavish labour, to fabricate them uncouth, for the very purpose of imposing on him.

A few brief notices will sufficiently trace the course of Chatterton's life, which dates from 1752. His mother appears to have been a worthy person, prudent, affectionate, and assiduous in each duty of her humble condition. After having endured the coarse tyrannical temper of her husband, she was doomed to suffer distress from the circumstances of the early stage of her son's life, as from those of its termination,—for the child grew up apparently so destitute of capacity for the most ordinary attainments, as to cause an apprehension of hopeless stupidity. The combined efforts of parents and schoolmaster failed, up to the age of six years and a half, to teach him the alphabet. But his faculties started suddenly awake at the sight of an old musical manuscript with illuminated capitals; and he was very soon able to read in a black-letter Bible. It is not improbable, as Mr. Dix suggests, that this casual association of antiquated symbols, with the delight of his first consciousness of ability, and his first admission of knowledge, might be the chief

cause of that almost passionate addiction to the musty sort of antiquarian matters which would seem to be in themselves little suited to captivate a spirit instinct with poetry. He soon became an insatiable reader ; and from that time forth throughout his life, was the subject of what we may be allowed to call an intensity of mind. Who shall explain the spell which held such a spirit in impregnable torpor up to a particular moment, far beyond the age at which rudiments are mastered with ease by the generality of children, and then broke, and let it dart forth with impetuous energy ? This energy was not, we may presume, suspended, or in a stagnant state, but only working reflexly and more deeply, in those moody intervals in which he would be long invincibly silent, not from sullenness of temper, and would sometimes weep, from no cause that was known, or that he afterwards assigned. The elements of his nature were in a state of fermentation, which threw out strange and capricious effects.

Whilst spending several years in Colston's charity-school, he grievously felt the penury of the course of instruction ; for which he sought compensation in all the books he could borrow. In his fourteenth year he was put clerk to an attorney, or, as Mr. DIX sometimes denominates it, a scrivener ; in whose service and office he continued between three and four years. His master appears to have been a rather vulgar-minded, illiberal, and ill-tempered man ; a bit of an aristocrat withal, for the clerk had no place at the parlour table. He showed a special angry contempt for the said clerk's poetical propensities, and tore in pieces any scraps of extra-official writing that happened to be seen about the desk. In such writing, and in various reading, the greater part of the time was left to be employed, as but little business came to the office. The young man's attendance there, however, was so punctiliously regular, that hardly a single instance occurred of his transgressing the rule of time for being in the office and in the house. It also tells very much in his favour, that the interval allowed for absence in the evening was almost constantly spent with his mother and sister.

He had made essays in poetical composition, evincing remarkable prematurity of intellect, and perhaps had even

begun to form the strange project which was to bring him into so much notoriety, before he entered on the mechanical and always-detested duties of his clerkship. It was, however, in that situation that the invisible force was kept in constant heat, to work out the scheme. And he gravely amused himself, at the expense of some young, or some elder acquaintance, by producing from time to time some fragment or completed cast of composition, presented sometimes on an apparently old piece of parchment, drawn, as he pretended, out of the mass of that material which had come into his possession after being thrown as rubbish out of the famous chest. He duped and elated a foolish tradesman, who was in some sort his friend, but not much worth as such, by presenting to him, set forth in all heraldic formalities, a pedigree which deduced his descent, greatly to his surprise, from an ancestry high in antiquity and rank. He might have continued to enjoy, and might have transmitted, the new-found honour, if he had not been at last so ill-advised as to carry the document which awarded it to him, to the test of the herald's office.

The boldest of Chatterton's early experiments was a fabricated local record, exhibiting a long and minute description of the ceremonies attending the opening, some years back, of the principal bridge in Bristol. There were few lapses of his discretion; but in one or two instances he did unwittingly let an acquaintance see by what means a parchment might be so discoloured as to belie its age. He kept materials (yellow ochre, &c.) for such an operation, in a little room which he had persuaded his mother to surrender to his exclusive possession.

In the confirmed consciousness of extraordinary talent, and with a burning ambition to climb upwards by the road of literature, he came to a determination to abandon, at all hazards, his irksome profession. An unsuccessful overture to Mr. Dodsley, the noted publisher, reduced him, at whatever cost to his pride, to look out for some personage, in whom there might be found a lingering remainder of the virtues of that nearly departed age, when men of rank and wealth were the patrons of indigent men of genius; and Mr. Horace Walpole was the man. To him were conveyed some pieces of the Rowley fabrication, as samples of the

literary treasures so fortunately rescued from the oblivion in which old Time believed he had buried them for aye. Walpole was caught at first; returned the most courteous compliments and "a thousand thanks;" and would be gratified to be favoured with further communications from a gentleman so much his superior in Saxon learning. But after there had been time to consult Gray and Mason, who immediately pronounced the compositions forgeries; and after (what might alone have gone near to do the mischief) he had received from Chatterton an account of his condition, as in humble circumstances, enslaved to an employment which he could not endure, with a request that Walpole would assist him to escape from it, by exerting his interest to procure for him some situation in which he might be free to prosecute the course which nature intended him for; the patron that was to be, and who had been drawn to make a first yielding movement with smiles and gentle speech, turned sharp round, and would have no more to say to him.

This disappointment and rebuff too much excited his resentment, and stimulated his pride, to be a salutary lesson, against either the vice or the imprudence of attempting to make his way by expedients implying a contempt of the understanding of those whom he might expect to assist him. And the accompanying dry counsel from the aristocrat to the ambitious apprentice, recommending him to mind the business of his desk till he should have realized a competence, which should set him at liberty to indulge his taste for more elegant pursuits, would rather tend to aggravate his antipathy to all parchments, but those he was soiling for his device. His indentures being willingly cancelled by his master, who was become alarmed at his cool deliberation on suicide, he set out for London, in a state of feeling combined of the brightest presumptions and the blackest anticipations. This was in April, 1770, just within four months of the termination of his life.

The history of that brief interval, as supplied partly by his letters, and partly by information from persons in whose houses he lodged, is hardly exceeded, for violent contrast and dismal tragedy, by any chapter in literary biography. Some previous communications with the publishers of magazines and newspapers he reckoned on as a sufficient intro-

duction into what some of his dreams represented as a field of high intellectual enterprise, where fame and fortune might be achieved. His services were readily accepted in the manufactories of fugitive literature. And it is evident he worked with energy, despatch, and wonderful versatility; for we find him contributing to a variety of periodical publications, in poems, tales, and political squibs. It is surprising to see how quickly the youth, suddenly transferred from an obscure corner in society, could seize, and how dexterously avail himself of, the topics, characteristics, tomper, and incidents of the time. He must himself have rather wondered to feel how little he was confounded or abashed amidst the vast and heterogeneous aggregation and commotion of the metropolis. He could satirize the self-importance of worshipful personages with the caustic bite of an old shrewd cynic; expose base motives lurking under plausible pretensions; assail the possessors of power in the style of a practised partizan. But his judgment of his own position and prospects was woefully bubbled. His letters to his relations, during the earlier part of the adventure, are full of inflated presumptions. He is now in his true element, so unlike that muddy, muddled Bristol; talent brought out in spirited writing has a free and noble career; his acquaintance is coveted; he must appear in the noted coffee-houses, dressed in the *mode*; he hears that his writings are producing a sensation among certain ranks and circles; "state affairs for him,"—he is expecting to be introduced to a person of great consequence; he shall soon be in a situation to obtain advantages for his friends; his family shall share his coming prosperity; he is a gay, fine gentleman at the theatres and Ranelagh, for it becomes him to acquaint himself extensively with the world, in order to be equipped to play the more conspicuous part.

It is likely enough that such an upsetting of sober judgment was attributable in part to false promises, made to him by scamps of publishers, and underling knaves of party. He was soon, however, to find, in the paltry rate of remuneration awarded to him, and the non-payment of a portion of even that, what value was set on his services. As a political writer, he had enlisted on the side of Wilkes's party, with as bold and fierce vituperations of the government of the

day as any party or faction could desire. But we find him complaining that the soldier's pay on that side of the war was miserably parsimonious. And he had no objection, as we have noticed, to get behind a bush, and let fly a shot into the camp to which he ostensibly belonged. It could not be many weeks before he came to find that his hard-earned, penurious, and precarious receipts would not support him in any such way of life as he had wished and begun to adopt. His pride, however, which he acknowledged to constitute nineteen parts out of twenty of his nature (his "damned pride," he called it, though, one may doubt, whether the curse was pronounced in virtue's name), forced him to keep up appearances as long as possible, in his correspondence with his friends in Bristol, after the phantasmagoria which had dazzled and almost demented him, must have faded away, and left him to the dreary reality of his situation. Imagine the feelings of so proud a spirit, conscious of extraordinary powers, scornful of all who could not appreciate them, or would not reward their exertion, elated but two or three short months since in the confidence of soon making a figure in society—when driven to request the assistance of a friend in Bristol to procure for him an humble appointment in a medical capacity to Africa, for which he was so unqualified that he must have known the person applied to, himself a medical man, could not honestly comply.

He was sinking fast in destitution, to the extreme at length of absolute starvation. The person in whose house he had lodged, observing him to stay in his room two days, without, as she believed, having anything to eat, invited him to dine with her, but he appeared offended, and said, "he wanted nothing." It is hard to believe but he might have obtained, from some or other of his acquaintances, the means of, at least, a temporary alleviation of such misery. But making the experiment would have been a bitterness to his pride. At that very time, to the burning shame of some of the employers of his pen, many pounds of the beggarly wages for which he had laboured remained unpaid. The enterprise had now failed; the ambition, flushed with confidence, had turned to insupportable mortification; the last desperate expedient was brought, as by some demon, directly

before him, with no alternative that his pride would accept; and so eventful, wayward, ill-disciplined, unhonoured, but eminently capable a life, was terminated, and we know not whether in any expectation of a subsequent existence, by means of arsenic, at a little short of the age of eighteen; of which the last few months must have hurried him rapidly through a violent tumult of the passions, a melancholy drama acted on the unseen stage of his mind. And all this anarchy of emotions, the action and re-action of pride, exultation, mortification, resentment, and despair, the confusion and conflict of all the passions, to close in the self-destruction of their slave and victim! What a fearful scene, in which we can in thought behold him, after his short and feverish career, silently retiring to his chamber, and shutting himself in for the last time; putting down on his table the poison; fixing on it a long look; taking it up, and laying it down again, with a shuddering sensation—for the power of death is there; saying to himself, but resolutely suppressing the thought, “What shall I be to-morrow?” then collecting his various fragments of manuscript, the labours begun in the hope of procuring bread by them, and tearing them in small pieces, that everything of his might perish with him; at last mingling, and with a hasty desperate effort, or, perhaps, after a protracted struggle and hesitation, swallowing the deadly potion; taking to his bed; suffering the mortal agonies in solitude and darkness; and expiring. Just critically too late there was, it seems, a gleam of what might have proved an auspicious change. “A few days after the unhappy termination of Chatterton’s life, Dr. Fry, head of St. John’s College, Oxford, went to Bristol, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronize the latter. It was too late; the only intelligence he received was, that the young Bristol poet was no more.” —P. 92.

When it was recollected, that many men of talent, of humble origin, have surmounted, some of them in the juvenile age, the obstacles in their way to a willingly conceded rank in public estimation, it may be matter of speculation what were the causes of so total and disastrous a failure in the case of Chatterton. It is true, that divers individuals of unquestioned genius and great original promise have been

so unfortunate in their progress, and made a miserable end. This, however, has often been owing to their recklessness, their profligacy, their wantonly throwing away their means and opportunities, and then alienating, by their incorrigible dissipation and depravity, the favour of those who might have been disposed to promote their success. But there is clear evidence that Chatterton, during his residence in Bristol, that is, all but a few months of his life, was remarkably regular and sober; maintained a kind intercourse with his family; sought the acquaintance of respectable men much above him in age; was so absorbed in solitary mental occupations, that the extent of his reading, the variety of his knowledge, and the amount of his compositions, were such as may well excite wonder at the very possibility of his making so much of his time. The morality of his London life is not certainly known. Imputations of vice were made or credited by even some of his advocates. They may appear but too likely to be true, though there be no direct evidence, when we think of a young man exempt from the restraints of religious belief on any fixed principles of conscience, frequenting, as he tells us, in his letters, the scenes of dissipation and amusement. The prevailing style of those letters, too; is very much that of a man who deems it a fine spirited air to be jocular on many matters amenable to moral jurisdiction. But whatever license there was in his practical habits, it was under such limitation as to be compatible with much of the intellectual labour which could be prosecuted only in retirement.

The capricious thing named *luck*, which seems to scorn in its allotment of good and ill, the control of any known laws, may have something to do in many cases of failure. But in that of Chatterton there were, as we have, in part, already noted, obstructive circumstances of an intelligible and decided character. He was, in a certain sense, *barbarized* by his early situation. Besides his contempt of the miserly scheme of school instruction, his disgust at the business to which he was transferred from it, and his resentful mortification at the treatment from his vulgar, proud master, all which operated to produce a tone of antipathy, a general propensity to aversion and repugnance, a dark scowl on his spirit,—besides all this, he was most unfortunate in having

no associates of more than ordinary mental power. Even the two or three men of more advanced age, who made pretensions to figure in authorship, and favoured him with a sort of patronizing acquaintance, were of very mediocre faculties. Neither they nor the juniors could have any community with the vigorous workings of his spirit: he was solitary among all that were about him. And worse still, the sagacity with which he saw through them confirmed and augmented his pride and disposition to contempt, and envenomed his resentment when he felt, as he had sometimes cause to feel, that he was insulted by the most despicable meanness in the way of recompense for what were believed, by the parties receiving them, to be valuable services:

He was thus placed out of social cordiality, and perverted to seek a malicious gratification in making fools of people. A native aptitude to self-sufficiency, pertinacity, and scorn of interference or censure, gave a ready admission into the formation of his character of the unmitigated effect of every thing that, in the circumstances of his situation, tended to create a predominance of the qualities we are describing. Growing up separate and alien, in a great degree, from the social interests and sentiments which bind men together, he was habitually ready and watchful for occasions to practise on their weakness and folly, and to indulge a propensity to annoyance by satire. He would play off the witty malice, no matter who was the object. He was a very Ishmael with this weapon. It is somewhere his own confession that, when the mood was on him, he spared neither foe nor friend. Very greatly amusing as it may well be believed that his company was when he chose to give it, nobody was safe against having his name, with his peculiarities, his hobby, his vanity, hitched into some sarcastic stanza. Men must not be expected to sympathize very kindly with the mortifications of a person, who, whatever be his talents, demands that such temper and habits shall be no obstruction to advancement in society.

We need not advert again to the ill fortune of starting with exhibitions so much in contempt of popular taste. Let the antiquated productions be either spurious or genuine, they, at all events, appealed only to an interest artificial and extremely confined. How many of those who were to

be pleased through the medium of sentiment and imagination, would turn out of the fair, ample, easily accessible garden of our poetry, to try after a few flowers which it was said they might find somewhere in a thicket of brambles?

But we *may* repeat, with great stress, that the utter want of good faith, manifested to be radical in the character of the claimant on public favour, was a fatal circumstance. What other consequences could follow than a disinclination to admit the claim, when the perverted genius was gradually found out practising deception right and left on familiar friends, on city authorities, on compilers of history, on the amateurs of literature?—"exhibiting," confesses his apologist, Mr. Dix, "an unquestionable proof of that *radical* tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing plausible fictions, and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority."—P. 24.

And then the miscalculation on which he abandoned a regular profession to take the chances of the London market for loose talent. He had, indeed, the true consciousness of high mental endowment, unlike some misguided young men who have committed similar blunders in a delusive presumption of genius. But to take this step at pure hazard, without connexion, recommendation, or respectable introduction; in ignorance of the terms on which mercenary writers would have to transact with mercenary publishers; unsuspecting of the advantage that would be taken of a needy youth, all the more when it would be known that in what notoriety he had acquired he lay under the imputation of imposture; and finally, with nothing to fall back upon in the event of failure, but plainly, but determinately, avowedly, suicide—this was truly a desperate gambler's play.

His affair with Horace Walpole, which did him great mischief, seems to have given occasion for a large indulgence in heroics of indignant sensibility. The refusal to take the duties and honours of patronage has been maledicted in the name of all the gods and muses at once. Mr. Dix has inserted Walpole's statement and vindication entire; a capital display of dexterous and pointed fencing. But, also, we cannot help thinking, it was in a great degree successful. It is probable the judgment passed on his conduct in the transaction has inadvertently been allowed to take its colour,

less from the true merits of the particular case than from his known character, as a cold, selfish, cynical, fastidious, but sycophantic aristocrat. In the first place, he might fairly ask why *he* should be singled out as the individual to be, independently of his will, so charged with the fortunes as to be accountable for the disasters of a young man unknown to him. But next, when he became convinced that this young man, while appealing to his benevolence, and soliciting his assistance, was deliberately practising a deception on him, and perhaps secretly exulting at the thought of inveigling so eminent and shrewd a person to serve him in capacity of dupe, who can wonder that he resented such an experiment on him, or vehemently reproach him for declining, even in an unceremonious manner, to become a patron on such terms? Let any one make the case his own, and say whether he has so little pride, that he would not be irritated at finding himself partly caught by a stratagem which implied a contempt of his discernment in the very act of petitioning his favour. A man of benevolence extraordinary, might, indeed, have conceived a philanthropic solicitude for a young man of unquestionable genius, in untoward circumstances, and entering on a course not tending to honourable distinction. He might have wished to devise some way of rescuing such talents from perversion, and directing them to a worthy application. But such gratuitous virtue could not be required of Walpole but by a law which not one, probably, of his censurers would have obeyed in a similar case.

To be sure, the patrician author of the grave history with which the "Castle of Otranto" was preceded, and palmed on the public for an ancient foreign production, had not the clearest right in the world to be severe on the poor plebeian for trying his hand in the same line. Some hints of conscience on the matter would not have been amiss. Perhaps he would plead that his was a *mere* literary fib; was not an imposition attempted on individuals personally; was not meant to be turned to any account of personal advantage; was not employed to cajole anybody's good nature into an obligation to serve his interests; and, besides, was not a falsification of the state of our poetry in an early age. He had to allege, also, when accused of having been virtually,

and almost directly, the cause of the subsequent catastrophe, that Chatterton persisted in his course of artifice after what was represented as the fatal cruelty, and with anger against those who had not submitted to be deceived by his asseverations.

In Walpole's vindication there is a repeated avowal of his conviction and admiration of Chatterton's extraordinary genius. At the same time he scouts those auguries, given forth in pompous phrases to aggravate the crime of the refused patronage, that had he lived he might have produced, to illustrate the nation and age, works of a splendour before which most other genius would have become dim. It must be confessed that his compositions would seem to indicate a premature *completeness*, so to express it, in the state and action of his faculties. At so early an age a certain loose expansiveness, a more imperfect organization of the mental constitution, might have been a more promising sign. In some of his compositions there is a remarkable concentration, a decided action as of a mind got wholly clear of the formative process, and become nearly what it was to be. There are, for instance, in his newspaper letters on the politics and characters of the day, many sentences that remind us of Junius. His caustic scornful temperament; the absence, as it appears to us, of the generous glow of feeling, would have been against him for the higher order of intellectual creations. But we think he would have made a consummate satirist,—consummate, we mean, in the *biting* property of satire; for he would have wanted the *moral* purpose and authority of infliction on folly and vice. But, indeed, which of the tribe has not been so wanting? What have they really cared for virtue, from Horace down to Butler, Churchill, Byron? Did they wish their fellow-mortals not to have been such, or to cease to be such, as to afford them subjects for their jocularities or their spleen.

Successful attempts at satire were among the earliest manifestations of Chatterton's temperament and prematurity. A production of a more advanced age, entitled "*Kew Gardens*," occupying twenty pages, has been obtained by Mr. Dix, to be printed entire now for the first time. It contains many pointed lines and couplets; but who were the culprits under infliction is so well concealed behind rows

of asterisms, that they might afterwards make their appearance with all effrontery as honest men, and nobody the wiser.

We cannot help repeating our wonder at Chatterton's fertility of invention and rapidity of execution, when we advert to the notices of his diversified compositions, beginning from his childhood; his ingenious, historical, and heraldic fabrications; his great exploit of Rowley,—all contemporary with extensive reading, and an application to various subjects in the more special nature of study; and finally his numerous contributions to periodical publications during the disturbances of his life in London.

As Mr. DIX honestly sets forth the facts of the history, so that his readers may form their own judgments, we will not violently quarrel with the partiality of his elaborate pleadings in arrest or mitigation of censure, on a being whose short earthly sojourn was passed and closed under so dark a cloud. At the same time, it is a duty (we do not mean more especially in this instance, but generally) to protest against the pernicious fallacy, so much in fashion, of suspending, and all but abrogating, in favour of men of genius, the most essential laws of morality; as if their folly and vices were to stand exempt from the ordinary jurisdiction, through a privilege conferred on them as if in scorn of common mortals, for their condition of being held under a strict responsibility. Genius has the virtue to redeem all error and criminality without the trouble of repentance and reformation. A poetical genius especially, if of high order, may sport any course he pleases, through life and death, and be not the less sure of an apotheosis. As "the fire that led astray was fire from heaven," it may be trusted to lead back thither. In Coleridge's *Monody on Chatterton* (a juvenile effusion, it is fair to notice, but in a vigorous strain of poetry), we have the consummation of this anomalous destiny:—

"O spirit blest!

Whether the Eternal's throne around
Amidst the blaze of seraphim,
Thou pourest forth the grateful hymn;
Or, soaring through the blest domain,
Enrapturest angels with thy strain," &c.

What should that have been in virtue of which he was presumed to have attained this celestial exaltation? Not any faith and interest in Christianity: for he avowed, with self-complacency, as we have seen, that "he was no Christian." Not even any more vague and general sentiment and religion; for there are, we think, too many indications of his generally making light of religion altogether! Not any serious concern about the awful hereafter; since, in contemplation of suicide, he could make a will in a series of ironical jokes, and could coolly reply to a friend's inquiry as to his plan and expectations in removing to London, that if his expectations, first from authorship, and next from gulling the people in character of Methodist preacher, should fail him, his "final resource was a pistol!" Not any conscience made of truth and justice, whatever might be the mischief of their violation; for, referring to an unpublished poem, exhibiting "an enthusiastic Methodist," most likely in gross caricature, he says he had intended to send it to Romaine, "*and impose it on the infatuated world as a reality!*" It was not on the strength of any such virtues that he mounted. No; in default, and in despite, of all this, his *genius* was to secure him a welcome and promotion in angelic society.

It is not without reluctance that we make such a direct individual application of these observations on the treachery to religion in idolatry of talent. But they need to be verified by an example; and it is less invidious to take one so far back, than to cite particular instances, as we might in plenty, from recent or contemporary literature.

DANIELL'S ORIENTAL SCENERY.

Oriental Scenery; or, Views of the Architecture, Antiquities, and Landscape Scenery of Hindoostan. By Messrs. THOMAS and WILLIAM DANIELL; reduced from their folio Edition of the same Work, and carefully copied under their direction. Imperial 4to. In Six Parts, forming two or three Volumes, and comprising 150 Engravings. 1812-16.

No delineation of Indian scenes and structures can maintain any competition with the larger work of Messrs. Daniell. It is not merely one of the foremost works in point of splendour that ever appeared; it is acknowledged by all inspectors who have visited the region depicted in it, to be distinguished by an admirable fidelity of representation. They say that the imagery retained in their minds identifies itself instantly with that presented to their eyes by these imitations; that they feel as if placed again, for a little while, amid these illuminated landscapes, and unchangeable costumes, and decaying mansions of gods. The persons who have never visited those climes are struck with a totally foreign character of the scene and every object in it, with the consistency with which this character is preserved through the whole series of representations, and with its conformity to whatever the confessedly best describers have attempted to convey by words—words, however, which, the inspector of these pictures confesses, never before had so vivid a significance to his imagination.

The work was published at successive periods, some years since; and it was preceded by the following advertisement, which is reprinted in this reduced edition:—

“As it will naturally be inquired on what foundation these drawings claim the attention and confidence of the public, it may here be deemed proper to state that Messrs. Daniell resided many years in India, during which time they not only visited those parts which have already attracted the notice of the curious, but many others either not at all or but little

known to Europeans. They copied with care the natural scenery of the country, and endeavoured to obtain the most accurate representations of every object of importance ; giving no less attention to whatever related to the arts and manners of the inhabitants. Although that country unites in itself more variety, beauty, and grandeur, than perhaps any other in the world, it is the very singular and extraordinary productions of architecture that constitute its most striking features. In the splendour as well as magnitude of their buildings, the ancient inhabitants of Hindoostan were inferior to no nation whatever ; and though their Mahomedan conquerors have been in general unfriendly to genius, and have persecuted that theology whence the greater part of their public edifices derived their origin, they encouraged architecture ; and the country, especially to the northward, still retains numerous examples of magnificence and taste which at different periods have been displayed by the princes of the Mussulman faith.

“ From this vast magazine of architectural art, from a country abounding in whatever is beautiful and sublime in nature, Messrs. Daniell have formed a collection of great extent, which they trust will prove an important and useful addition to the general mass of Oriental information ; and indulge a hope that, while many of their scenes will gratify the admirers of beautiful nature, the veracity of the whole will render them acceptable to those who delight in the study of Indian history, or the religion and arts of that extraordinary country.”

But a luxury which, in the form of a single set of engravings, costs two hundred pounds,* must be, to the majority of even persons of curiosity and taste, much the same thing as gardens in the moon. It has, therefore, been very properly determined to publish, at less than a tenth part of that price, a reduced edition which should retain as much of the effect of the magnificent original, as it should be possible to preserve in prints of comparatively small size, and without the addition of colouring. The work has been in the course of publication several years, and is now finished. All the plates of the atlas edition are copied, and with great attention to faithfulness of imitation. They are in aquatinta, and the greater proportion of them finished with exquisite care. They combine with a beautiful softness

* The prints are coloured in imitation of the original drawings, and of the dimensions of twenty-four inches by eighteen.

a distinctness and precision in the details, very difficult and unusual in aquatinta engravings on so contracted a scale. The complicated, diminutive, ornamental, workmanship on the buildings, is marked with admirable clearness. The fantastic and umbrageous forms of the Banyan trees, so often occurring, are done in a very rich and picturesque manner. Many of the plates display nearly the utmost refinement and perfection of which the mode of engraving is capable: in here and there one, the artists seem to have been tempted to indemnify themselves, by a little too coarse and uniform a grain, for the exquisite delicacy of their workmanship in so many others.

This beautiful series of prints will be a contribution of no mean value to the knowledge which it would seem reasonable for cultivated Englishmen to desire, of a country which is becoming so exceedingly important to us. The works of nature and the most remarkable labours of man in that country, are here exhibited with unquestionable truth as to the grand constituent—*form*: that which is necessarily left to the imagination is *colour*; which is not, it must be confessed, a trifling matter in representations of a tract of the earth so strikingly contrasted, in the appearance of its ground and of its sky, with our own. The deficiency is the more sensibly felt from the consideration of the peculiar excellence in point of colouring by which the works of Messrs. Daniell are distinguished.

At the same time, we acknowledge that, with the exception of a very extraordinary excellence in the management of colour, an excellence like that displayed in the works of these eminent artists, we are much of the opinion of those judges who declare against the combination of colour with engraving. At any rate, performed as it has generally been, it has notoriously contributed to spoil the public taste, and to injure a fine and inestimable art. Messrs. Daniell may most justly assume an unlimited license of exception to a general rule; *they* have shown it "more honoured in the breach than the observance;" *they* have done, in their great Oriental work something which may be admitted to surpass, in a certain degree, the powers of simple engraving; but the general run of performances in this mixed, not to say heterogeneous, style of art, have been

so wretched, that sound taste eagerly welcomes that ascendancy which pure engraving appears to be now acquiring in public estimation,—an ascendancy which, we repeat, will never lower the value of a work like the “Oriental Scenery.”

One distinct sixth part of the series consists wholly of landscapes, strictly so called. It is a selection of the most picturesque views delineated in the long and adventurous survey from Cape Comorin to the mountains of Sirinagur; from the heights of which was seen, on the horizon, some part of that stupendous chain of Himalaya, which transcends in elevation even the Cordilleras of South America. These views are exceedingly various, and many of them very bold and striking. Too great praise cannot be bestowed on the artists for the zeal and courage which carried them so far away from the precincts, the commodiousness, and the security of the great European settlements, into the wild, and gloomy, and sometimes, no doubt, hazardous tracts of the remote interior.

The greater proportion of the plates have for their prominent subjects some of the wonderful works of architecture; but very many of these have also all the beauty and effect of landscape, the contiguous and sometimes the distant scene being brought into the view. The mighty labours of departed generations are in all the forms of temples, mausoleums, palaces, mosques, forts, baths; some nearly perfect, some in a state of partial dilapidation. They are of various ages, but many of unknown antiquity. There are many huge piles of Mohammedan structure, but the more numerous and the most stupendous are the labours of Hindoo idolatry. In their forms and arrangements they are indefinitely diversified, defying all models and orders. They are fantastic, elaborate, and decorated to infinity; in parts not unfrequently elegant, in whole often sumptuous and vast, but probably never sublime. There is considerable symmetry in some of the structures, but it is the kindred and conformity of congregated littleness. There is no mighty simplicity and compass of conception; no notion of a grand effect but by means of infinite labour and accumulation. There is device, and detail, and ramification, and conceit, and fantasy, to the absolute stupefaction of the beholder. The endless parti-

culars seem as if intended to baffle all attempts at forming a collective idea of the whole. What a change of element, to pass from these measureless masses of detail, these bulks frittered into multitudinous shapes, to the harmonious simplicity, the *oneness*, if we may so express it, of the Grecian structures! Material magnificence is necessarily composed of things separately diminutive; the right principle is to make them lose all that distinctness to which the character of littleness would adhere, in the conformation into one great object; but these Orientals would seem to have studied, in their combination of components and parts into a great whole, how to retain them as much as possible still distinct and palpable in their own littleness.

It would be rash to say that such a description is universally applicable; but we think it will be found to be very generally so.

One of the six parts is occupied with the excavations at Ellora; and in another there are several views of the cavern-temple of Elephanta. The mind sinks in profound amazement at these miracles of indefatigable superstition. To think how the slaves of the Power of Evil will work in his service!

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